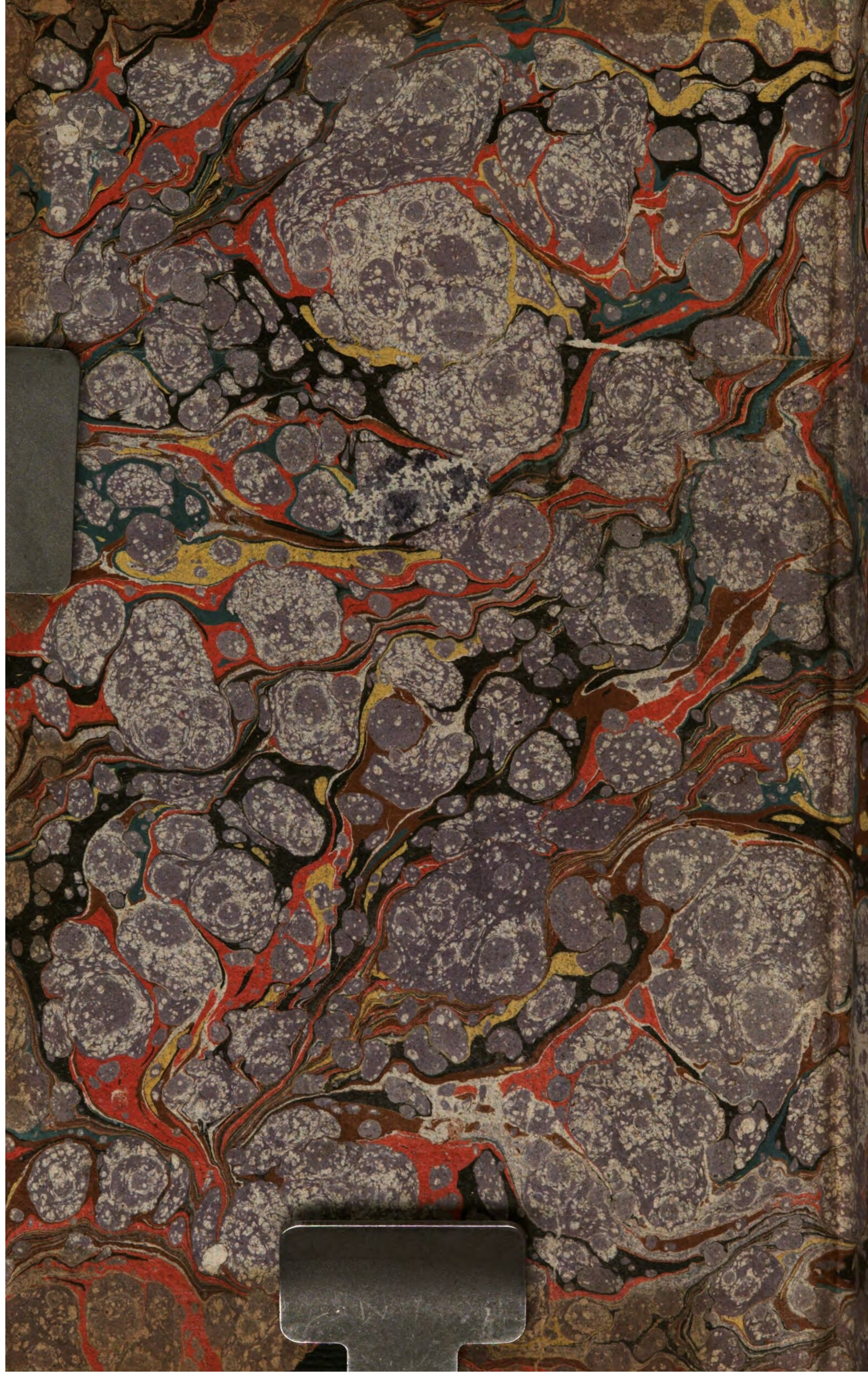
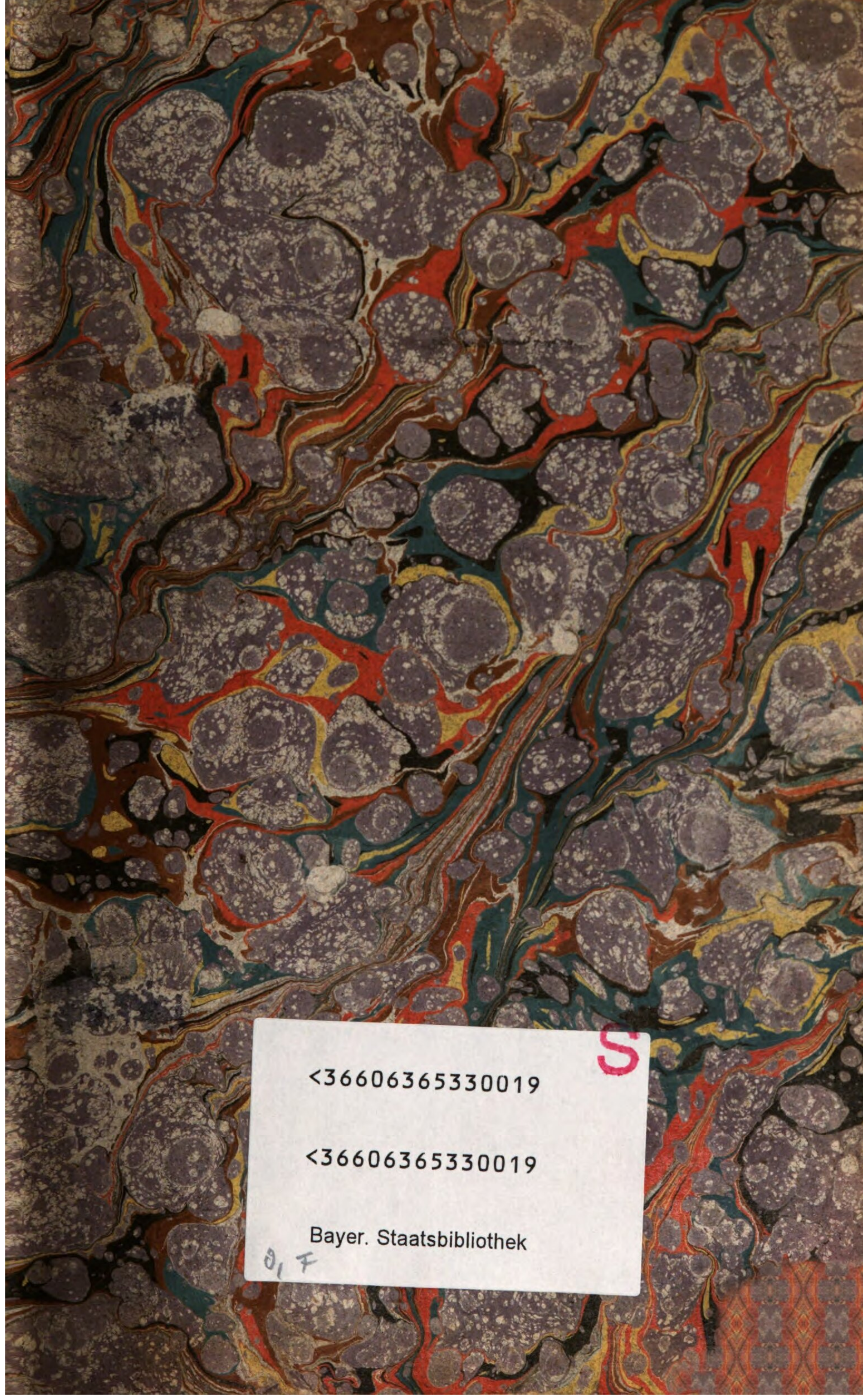






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A

CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

ITALY

An. MDCCCII.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.

Plin. Nat. Hist. iii. 20.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED:

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP OF ITALY, PLANS OF CHURCHES,
AN INDEX, &c.

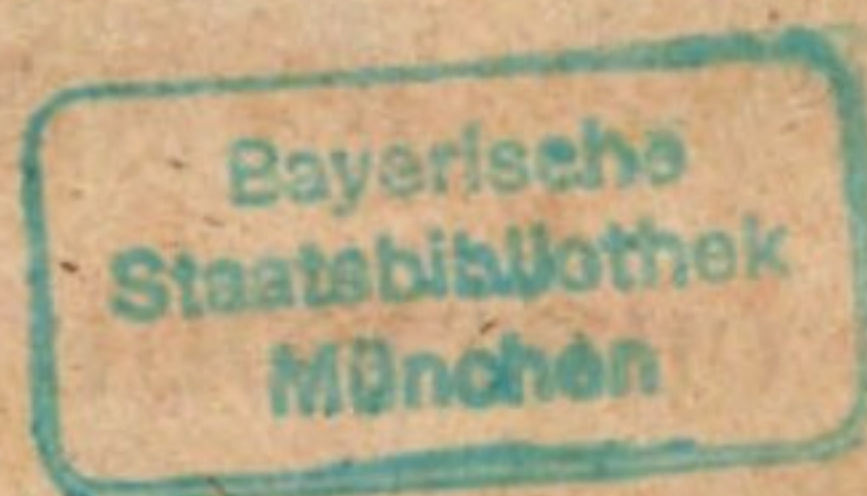
VOL. I.

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1815.

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BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner-Street, London.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
JOHN LORD BROWNLOW,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN,
&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS MANY VIRTUES,
AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CONSTANT KINDNESS

AND AT THE SAME TIME

AS A MONUMENT OF AN INSTRUCTIVE AND
PLEASANT TOUR,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

FELLOW-TRAVELLER

AND

MOST SINCERE FRIEND,

JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

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VOL. II.

PREFACE.

THE Author presents the following pages to the Public with diffidence. He is aware that the very title of “a Tour through Italy” is sufficient in itself to raise expectation, which, as he has learned from the fate of similar compositions, is more frequently disappointed than satisfied. To avoid as much as possible this inconvenience, he thinks it necessary to state precisely the nature and object of the present work, that the reader may enter upon its perusal with some previous knowledge of its contents.

The Preliminary Discourse is intended

chiefly for the information of young and inexperienced travellers, and points out the qualities and accomplishments requisite to enable them to derive from an Italian Tour, its full advantages. The Reader then comes to the Tour itself.

The epithet *Classical* sufficiently points out its peculiar character, which is to trace the resemblance between Modern and Ancient Italy, and to take for guides and companions in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first. Conformably to that character, the Author may be allowed to dwell with complacency on the incidents of ancient history, to admit every poetical recollection, and to claim indulgence, if in describing objects so often alluded to by the Latin writers, he should frequently borrow their expressions ;

Materiæ scripto conveniente suæ.*

Citations, in fact, which notwithstanding the example of Cicero, and the precept of Quintilian†, some severe critics are disposed to proscribe, may here be introduced or even lavished, without censure; they rise spontaneously from the soil we tread, and constitute one of its distinguishing beauties.

In Modern History, he may perhaps be considered as sometimes too short; but it must be remembered that Modern History is not *Classical*, and can claim admission only as an illustration. As for the forms of government established in many provinces by the present French rulers,

* Ovid, Trist. l. v. i.

† Quintil. lib. i. cap. v. Edit. Rollin.

they are generally passed over in silence and contempt, as shifting scenes or rather mere *figuranti* in the political drama, destined to occupy the attention for a time, and to disappear when the principal character shows himself upon the stage.

Of the state of painting and sculpture, though these arts reflect so much lustre on Italy, little is said*; an acknowledgment which may surprize and disappoint many readers. But, on the one hand, to give a long catalogue of pictures and statues, without explanatory observations, appeared absurd; and on the other, to execute such a work in a becoming manner requires leisure, technical information, and the

* *Little* is said of the arts, when the extent and importance of the subject are considered; but *much* is said in comparison of other Tours and similar compositions.

pen of a professed artist, perhaps of a Reynolds. The subject is therefore touched incidentally only ; but as it is extensive and amusing, and affords scope to the display of skill, taste and erudition united, it will, it is to be hoped, ere long attract the attention of some writer capable of doing it justice.

As to the Style—in the first place some, perhaps many expressions, and occasionally whole sentences, may have been inadvertently repeated ; a fault great without doubt, but pardonable because almost unavoidable in descriptive composition. *Who, indeed, can paint like Nature, or who vary his coloring with all the tints of Italian scenery, lighted by an Italian sky ? If Lucretius has repeated at length two of the most beautiful passages in his poem**,

* Lib. i. v. 925.—Lib. iv. v.

the Author may claim indulgence, if in describing the perpetual recurrence of similar objects, he has been betrayed into similar language.

In Proper Names, he has ventured frequently to use the ancient appellation if not irrecoverably lost in the modern. Thus, he sometimes introduces the *Benacus*, *Liris*, and *Athesis*, instead of the *Lago di Garda*, *Garigliano* and *Adige*, because the former names are still familiar to the learned ear and by no means unknown even to the peasantry. The same may be said of the *Arno*, the *Tiber*, and several other rivers, and may be extended to many cities and mountains. He has, as much as possible, attempted to discard the French termination in Italian names, and laments that he cannot carry consistency so far as to apply it to antiquity, and rejecting the semi-barbarous appellations with which the

French have misnamed some of the most illustrious ancients, restore to Horace, and Virgil, all their Roman majesty*. But this general reformation must be left to more able and more popular writers, or rather perhaps recommended to the learned gentlemen who preside over the Universities and the great Schools, and to the Critics who direct the public taste in Reviews, and have of late exercised no small influence over custom itself.

We now come to objects of greater moment, and here the Author must, however reluctantly, obtrude himself on the attention of the Reader. Religion, Politics, and Literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by

* Titus Livius owes the recovery of his Roman appellation to the Bishop of Landaff, who introduces it into his Apology for the Bible.

education above the level of the laborer or of the mechanic; upon them every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic Religion, the Author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time or experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his vene-

ration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy as well as his own, depend upon Sincerity and Charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of All, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, Reconciliation and Union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of Peace and Reconciliation.

We come next to Politics, a subject of a very delicate nature, where difference of opinion, like disagreement in Religion, has given occasion to many rancorous and in-

terminable contests: and here, expressions apparently favorable to republicanism, or perhaps the general tendency of his principles to the cause of freedom, may incline some of his readers to suspect him of an excessive and unconstitutional attachment to that form of government. Without doubt, Liberty, the source of so many virtues, the mother of so many arts, the spring of public and private happiness, of the glory and the greatness of nations, is and ever will be the idol of liberal and manly minds, and that system which is most favorable to its development must necessarily obtain their approbation. But fortunately they need not have recourse to fine-spun theories for the principles, or look to past ages or to distant countries for the practice of a free, and, what may justly be called, a republican government. The Constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient common-

wealths, together with the advantages of the best forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse and decay, yet like the works of Providence, it contains in itself the means of correction and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and was pronounced by Tacitus, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity may surely content the patriot and the philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that, in spite of royal encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.

In Literature, if the Author differs from those who have preceded him in the same Tour; if he censures the opinions of any other traveller or writer; he hopes he has expressed the reasons of his dissent with the

tenderness and with the attention due to their feelings and reputation.

On the merits of the French language and literature he differs from many; but he is open to conviction even on this subject, and only requests the Reader to weigh with impartiality the reasons which he produces against both, and the more so, as the question is of greater importance than may perhaps be imagined; for, to the wide circulation of French authors may be attributed many of the evils under which Europe now labors. This observation naturally leads to the following. If ever he indulges in harsh and acrimonious language, it is when speaking of the French, their principles, and measures; and on this subject he acknowledges that his expressions, if they correspond with his feelings, must be strong, because his abhorrence of that government and of its whole system, is deep

and unqualified. Neither the patriot who recollects the vindictive spirit with which the Ruler of France carries on hostilities against Great Britain, the only bulwark of Europe, and the asylum of the Independence of Nations, because he knows where Freedom makes her last stand,

Libertas ultima mundi

Quo steterit ferienda loco ;

Lucan. vii.

nor the philosopher who considers the wide wasting war which the French government has been so long carrying on against the liberties and the happiness of mankind, will probably condemn the author's feelings as intemperate, or require any apology for the harshness of his expressions. As long as religion and literature, civilization and independence are objects of estimation among men, so long must *revolutionary* France be remembered with horror and detestation.

It now only remains to inform the reader, that the Tour sketched out in the following pages was undertaken in company with PHILIP ROCHE, Esq. a young gentleman of fortune, who, while he spared no expence to render it instructive, contributed much to its pleasures by his gentle manners, and by his many mild and benevolent virtues; virtues which, it was hoped, would have extended their influence through a long and prosperous life, and contributed to the happiness, not of his family only, but of an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance. But these hopes were vain, and the Author is destined to pay this unavailing tribute to the memory of his friend and companion.

The two gentlemen who, with the Author and his fellow traveller, formed the party often alluded to in the following pages, were the Honorable Mr. CUST, now Lord

BROWNLOW, and ROBERT RUSHBROKE, Esq. of Rushbroke Park. The information, the politeness, and the good humor of the former, with the liveliness, the mirth, and the accomplishments of the latter, heightened the pleasures of the journey, and, by supplying a continual fund of incident and conversation, rendered even Italy itself more delightful. To Lord BROWNLOW, the Author must acknowledge another obligation, as he is indebted to his Lordship for several useful observations during the course of this work, and particularly for the details of the excursion to the island of *Ischia*, and the account of the solitudes of *Camaldoli* and of *Alvernia*.

The publication of these volumes has been delayed by frequent avocations, and particularly by a more extensive and scarcely less interesting excursion to parts of *Dalmatia*, the Western Coasts of *Greece*,

the *Ionian Islands*, to *Sicily*, *Malta*, &c. &c.
The details of this latter Tour may, perhaps,
be presented to the public if the following
pages meet its approbation.

Great Chesterford, Essex,

Sept. 14, 1812.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari:

Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus,

Longè quos simul à domo profectos,

Diversè variæ viæ reportant.

Catul. XLIV.

THE degree of preparation necessary for travelling depends upon the motives which induce us to travel. He who goes from home merely to change the scene and to seek for novelty; who makes amusement his sole object, and has no other view but to fill up a few months that must otherwise remain unemployed, has no need of mental

preparation for his excursion. All that such a loiterer can possibly want, are a convenient post-chaise, a letter of credit, and a well-furnished trunk; for occupation he will have recourse to inns, to coffee-houses, and to theatres, with their appurtenances, which cannot fail to supply him with incidents, anecdote, and pastime in abundance. But he who believes with Cicero, that it becomes a man of a liberal and active mind to visit countries ennobled by the birth and the residence of the Great; who, with the same Roman, finds himself disposed by the contemplation of such scenes to virtuous and honorable pursuits; he who, like Titus Quintius devoting the first days of leisure after his glorious achievements, to the celebrated monuments of Greece, embraces the earliest opportunity of visiting the classic regions of Italy; such a traveller will easily comprehend the necessity of providing before-hand the information re-

quisite to enable him to traverse the country without constant difficulty, doubt, and inquiry. And indeed, if there be a Tour in which such preparation is more particularly wanting than in any other, it is that to which I allude: as Italy owes more to history than even to nature; and he who goes over it merely with his eyes open to its embellishments, and his mind intent on observation, though he may see much and learn much also, will yet, with all his curiosity and diligence, discover one-half only of its beauties. Even those travellers who have made some efforts to qualify themselves by previous application, will on many occasions regret that they have not extended their researches still farther, and that they have not, by a longer course of preparation, added to their means both of amusement and of instruction*. It may,

* Vous ne sauriez croire, says the Abbé Barthelemi to the Comte De Caylus, combien mon voyage (en Italie)

therefore, be considered as an appropriate introduction to an account of Italy, to point out to the reader such branches of Information as are either indispensable or highly advantageous in an excursion to that country; after which I mean to add a few reflections and cautions, with a view either to remove prejudices, or to prevent inconveniencies.

CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

I. As these pages are addressed solely to persons of a liberal education, it is almost needless to recommend the Latin Poets and Historians. Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy, ought to be the inseparable companions of all travellers; they

m' a humilié; j'ai vu tant de choses que j'ignorois, et que j'ignore encore, qu'il m'a paru fou de se savoir gré de quelques connoissances superficielles.---*Lettre xxi.* Yet the author of Anacharsis was one of the most learned and judicious antiquaries in France.

should occupy a corner in every carriage, and be called forth in every interval of leisure to relieve the fatigue and to heighten the pleasure of the journey. Familiar acquaintance or rather bosom intimacy with the ancients is evidently the first and most essential accomplishment of a *classical* traveller.

But there is a class of Poets who, though nearly allied in language, sentiments, and country, to the ancients, are yet in general little known; I mean the modern Latin poets, Vida, Sannazarius, Fracastorius, Flaminius, Politian, &c.* who laboured so successfully to restore the pure taste of antiquity. Boileau and the French critics

* Pope printed, or rather, I believe, reprinted with additions, a collection of poems from these authors in two volumes duodecimo. The Clarendon press gave the public a superb specimen of typographical elegance, in an edition of Vida, in three volumes octavo, in the years 22, 23, 24, of the last century.

affected to despise these authors *, and, for what reason it is difficult to discover, undervalued their latinity. But men of equal discernment, Atterbury, Pope, and Johnson, entertained a very different opinion of their merit, and not only read but some-

* The contempt which the French critics generally shew for modern Latin poetry may, perhaps, arise from a consciousness of their own deficiency in this respect. *Cardinal Polignac, Vaniere, Rapin* and *Santeuil* *, are the only Latin poets, if I recollect well, of any consideration that France has produced, and though they are not without merit, yet they betray in the effort with which they advance and in the very art which they display, somewhat of the latent barbarian. Even in Latin prose the French do not seem to have succeeded better. There is always an appearance of study and constraint in their style, very different from the easy, unaffected flow of Italian authors. The latter only have either preserved or recovered the *certa vox Romani generis, urbisque propria, in qua nihil offendi, nihil displicere, nihil animadverti possit, nihil sonare, aut olere peregrinum.* (*Cicero de Or.*)

Hence Mr. Roscoe has reason to mention these poets with partiality, under the appellation of the rivals of Virgil and Horace.

* This last author is inferior to the others, because more affected. His hymns, though inserted in the Parisian Breviary, and much admired by French critics, are quite disfigured by *conceit* and antithesis.

times borrowed from them. Every body is acquainted with the beautiful compliment which the British poet pays to Vida, and through him indirectly to his fellow bards, whose united rays lighted up the glories of the second Augustan age ; and every reader not blinded by prejudice must admit the propriety of this poetical tribute, and acknowledge, that not Vida only, but several of his contemporaries tread in the footsteps of their illustrious countrymen Virgil and Horace ; not unfrequently catch a spark of their inspiration, and often speak their language with the grace and the facility which distinguish native Romans. Upon the present occasion I mean to recommend, in particular, only such passages in their works as have an immediate connexion with Italy, and are calculated to give an additional interest to any part of its history, scenery, or antiquities. In these passages, where the subject calls forth their energies, they

glow with native fire and in numbers not unworthy the fathers of Roman verse, pure, majestic, or pathetic, celebrate the grandeur, describe the beauties, or lament the misfortunes of their country.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

II. It is evident that he who wishes to become acquainted with the manners, or to enjoy the society of the inhabitants of any country, must previously learn their language ; it is not therefore my intention, at present, merely to recommend, what indeed no traveller entirely neglects, the *study of Italian*, but to enforce the necessity of commencing it at a much earlier period, and of continuing it for a much longer space of time than is now customary. He who enters Italy with an intention of applying to its language particularly, must make a longer residence there than our countrymen usually do, or he will find too many external calls

upon his attention and curiosity to allow him to devote his time to cabinet studies. Information *there*, is to be gathered, not from sedentary application, but from active research and observation. One day is devoted to the contemplation of churches or ruins, the next is passed in the examination of pictures, a third is dedicated to a groupe of ancient statues, and a fourth and a fifth are agreeably spent in the galleries or the gardens of a villa ; then excursions are to be made to spots consecrated by history or by song, to Horace's Sabine farm or to Virgil's tomb, to *Tibur* or *Tusculum*, to *Fesole*, or *Vallombrosa*. In these delightful and instructive occupations, days, weeks, and months glide away with imperceptible rapidity, and the few leisure hours that may chance to occur at intervals are scarcely sufficient to give the diligent traveller time to collect his remarks and to embody his recollections. Let him, therefore, who

wishes to visit Italy with full satisfaction and advantage, acquire, if possible, such an acquaintance with its language, previous to his journey, that nothing may be wanting to complete his command of it but practice and conversation. *He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel,* says Bacon.

ITALIAN HISTORY.

III. The next object which claims attention is the *History of the different Revolutions of Italy*, not only before, but during the decline and after the fall of the Roman Empire.

The republican part of Roman history is considered as purely classical, and as such is presupposed in the first paragraph. The lives or the reigns of the first Em-

perors are contained in Suetonius, Tacitus, and Herodian, whose curious and amusing volumes must of course be perused with attention, while the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ* will not be neglected. The Abate *Denina's* History of the Revolutions of Italy, a work in great estimation, gives a very satisfactory view of the whole subject, including both ancient and modern times. The two Sister Histories of Lorenzo and of Leo, by Mr. Roscoe, contain a full and interesting account of one of the most important epochs that occur in the annals of Italy; they have long since attracted the attention of every candid and reflecting mind, and need not be recommended to persons who mean to visit the country which has been the theatre of the events, and the abode of the great men so eloquently recorded in them.

MEDALS.

IV. Though I do not mean to turn young travellers into profound antiquaries, yet I would have them at least skim over all the regions of ancient learning. No spot in this extensive territory is either dreary or unproductive. Medals are intimately connected with the history and the manners, with the arts and even the taste of the ancients.

. . . . And faithful to their charge of fame
Through climes and ages bear each form and name.
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.

They merit therefore considerable attention. Addison's Dialogues, written with the usual felicity of that graceful author, deserve to be recommended as a very proper introduction to this amusing branch of knowledge. These dialogues have also,

independently of their scientific merit, a very strong claim to the attention of the classical traveller, from the numberless extracts from the ancients, and particularly the poets, introduced with art, and frequently illustrated with elegance.

ARCHITECTURE.

- V. As Italy possesses some of the most perfect monuments of antiquity now remaining, *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*, as well as the most splendid productions of modern genius in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, it is absolutely necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the principles of these three great arts.

With regard to Architecture, Dean Aldrich's *Elements*, translated by Mr. Smyth of New College, is a very clear and concise treatise on the general principles, pro-

portions, and terms of this art, and may be recommended as a good work of the kind for the use of beginners. The five orders, according to *Palladio's* system, are explained in a little treatise, and illustrated in a set of neat engravings by *Cypriani**. *Scamozzi's* Lives of the principal Architects, preceded by a dissertation on the art in general, is an useful and very entertaining work.

But the man who wishes to have accurate ideas and comprehensive notions on this subject, must not content himself with these nor indeed with any modern compositions. He must have recourse to the ancients—*inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes*—and in their writings and monuments study the best models and the fairest specimens of architectural beauty. Rollin's

* Roma 1801.

short treatise, in his Appendix to his Ancient History, enriched with several citations and classical references, may serve as an introduction. It is not perhaps *always* accurate, because written before an exact survey of several ancient monuments had been made, but it is perspicuous and interesting, and like all the works of that excellent author, admirably calculated to awaken curiosity in the youthful mind. Stuart's Athens, a work of surprising exactness, presents to the eye, in one groupe, a collection of the noblest specimens of Grecian art and of Attic taste now existing*. In these matchless edifices, erected during the most flourishing period of Grecian architecture, the reader will discover

* Mr. Wilkins's magnificent work, entitled, *Magna Grecia*, is, in execution, accuracy, and interest, equal to any of the kind, and cannot be too strongly recommended.

the genuine proportions of the *original* Doric, the first and favorite order of the Grecian architects ; an order either slightly mentioned or totally omitted by modern artists, though it is supposed, at least as employed in the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus, to unite above all others, ornament with simplicity and beauty with solidity. Vitruvius must be perused or at least consulted, with the assistance of the Italian translation and notes, to remove such difficulties as must invariably occur without some explanation*.

Many works of greater length and more detail might be recommended, but the few alluded to are sufficient, not indeed to perfect an architect, but to form the taste of a young traveller. Besides, when the

* *Vitruvio del Galiani, Napoli.*

first principles are once known and the original proportions well understood, an attentive observer may improve his taste by comparing the best models of Greek and Roman, of ancient and modern, architecture*.

* No art deserves more attention than Architecture, because no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment or contributes more to the reputation of a country. It ought, therefore, at all events to occupy some portion of time in a liberal education. Had such a method of instruction as that which is here recommended been adopted a century ago, the streets of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, would not present so many shapeless buildings, raised at an enormous expence, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and of the bad taste of the British nation. We should not see such a multitude of absurd edifices under the names of temples, ruins, &c. disgrace the scenery of England so much admired by foreigners. In short, instead of allowing architects to pursue novelty at the expence of taste, and seek for reputation by adaptations and pretended improvements of their own invention, a method which has never yet succeeded, their employers would oblige them to adhere strictly to the ancients, and by adopting their forms and proportions to adorn England with the noblest edifices of Greece and of Italy.

SCULPTURE.

VI. We come in the next place to Sculpture. Some acquaintance with anatomy is a desirable preliminary to the knowledge of this art; therefore he who wishes to form correct notions of the statues, which he must necessarily examine during his travels, would do well to attend a few anatomical lectures previous to his departure from the University. The best method of acquiring a correct and natural taste in sculpture is, without doubt, to inspect frequently the masterpieces of the art, to compare them with each other, and to converse occasionally with the best informed artists.

PAINTING.

VII. *Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting*, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's well known dis-

courses, together with much observation and frequent conversation with persons well versed in this enchanting art, may enable attentive observers to distinguish the different schools, to observe the characteristic excellence of each great master, the peculiar beauty of every celebrated piece, and give them, if not the *eruditos oculos*, the discriminating eye of the professed artist, at least the liberal satisfaction of the judicious admirer.

MUSIC.

VIII. As Italy is acknowledged to be the first country in the world for Music, both with regard to composition and execution, something perhaps may be expected on that subject also. But, much as we may value music, yet I think that young travellers ought rather to be cau-

tioned against its allurements than exposed by preparatory lessons to their dangerous influence.

Music in Italy has lost its strength and its dignity ; it is little calculated either to kindle patriotism or to inspire devotion ; it does not call forth the energies of the mind, nor even touch the strings of melancholy. It tends rather by its effeminacy to bring dangerous passions into action, and like the allegorical stream of antiquity, to unman those who allow themselves to be hurried down its treacherous current. Plato would have forbidden such music, and banished its professors from his republic ; at all events it neither wants nor deserves much encouragement, and we may at least be allowed to caution the youthful traveller against a taste that too often leads to low and dishonourable connexions.

IX. I have now pointed out the preparatory knowledge which I think necessary to all travellers who wish to derive from their Italian Tour, their full share of information and amusement. I will next proceed, according to my plan, to point out such dispositions, as will contribute very materially to this object, by removing prejudices, and leaving the mind fully open to the impressions of experience and observation.

All the dispositions alluded to, are included in one short but comprehensive expression, *an unprejudiced mind*. This excellent quality is the result of time and observation, of docility and benevolence. It does not require that we should be indifferent to the prosperity of our own country or blind to its pre-eminence ; but, that we should shew some indulgence to the errors, and some compassion for the sufferings of less favoured nations. Far be it from me,

to wish to repress that spirit of patriotism which forms one of the noblest features of the national character, and still farther every idea of encouraging the unfeeling sect, who conceal general indifference, under the affectation of philanthropy, and sacrifice the feelings of the patriot, to the pretended benevolence of the philosopher.

But attachment to our own country, and partiality to its reputation, do not oblige us to despise those nations, which having been once tumbled from the pinnacle of Glory, are held by a series of disastrous revolutions and irresistible circumstances in a state of dependence and of consequent degradation. On the contrary, the numberless evils and abuses which result from slavery and oppression, cannot but excite sentiments of compassion and of sympathy. Scipio, when he beheld the flames of

Carthage ascending to the skies, exclaimed with a prophetic application to Rome then triumphant,

Εὖ μὲν γάρ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα, καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν

Ἔσσεται ἡμᾶρ, ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώνη' Ἴλιος ἱρὴ

Iliad vi. 447—8.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fates,
How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!
The day when Thou, imperial Troy! must bend
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

Iliad vi.

Empire has hitherto rolled westward: when we contemplate the dominions of Great Britain, and its wide-extended power, we may without presumption imagine that it now hovers over Great Britain; but it is still on the wing; and whether it be destined to retrace its steps to the East, or to continue its flight to Transatlantic regions, the days of England's glory have their number, and the period of her decline will at length arrive. The inhabitants of

these islands may, like the sons of Greece and Italy, lie prostrate at the feet of a victorious enemy, and claim his compassion as a tribute due to the greatness of their ancestors. Let us therefore extend our sympathy to the now enslaved offspring of our predecessors in the career of glory, of the former LORDS OF HUMAN KIND-----
terræ dominantis alumni.

In fine, let us contemplate the different forms of worship which prevail in different parts of Christendom, not with the acrimonious contempt of a narrow minded sectary, but with the compassionate indulgence of a mild and humble Christian. Let it be remembered that Englishmen are reproached by foreigners with intolerance, and that it becomes them to keep up the national reputation of candor and good sense, by conciliatory and forbearing conduct. I do not mean to recommend either compliance with

practices which they condemn, or indifference to that form of Christianity which they have adopted; but surely every candid and consistent Protestant will admit, that Christianity is excellent in all her forms; that all Christian Establishments receive the same primitive creeds, and admit the same moral obligations; that it becomes a benevolent and charitable mind to consider rather in what they agree, than in what they differ; especially as the former is so much, and the latter comparatively so little; that while the spirit of Christianity is like its divine author, immutable, its external form may change with the age and the climate, and, as public opinion and authority shall direct, assume or resign the pomp and the circumstance of worship; that ceremonies, in themselves unmeaning, signify just as much as those who employ them attach to them, and that Catholic as well as Protestant nations may be allowed

to adopt in religion as well as in civil life, such forms and rites as may seem calculated to ensure order and respect; that whether the Gospel be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Church of England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury; or whether it be chanted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendor of the Roman ritual under the golden dome of the Vatican; it is always and every-where, the same voice of truth, the same *tidings* of salvation: in fine, that all Christians are marked on their entrance into life, with the same seal of salvation; that all hope to receive at the eucharistic table the same pledge of redemption, and that all resign their souls in death to the same merciful Father, with humble hopes of forgiveness through the same gracious Redeemer. That there should be such an universal agreement in these great and interesting articles must be a subject of con-

solation, and of pious acknowledgment to every benevolent mind.

But I fear that Charity itself can scarce look for a greater unanimity. An agreement in all the details and consequences drawn by arguments from first principles, is not to be expected in our present state, so chequered with light and shade, where knowledge is dealt out so unequally, and where the opinions of even good and wise men are so biassed by education, by habit, and by prejudice. But if we have not knowledge enough to coincide in speculation, we may at least have charity enough to agree in practice, by treating each other's opinions with tenderness ; and, in all our differences and discussions, keeping in view that beautiful maxim inculcated by a very earned, a very zealous, and a very benevolent Father, *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus Caritas.*

X. It is usual to take with us as guides on our journey certain works written for the purpose, and Addison's Travels are generally recommended; and indeed his known taste and character, together with the avowed purpose of his journey, might have justified the expectation of a finished performance. But though Addison had naturally an enlarged mind, humane feelings, and a fancy teeming with imagery, yet prejudice had narrowed his extensive views, religious acrimony had soured his temper, and party spirit had repressed his imagination. He gave therefore to one half of the nation, what he owed to the whole; he considered principally how he might support one party and annoy the other; and he ran over great part of Europe, particularly Italy, not so much a Classic as a Whig traveller. In his eyes countries appeared fertile and happy, or barren and miserable, not as nature formed

them, but as they were connected with France or with England, as their religion was Protestant or Catholic. Hence, he dwells with at least as much complacency on the little miserable details of German and Italian superstition, as on the interesting remains of Roman grandeur, and fills with the dreams of bigotry and the censures of intolerance, those pages which ought to have been devoted to the effusions of classical enthusiasm, and strewn with the flowers of ancient poesy.* Prejudice or malevolence, in ordinary writers, excites neither surprize nor regret; the ignorance or the folly of mediocrity can claim nothing more than contempt; but the errors and the defects of the wise and of the good awaken more serious emotions; and while we justly lament the weakness of human

* Vide seven pages devoted to St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fish, in Italian and English.

nature we are cautioned by such examples against the indulgence of passions, which could embitter the benevolence, and pervert the good sense, of the mild, the judicious Addison. Succeeding travellers have improved on this author's defects, and loaded their pages with misrepresentation and invective: while, within the last ten years, some tourists have employed their journals as vehicles of revolutionary madness, and instead of the *laudes Italiæ* and the *fortia facta patrum* have given the public elaborate panegyrics on the French generals, and accounts of their achievements as exaggerated as their own despatches.*

* The best guide or rather companion which the traveller can take with him, is *Corinne ou l'Italie*, a work of singular ingenuity and eloquence. In it *Madame de Staël* does ample justice to the Italian character; though a Protestant she speaks of the religion of Italy with reverence, and treats even superstition itself with indulgence. She describes the

To conclude this topic,—an attentive traveller, after having acquired the preparatory knowledge recommended in the preceding pages, may safely rely on his own diligence, aided by the observations of the intelligent inhabitants, and by the maps and guides to be procured in every great town. Books, though necessary, are an incumbrance which never fails to increase as we advance; we ought therefore to confine ourselves to the classics, if possible, and even then we shall find our library sufficiently numerous and bulky.

XI. Maps form an indispensable part of a traveller's furniture. At setting out, two

climate, the beauties, the monuments of that privileged country with glowing animation, Musæo contingens cuncta lepore; she raises the reader above the common level of thought, and inspires him with that lofty temper of mind, without which we can neither discover nor relish the great and the beautiful in art or in nature.

will be sufficient: one of Ancient, one of Modern Italy. Of the former *D'Anville's* is the best; of the latter, an excellent one, extremely beautiful in the execution, and upon a scale large enough for information without being burthensome, has been published by *Zannoni*.* As the traveller advances, he must enrich his collection, and procure in its principal town, the map of each province or division. At *Milan*, he will find separate maps of the lakes and the various regions of the *Milanese*. At *Mantua*, a beautiful, correct, but I believe scarce map, of that city and its vicinity, should be inquired for. At *Bologna* may be had the excellent maps of the Roman territory by Father *Boscovich*. At *Rome*

* The map prefixed to the present edition has been copied from that of *Zannoni* alluded to. It is very accurate, and well executed, and does credit to the ingenious engraver, Mr. Smith.

may be purchased a map of the patrimony of St. Peter, and one of Latium. These I recommend, as they give the ancient and modern names of each town and territory, and at the same time mark the ancient roads, aqueducts, and ruins. The great and beautiful map of Rome must not be neglected, though if it should be deemed too expensive and bulky, there are two others of a smaller and more convenient size. The best map of the kingdom of Naples is in four sheets, well printed, and said to be very accurate, by *Zannoni*. There are moreover, three maps of Naples and its neighborhood, of the bay and its islands, of exquisite beauty in execution and ornament. These of course every traveller will purchase.*

* Maps on the same scale, and of the same beauty, of all the provinces of the Neapolitan territory, have, I believe, been since published.

ROUTE.

XII. We are now to speak of the time requisite to make a full and complete Tour of Italy, as well as of the season best adapted to the commencement of such a tour. A year, I think, is the shortest space that ought to be allotted, and a year and a half or even two years might be well devoted to this useful and amusing part of our travels. The want of leisure is the only objection that can be made to this arrangement, but it is an objection seldom well grounded, as youth in general from nineteen to three or four-and-twenty, have more time than business, and seem much more frequently at a loss for occupation than for leisure. Occupation, necessary at all seasons, but particularly in youth, should be furnished, and no occupation can suit that age when the mind is restless and the body active, better than

travelling. Moreover, every man of observation who has made a cursory visit to Italy, will find that a first view of that country has merely qualified him to make a second visit with more advantage, and will perhaps feel the cravings of unsatisfied curiosity, the *visendi studium*, at a time when travelling may be inconsistent with the cares and the duties of life. It is more prudent, therefore, to seize the first opportunity, and by then allotting a sufficient portion of time to the tour, gratify himself with a full and perfect view for ever. Supposing therefore, that a year and a half is to be devoted to this part of the journey. I advise the traveller to pass the *Alps* early in the autumn, thus to avoid the inconvenience of travelling in winter or cold weather, an inconvenience always felt on the Continent, where ready fires, warm rooms, doors and windows that exclude the air, are seldom found. His route to

the *Alps* may be as follows. He may first proceed to *Brussels*, thence to *Liege*, *Spa*, *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Cologne*, *Bonne*, and along the banks of the *Rhine* to *Coblentz*, *Mentz*, and *Strasburg*; there cross the *Rhine* to *Manheim*, traverse the Palatinate, the territories of *Wittenberg*, *Bavaria*, and *Saltzburg*, enter the defiles of the *Tyrol* or *Rhetian Alps*, and passing through *Inspruck* and *Trent* turn to *Bassano* and to *Maestre*, whence he may send his carriage by land to *Padua*, and embark for *Venice*. From *Venice* he may go by water up the *Brenta* to *Padua*, where he may establish his head quarters, and visit *Arcqua*, the *Monti Euganei*, and thence pass onwards to *Ferrara* and *Bologna*; then follow the *Via Emilia* to *Forli*, thence proceed to *Ravenna* and *Rimini*, make an excursion to *San Marino*, and advance forward to *Ancona*, whence he may visit *Osimo*. He will then continue his journey by *Loretto* and *Mace-*

rata to *Tolentino*; thence over the *Apennines* to *Foligno*, *Spoletto*, and *Terni*, and so follow the direct road through *Civita Castellana* to Rome.

I suppose that a traveller passes the *Alps* in September; of course he should reach Rome by the end of November. I calculate ten or fifteen days delay on account of the autumnal rains; for it is advisable by all means to stop at some large town during that period of inundation. These autumnal rains take place sometimes in September, though they frequently fall at a later period. At any rate, I would by no means advise a traveller to pass the *Apennines*, or visit any territory supposed to lie under the influence of the *malaria*, till these salubrious showers have purified the air and allayed the noxious vapours that hover over the *Pomptine* marshes, the *Campagna di Roma*, and some other low

tracts, during the latter weeks of summer and the beginning of autumn : the air of *Venice* itself is supposed by many persons not to be quite exempt from this inconvenience.

The traveller will devote the month of December to the first contemplation of Rome, and the consideration of its most striking beauties. He will then do well to proceed to Naples, where the months of January, February, and (if Easter be in April) of March, will be delightfully employed in visiting the numberless beauties that lie in that neighborhood, and along the storied shores of *Magna Grecia*. At all events, the traveller must so time his return as to be at Rome the week before Easter, in order to be present at the ceremonies that are performed in the Sixtine Chapel, and in St. Peter's, before and during that festival.

The Months of April, May, and June will not appear long when passed in a leisurely survey of the remains of ancient magnificence and the study of the great models of modern art, and when enlivened by frequent excursions to *Tibur*, *Ostia*, *Antium*, *Mount Soracte*, *Præneste*, and the *Sabine* mountains. The *Alban Mount*, with all its *tumuli* and *luci*, may be reserved for the hot months of July and August; there he may easily establish himself in some villa, whose cool retreats will afford him shade and refreshment during the oppressive heats of the season.

In the course of September, or rather when the autumnal rains have fallen, it will be time to turn towards *Florence*. The first object which should claim the attention of the traveller in the neighborhood of this city is *Vallombrosa*, because its elevated situation renders it difficult of

access at an early period of autumn. The first opportunity therefore must be embraced, and the excursion, if the weather be favorable, continued to *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*, two other celebrated and highly romantic solitudes. The winter may be divided very agreeably between *Florence* and the other *Tuscan* cities.

In the beginning of February the traveller may pass the *Apennines* to *Modena*, *Parma*, *Placentia*, *Lodi*, *Cremona*, *Mantua*, and *Verona*, allowing four days or a week to each town and its neighborhood. From *Verona* he will visit *Peschiera* and the *Lago di Garda* (*Benacus*); thence direct his course by *Brescia* and *Bergamo* to *Milan*. From *Milan* he will make the celebrated lakes *Como* and *Maggiore* objects of attention, and thence shape his course by *Vercelli*, and *Tortona*, to *Genoa*. He will then take the road of the maritime *Alps* by

Savona to *Nice*, after which he will turn inland to *Turin*. Mount *Cenis*, the termination of his Italian Tour, then rises before him in distant perspective.

If, while at *Naples*, he find it safe or practicable to penetrate into the southern provinces of *Calabria* and *Apulia*, he will not neglect the opportunity; and, with the addition of that excursion, by following the road which I have traced out, he will have seen every town of note, and indeed every remarkable plain, hill, or mountain in *Italy*, and become intimately acquainted with the numberless beauties and curiosities of that most interesting country. But if he should not have so much time at his disposal, he may retrench the first part of the tour, proceed direct to *Switzerland*, pass the *Alps* by Mount *St. Gothard* or *Sempione*, and descending directly to *Domo D'Ossola* visit the lakes, and proceed from

Como to *Milan*, *Brescia*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Padua*, *Venice*, and returning again by *Padua* and *Vicenza* turn to *Mantua*, *Piacenza*, *Parma*, *Modena*, *Bologna*, along the *Adriatic* as above. He will moreover abridge the time devoted to *Naples* and *Rome*, pass the summer in *Tuscany*, go by sea from *Leghorn* or *Carrara* to *Genoa*, and pass thence by the *Bocchetta* direct to *Turin*. The visit to the lakes ought to be so timed as to avoid the equinoctial winds, extremely dangerous, because very sudden and very boisterous; so that it is not uncommon in these seasons to see the lakes pass, in the short space of half an hour, from a state of perfect calm to the most tremendous agitation.

XIII. The great roads in Italy are good, the posts well furnished with horses, and robberies not common; travelling is therefore, in general, safe and expeditious. The

principal, and indeed almost the only inconveniencies, arise from the equinoctial rains and the summer heats. The influence of both is felt over all Italy; that of the former is particularly inconvenient and even sometimes dangerous, especially in the northern provinces and along the eastern coast. The immense number of considerable rivers, such as the *Tanaro*, the *Tesino*, the *Bormida*, the *Adda*, &c. that pour their tributary waters into the *Po*, while with it they contribute so largely to the luxuriance and beauty of the plains through which they glide, yet, when swelled with continued rains, like it they overflow their banks and inundate the level surface of the surrounding country. On these occasions the roads are covered with mud, the fords rendered impassable, bridges not unfrequently swept away, and the communication between different towns and provinces entirely suspended. Nor do

these inundations always subside as soon as might be expected from the general heat and dryness of the climate; their pernicious effects are sometimes felt for months afterwards, and I recollect to have myself observed in March 1802, in the neighborhood of *Mantua*, or rather about ten miles lower down, between the *Mincio* and the *Po*, vast sheets of water, and whole fields immersed, the effects of an inundation some months before. Virgil, whose farm bordered upon the Mincius, seems to have had a particular apprehension of the consequences of inundations, if we may judge from the accurate details which he gives of the signs of approaching rain, and the picture which he draws of their disastrous consequences. The traveller therefore, who may be surprised by these periodical showers, if in compliance with the advice given above, he establish himself in the first commodious inn, will not

find such accidental delays either useless or unpleasant.

But to return to the principal object of this paragraph. Though the sun in Italy has, even in the cooler seasons, a sufficient degree of warmth to incommode a foreigner, yet the heat can scarcely be considered as an obstacle to travelling, except in the months of July and August; then indeed it is intense, and it is imprudent in the traveller to expose himself to the beams of the sun for any time; though Englishmen frequently seem insensible of the danger, and brave alike the rigours of a Russian winter and the heats of an Italian or even of an Egyptian summer. Fevers and untimely deaths are sometimes the consequences of this rashness, and more than one traveller has had reason to regret his imprudence. To avoid these dangers, persons who are obliged to travel during the hot months ge-

nerally proceed by night, and repose during the sultry hours of the day. By this method, without doubt, they guard sufficiently against the inconveniencies and dangers of the weather, but at the same time they sacrifice one of the principal objects, the scenery of the country; and this sacrifice in Italy can, in my opinion, be compensated by no advantages. The best method, therefore, is to set out a full hour before sun-rise, to stop at ten, and repose till five, then travel as day light will permit: by this arrangement of time the traveller will enjoy the prospect of the country, the freshness of the morning, and the coolness of the evening, and devote to rest those hours only which heat renders unfit for any purpose of excursion or of enjoyment.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

A few words upon the inns and accommodations in Italy will be sufficient. An English traveller must, the very instant he embarks for the Continent, resign many of the comforts and conveniencies which he enjoys at home, and which he does not sufficiently prize, because he is seldom in the way of learning their value by privation. Great will be his disappointment if, on his arrival, he expects a warm room, a newspaper, and a well-stored larder. These advantages are common enough at home, but they are not to be found in any inn on the Continent, not even *Dessennes* at *Calais* or the *Maison Rouge* at *Frankfort*. But the principal and most offensive defect abroad is the want of cleanliness, a defect in a greater or lesser degree common to all parts of the Continent. In Italy, to which these

observations are confined, the little country inns are dirty, but the greater inns, particularly in *Rome*, *Naples*, *Florence*, and *Venice*, are good, and in general the linen is clean, and the beds are excellent. As for diet, in country towns, the traveller will find plenty of provisions, though seldom prepared according to his taste. But, “*il faut bien*,” says Mr. De la Lande, “*racheter par quelque chose les agrémens de l’Italie.*”

This representation of Italian accommodations, which it is hoped, will be found on experience tolerably accurate, is not on the whole discouraging, and our traveller may commence his journey without the apprehension of any *very* serious or distressing inconvenience. He who can content himself with plain food and a good bed, will find abundant compensation for the absence of the supernumerary pleasures

of accommodation, in the indulgence of rational curiosity, and the acquisition of knowledge. The classical reader will console himself in the assurance, that accommodations in the worst Italian inns at present, are far better than what they seem to have been in Horace's time, at least, if we may be allowed to form conjectures about the state of inns in general from that of *Beneventum* in particular.

The inconvenience of which the poet complains at *Trevicus* is at present very general at the inns both of France and Italy, where the shivering traveller finds himself, if he happens to travel in cold weather, like Horace, often ushered into a damp room, and placed before a newly lighted fire, diffusing a half smothered flame, *lacrimoso non sine fumo*.

OBJECTS OF ATTENTION.

XIV. It may not be deemed superfluous to enumerate the principal objects which deserve a traveller's attention, and to point out, at the same time, the best method of satisfying his curiosity. The manners, customs, and opinions, together with the different lights which religion, government, and climate, throw upon the characters of nations and individuals, without doubt, claim our first attention. To converse with the natives of the country, to frequent public assemblies and courts, and, on the other hand, to take an occasional range through the humble walks of life, is the proper method of acquiring this useful information. Introduction to the higher class in Italy is not very difficult; they meet in evening parties, either at particular houses, where such assemblies are called *conversazioni*;

or at the *casino*, a sort of fashionable club established in most towns in Italy. A letter of introduction to any person of rank will open all such assemblies to a stranger. But the traveller, who really wishes to know the manners of the Italian gentry, must endeavour to penetrate into the interior of society, and form acquaintance with some of the principal characters in each town, particularly if there be any among them of literary reputation. Nor would this be a difficult task, if we went to Italy better versed in its language; and if we devoted more time to the cultivation of our acquaintance there. This private society, if it be select, and I recommend no other, is, I think for very obvious reasons, far preferable to larger circles.

But, while speaking of society, I think it necessary to make an observation, the propriety of which must strike every reader,

because it is founded upon the change which has taken place in the higher classes on the continent during the last ten years. The court of *Versailles* was formerly considered as the most polished court in the world, and the state of society at Paris, as well as at Rome and Turin, was supposed to have reached a very high degree of refinement. The principal object of travelling then was to acquire, in some accomplished society, that ease and those graces which constitute the perfection of good breeding, and which were seldom, it was then fancied, to be discovered in the manners of a home-bred Englishman. How far this opinion was true it is not my intention to examine, but it was very generally admitted, and in consequence no young man of rank was deemed qualified to make an advantageous entrance into the world till, by a considerable residence in the capitals mentioned above, he had worn off

somewhat of the native roughness of the Briton. But the case is very different at present. The French Revolution has been as fatal to the manners as to the morals of nations ; it has corrupted the one and *brutalized* the other. It is not to society in such a state that he is to look for improvement, nor indeed is such improvement either the sole or the principal motive of travelling at present, nor is it necessary to wander over the Continent in quest of accomplishments. London, that has long been the first city in Europe for population, extent, and opulence, is now also confessedly the first in point of society, and the Capital of the polite and fashionable, as it has long been of the commercial world. The first class of its society, the most numerous of that description that has ever been united in any great city, comprehends all the advantages of title, of fortune, and of information. I do not hereby mean to

depreciate continental society or represent it as useless, but I wish to point out to the reader the change that has taken place, and to caution him against expecting from foreign society, in its present state, all the advantages which were formerly supposed to be derived from it.

This subject naturally leads to a question which, I believe, is generally solved rather from habit and prejudice than reason. Are we, as Bacon says, “to sequester ourselves from the company of our countrymen” while abroad, or may we be allowed sometimes to associate with them? The answer to this question should be drawn from principles of general or rather durable utility. The object of all our travels, studies, and pursuits is, or ought to be, permanent advantage. We do not, doubtless, travel to France or to Italy *to see Englishmen*, but yet we travel for improvement and for

amusement ; and whatever society contributes to either, ought to be cultivated with an assiduity proportioned to its advantages. The traveller, therefore, ought by all means to procure an introduction to the best company of the great towns through which he may pass ; and at the same time he may become acquainted with such English gentlemen as may chance to be in the same place. Such an acquaintance super-induces no obligation ; it may be cultivated or dropt at pleasure ; but the trial ought to be made ; and if experience may be credited, the reader may be assured, that casual acquaintance not unfrequently ripens into settled and permanent friendship. Continental connexions in general are of a very different nature ; however agreeable, they are contracted only for the occasion, and cannot be supposed, in general, strong enough to resist the influence of absence. Besides, why should we voluntarily reject

one of the greatest advantages of travelling, an opportunity of selecting friends, and forming sincere and durable attachments; for, as Ovid observes in some beautiful lines, there is not a stronger bond than that which is formed by a participation of the accidents and of the vicissitudes of a long and eventful journey. *

SCENERY.

The general face of the country, so conspicuously beautiful all over Italy, merits from this circumstance alone peculiar attention, and when to its picturesque fea-

* Te duce, magnificas Asiæ perspeximus Urbes:

Trinacris est oculis, te duce, nota meis.

Vidimus Etnæâ cœlum splendescere flammâ;

Suppositus monti quam vomit ore gigas:

Hennæosque lacus, et olentia stagna Palici,

Quaque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis.....

Et quota pars hæc sunt rerum, quas vidimus ambo,

Te mihi jucundas efficiente vias!

tures we add those charms, less real but more enchanting, which Fancy sheds over its scenery, we give it an irresistible interest that awakens all the feelings of the *classic* youth. Our early studies, as Gibbon justly observes, allow us to sympathize in the feelings of a Roman ; and one might almost say of every school boy not insensible to the sweets of his first studies, that he becomes in feeling and sentiments, perhaps even in language, a Roman. It is not then wonderful, that when in a riper age he visits

Seu rate cæruleas picta sulcavimus undas :

Esseda nos agili sive tulere rotâ.

Sæpe brevis nobis vicibus via visa loquendi ;

Pluraque, si numeres, verba fuere gradu.

Sæpe dies sermone minor fuit ; inque loquendum

Tarda per æstivos defuit hora dies.

Est aliquid casus, pariter timuisse marinos ;

Junctaque ad æquoreos vota tulisse Deos :

Hæc tibi si subeant (absim licet) omnibus horis

Ante tuos oculos, ut modo visus, ero.

Ovid. Ep. ex Ponto, lib. II. x. 21. seq.

that country and beholds those very scenes which he has imagined to himself so long before, he should feel an uncommon glow of enthusiasm, and in the moment of enchantment, should add some imaginary to their many real charms. Besides, the scenery of Italy is truly classical; I mean, it is such as described by poets and historians. Earthquakes, the only species of revolution that can permanently alter the great features of nature, however common they may be there, have, if we except a few places in the neighborhood of Naples, and some distant parts of the coasts of *Calabria*, made in the whole but little alteration. Even wars, invasions, and the devastation of eighteen centuries have not yet eradicated those local ornaments that arise either from the tendency of the soil or from the persevering attention of the inhabitants. The *Sylaris* is still shaded with groves and thickets; the rose of *Pæstum*, though neg-

lected, still blooms twice a year, *to waste its sweetness on the desert air* ; while Mount *Alburnus* still glories in the ilex and in the neverfading verdure of his lofty forests.

But not to anticipate various observations that will occur, each in its proper place, one advantage, at all events, the face of nature possesses in Italy, which is, that it seldom or never disappoints the traveller, or falls short of his expectations, however high they may have been previously raised ; on the contrary, if I may form any opinion of the sentiments of foreigners in general by my own and by those of my fellow travellers, the lakes, the vale of the *Clitumnus*, the fall of the *Anio*, the banks of the *Nar*, the waters of *Tibur*, the groves of *Albano*, and the plains, the hills, the coasts, the bays of *Campania Felix*, not only equal but even surpass the descrip-

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

tions of the poets, and the bright pictures of youthful imagination.

RUINS.

The same observation cannot be applied to ruins, which, however interesting they may be, seldom answer expectation. When we read or hear of Roman ruins we figure to ourselves a vast scene of broken columns, shattered cornices, mutilated statues, hanging arches, and interrupted colonnades. Such a magnificent scene of desolation may indeed be seen at *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Selinus*; and such also is occasionally presented on the Seven Hills, in the majestic remains of the ancient City. But these grand objects are rare; for, if to the exceptions just mentioned, we add the temple of *Tivoli*, the amphitheatre and gates of *Verona*, and two or three triumphal arches, we shall find little more than totter-

ing walls and masses of brick. Ruins, till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century, were considered as quarries furnishing materials to those who chose to employ them : and unfortunately many did employ them with little or no regard to their ancient fame, their costly workmanship, or their fair proportions. When Belisarius turned the tomb of Adrian into a fortress, he paid little attention to the masterpieces of sculpture that adorned its circumference, and it is said that, on that occasion the sleeping Faun pleaded in vain the beauty of his limbs and the grace of his attitude. Whatever obstructed the machinery was tumbled to the ground ; whatever was fit for defence was worked into the rampart. In short, first war, then convenience, and lastly, Taste itself directed by self-love, destroyed or defaced the works of ancient art, and either left no marks of their existence behind, or reduced them to a mere dislocated

skeleton. The traveller therefore must not be sanguine in his expectations of satisfaction from the first appearance of ruins in general, but content himself with the certainty of finding, amid numberless uninteresting masses that bear that name, some few beautiful specimens, as well as some grand monuments of Roman magnificence.

CHURCHES.

Modern edifices next claim our attention, and among them the principal are churches, particularly cathedrals. Many of the latter are indeed very noble piles, and either externally or internally present striking instances of architectural beauty. Even where there is no display of architecture, there is generally a richness of materials, a profusion of marble, and not unfre-

quently, a luxuriance of sculpture and painting that delights and surprises the transalpine spectator. There is also in every cathedral a chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which is almost universally of exquisite workmanship and of splendid decorations. Some indeed are perfect masterpieces of proportion, symmetry, and elegance.

I have hinted above, that few churches present an exterior and interior equally finished; in reality one-half of the great churches in Italy are left in a very imperfect state with regard to the outside; the fact is singular, but the reason obvious. At the restoration of the arts, a sudden enthusiasm seized all Italy; princes, bishops, noblemen, entered the lists of taste with ardor; each longed to signalize himself and immortalize his name by some superb fabric, and rival cathedrals, palaces, and vil-

las rose on all sides. But their means were not always adequate to their grand undertakings. Some edifices were finished, some entirely neglected, and many have been continued with slow, parsimonious patience down to the present period. The nobility of *Vicenza* are said to feel even at present the consequences of their forefathers' magnificence, and the *Palladian* decorations of their city are still supposed to prey on their finances.

However, the propensity of the nation is uncontrollable; for though public and private property has been exhausted by the French invasion, yet the enemy were scarcely withdrawn when, with laudable spirit, exertions were instantly made in many places to repair some of the edifices which those modern Vandals had damaged, and to supply the place of some of the masterpieces which they had carried

away. Churches, on the whole, are very interesting, as there are few that do not present some object worthy the attention of the traveller.

With respect to palaces, I must venture to say that, in general, they are deficient in strict architectural beauty, as few, I fear, are to be found even in Italy, where, in some point or other, the architect has not sacrificed symmetry and proportion to caprice and vanity. But if it be possible to overlook a defect so material, it must be acknowledged, that the marbles, statues, and paintings that generally adorn the spacious apartments, oftentimes compensate the caprice that deforms the exterior of these edifices. In fine, with regard to buildings, we may generalize and apply to Italy the observation which was originally made on Rome, that no country presents

so many specimens both of good and of bad architecture.

Of museums, galleries of paintings and statues, public libraries, &c. I need only say that they exist in almost every town in Italy, and open an ample field to the exercise of observation and curiosity. And here let me recommend to the traveller, with due attention to his health and fortune, to spare neither pains nor expense, in order to acquire every previous information ; and to explore, when travelling, every recess and visit every object, without relying too much on the representations of others : as the common guides are lazy and interested, *Cicerones* are often ignorant, and writers as often wrong, through want of opportunity, of knowledge, or of exertion, and not unfrequently from too great an attachment to their own systems.

CONCLUSION.

But one final observation, I wish to impress strongly on the mind of the youthful traveller, as its object is intimately connected with his present repose and with his future happiness. Moral improvement is or ought to be, the end of all our pursuits and of all our exertions. Knowledge, without it, is the amusement of an idle moment, and the great and splendid exhibitions which nature and genius present to our contemplation are merely the shifting scenery of an evening drama—delightful but momentary. Let him therefore look continually to this most important attainment, and while he endeavors every day to increase his store of knowledge, let him exert himself with still greater assiduity to add to the number of his virtues.

Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been termed) of some luxurious Capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one as he advances, the virtues of his education and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of

every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence and perhaps his health at *Naples*; when he has resigned his faith and his principles at *Paris*; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid, by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey. Such acquirements may furnish a pleasing pastime; they may fill the vacant intervals of an useful life; they may even set off to advantage nobler endowments and higher qualifications: but they can never give the credit and the confidence that accompany sound principles, nor can they bestow, or replace

“ The mind’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,”

at once the effect and the reward of virtue. These are the real, the permanent, I might

almost add, the only blessings of life. He who possesses them can want but little more, and he who has forfeited them, whatever his fortune may be, is "poor indeed."

A CLASSICAL TOUR
THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

*Departure from Vienna—Munich—Saltzburg—
Salt Mines—Defile of the Alps—Inspruck—
Ascent of the Brenner—Summit of the Alps
—Descent—Brixen—Bolsano—Trent.*

SOME travellers, having set out from England during the summer of 1801, met at Vienna the following autumn; and finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together. Although eager to commence their journey, and reach its confines, they were detained by the charms of the Austrian Capital, which, since the manners of Paris have been barbarized by the Revolution, has become the

seat of politeness, and the school of refinement. An account of the state of society, as well as a description of the city itself, would be both entertaining and instructive; but, as Italy is the grand object of these volumes, the reader will probably be as impatient as the travellers themselves, and dispense with details, which, however amusing elsewhere, would here only retard him in his progress. We shall, therefore, reserve the description of this city, as well as that of Munich and the intermediate country, for our German tour, and only inform the reader, that on Thursday, January the twenty-eighth, 1802, we withdrew from the attractions of Vienna, and commenced our journey, which we continued through deep snow, with little interruption, till we reached Munich, where we arrived late at night on the following Monday. We devoted four days to the inspection of this Capital, and the usual ceremonies of presentation at court; and in justice to the Elector I must add, that by his affability and condescension, he converted this formality in general dull and tiresome, into a very pleasing interview.

On Friday the fifth of February, we set out from Munich at eleven o'clock at night. At break of day the Alps, just reddened by the beams of the morning, and mingling with the

clouds, presented to our eyes a new and interesting object, and continued to attract our attention during the day, by shifting their situation with the windings of the road, and changing their tints with every shadow that flitted over them. We entered Salzburg late in the evening.

We are now at the foot of the Alps; and considering ourselves as treading classical ground, we may be allowed to expatiate more at large on the surrounding scenery. The mountains, now rising immediately before us, were represented by the ancients as an insuperable rampart raised by nature to separate Italy from the less favoured regions of the north, and to protect her beauties and her treasures from the assault of barbarian invaders.* Though this natural barrier has long ceased to answer that end, because one or other of the petty powers possessing the defiles has usually been in the interests of the common enemies, yet it is well calculated for such a purpose; and may, in times more favourable to Italy, be rendered a frontier far more impenetrable than the triple range of fortresses, which guarded the northern boun-

* Herodian, II. 39, viii. 2.

daries of France, and on a late occasion saved that country from invasion and ruin. These defiles, according to the same authors, were opened with incredible labor by the early inhabitants of Italy, and may be regarded as so many avenues leading to the garden of Europe.

Saltzburg, a subalpine city, is placed, as if to guard the entrance into the grand defile, which traverses the Rhetian Alps; and it may be considered, for that reason, as forming one of the outposts of Italy. The cathedral is built of fine stone, and has two towers in front. It is said to be one of the earliest specimens of Italian architecture in Germany, and is fashioned internally on the Roman model; that is, with the choir behind the altar, and a canopy over the latter, supported by four marble pillars, an exact copy, as our guide pretended, of a similar ornament in St. Peter's; yet, with all these supposed advantages, this church is neither large nor beautiful, and has little to boast of besides its solidity.

There are two palaces belonging to the Prince Bishop. In one there are several very fine rooms, in the other a spacious and most magnificent gallery. But the most striking object that Saltzburg presents, is a very noble gateway cut through the solid rock, which rises

perpendicularly to a considerable elevation, is crowned with tall and spreading elms, and forms a natural rampart equally strong and beautiful. Through this mass of stone a passage has been opened, three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and twenty-four in breadth. The inscription, in honor of the bishop who executed this noble work, is neat and appropriate—*Te saxa loquuntur*. This grotto opens on a little square, the principal ornament of which is an equestrian statue of St. Sigismund, in dress, attitude, and form, extremely elegant.

The situation of this city is, however, its principal beauty and advantage; in a valley watered by the *Salza*, open only to the north, and enclosed on the other sides by hills and mountains of various forms and magnitude. Upon one of these hills immediately contiguous to the town, stands the citadel, an edifice large and roomy, but ill supplied, ill furnished, and ill supported. The bishops of Saltzburg indeed, like all the petty princes of Germany, rely more upon the watchfulness and jealousy of the greater powers, than upon their own strength, for defence and independence. But however neglected the citadel may be, its situation is very bold and commanding. Behind it, on the eminence, is a beautiful walk; and from an oak near this

walk, expands a most romantic view, extending over fertile vales, deep dells, rocks and crags, hills and mountains. The descent from this lofty site is worked in the rock, and formed into regular flights of steps. It brought us under the wall to the gate which I have already described.

Among the mountains in the immediate neighborhood of the town, the *Unterberg* is the most conspicuous. Rough, craggy, and wooded, it seems to frown upon the city and the vale below; and by its shaggy mass, and dark sullen appearance, forcibly attracts the attention. Popular tradition, which seldom fails to select appropriate scenery for its wayward tales, has converted the *Unterberg* into a place of confinement for certain perturbed spirits, or rather made it the haunt of a club of infernal sportsmen. Confined to the bowels of the mountain during the day, and perhaps doomed there to undergo certain unknown chastisements, these hapless spirits are said to fill the cavern with groans and shrieks, and yells so loud, as to pierce the surface of the earth, and not unfrequently to reach the ear of the lonely woodman. But at night the dungeon is opened, the imprisoned spirits are at liberty, and the woods, that overhang the steep brows of the mountain, echo with the sound of an infernal trumpet, with

the barking of hellish dogs, and with shouts too deep and loud to proceed from mortal organs. Tradition does not say, that the sportsmen have ever condescended to shew themselves to any human being; but it is reported, that at midnight, flames of blueish tint and of various sizes have been seen traversing the forests of the *Unterberg* with the velocity of lightning; and these flames the people have turned into hounds and horses, huntsmen and beast, all of fire. Some conjecture, that the chief of these restless sportsmen is one of the former bishops, who, like many of his German brethren, in ages not very remote, was accustomed to pass in the chace the hours and days which he ought to have devoted to the duties of his station. Others pretend, that it was a Count, or, what was nearly the same thing in certain periods of German history, a robber, who had built a castle amid these fastnesses, and used to employ his days in pursuing and arresting travellers, in ravaging the fields and vallies below, and compelling all the country round to pay him tribute. It would be difficult to decide the question, as the bishop and the Count seem both to have a fair claim to the manorial honors of the *Unterberg*: we shall therefore wave the discussion of this knotty point; and the more readily, as the invisible horn has now ceased to sound; the

infernal pack no longer disturbs the silence of the woods, and the spirits of the chace have either fulfilled the days of their punishment, or are sent to sport in solitudes less liable to observation. The *Unterberg*, however, is not the only mountain in Germany supposed to be the haunt of preternatural hunters.

The salt mines at *Halleim*, about four miles from Salzburg, are deservedly celebrated. The entrance is near the summit of a mountain, and the ascent, though over a good road, long and tedious. Near the summit is a village with a handsome church. Seeing a crowd assembled round the door of a public house, we were informed, that they were celebrating a jubilee, on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of an old couple, and, at the same time, the wedding of a grandson. We were invited in as soon as observed, and treated with cake, wine, and beer. The dance was going on merrily, and some of our party joined in it, *con spirito*; a circumstance which seemed to give much satisfaction. The persons of the younger damsels were not uncomely, nor were their countenances without expression: but their dress was such as would have disfigured far more perfect forms, and turned beauty itself into deformity. To enliven the dance, they now and then clapped

their hands, and uttered a shriek very grating to ears unaccustomed to the tones of Alpine merriment. We departed, pleased with the novelty of the scene, and still more with the hospitality of the good people.

At length we reached the summit, and entered the mines by a long subterranean gallery, which terminated in the mouth of the first descent. We there accoutred ourselves in miners' dresses, and slid down five hundred feet, in a manner perfectly safe and commodious. It is managed thus. The shaft may be about four feet broad, and about five high, worked above into the form of an arch. The line may diverge about thirty feet in the hundred from the perpendicular. The space in the middle is hollowed and worked into steps. On each side of these steps at about a foot distance, runs a pole like the side of a ladder. On these poles a miner reclines with his feet extended, so that the poles pass under his knees and under his arms. A traveller places himself behind him in the same posture, but so close, as to rest the inside of his knees on the miner's shoulders. The others follow the example, and form a line, in such a manner, that the one above always rests gently on the shoulders of the one below. Another miner generally goes in the middle, and a third closes

the rear. The first miner regulates the motion, and if he find it necessary to check or stop it entirely, he need only to put his foot backward, and touch one of the steps behind. The miners carry torches made of the fir tree. When the line is formed, upon a signal given, the miner undermost lets the ropes loose (for two ropes run parallel with the poles and nearly touch them) and glides down with great rapidity. We suddenly found ourselves in an immense hall, lighted up with a prodigious number of candles. This hall was very long and broad, but extremely low, and as the cieling was flat, unsupported either by pillars or props, and apparently of very crumbling materials, it was natural to feel some apprehension of its giving way. The miners, however, tranquillized us, by assuring us that such accidents never happened, however probable they might appear. The sides were adorned here and there with basso relievos of different bishops, rudely worked in the earth or rock. The lights, as I said above, were numerous; but instead of being reflected from a great variety of spars and shining minerals, which a traveller might naturally expect to find in a salt mine, the blaze falls sullen and dead from the walls, and serves only to shew the thickness of the surrounding gloom. From this hall we passed into a gallery, and thence de-

scended, in the same manner as before, into a second, a third, and a fourth, of nearly the same form and dimensions. These halls are used for the following purpose: the salt is worked from the sides and cieling; then water is let in, and kept confined till it is impregnated with salt, after which it is drained away into the salt works, and the earthy particles remain deposited on the floor.

We quitted the mine with as much facility as we entered. We were placed astride a long bench; one miner moved before to guide, two others were placed behind to push this bench down a gently inclined plane. After some minutes of rapid motion, we perceived the appearance of a star, which gradually increased upon us, till we were launched once more into full day. The exit is as picturesque as the entrance is gloomy. It opens under a cliff, clad with brambles growing out of its crevices, and overhung with pines and firs, clinging to the sides, and bending from the brows of the precipice. On one side, a torrent bursting from the crag, tumbles from steep to steep, till it engulphs itself in a deep shaded dell; and on the other, far below, stretches the town of *Halleim*, with its white houses and spire. On our exit, the miners presented each of us with a little box,

containing specimens of salt. They were very beautiful in color and shape, but are not easily preserved, as they crumble into dust by the motion of the carriage, and are dissolved by the least humidity. On the whole our visit to the mines of *Halleim* was a very pleasant, and not an unimproving excursion.

Our stay at *Saltzburg* was much enlivened by the hospitality of Prince *J. Schwartzenburg*, a canon of the cathedral, to whom the Princess of *Schwartzenburg* had obligingly recommended us. This young nobleman entertained us with great splendor, pointed out to us the most interesting objects, introduced us to the best company at his dinners, concerts, and suppers, and rendered the place so agreeable, that we fixed the day of our departure with no small reluctance. We must ever retain a grateful recollection of his attention and kindness.

February the 10th. About nine in the morning we set off from *Saltzburg*. A thick fog hung over the surrounding scenery. We could only perceive that the road ran over a plain, naked in general, but occasionally ornamented with villages, whose graceful spires at intervals attracted our attention. After having crossed the plain, we reached the skirts of a vast mountain, pre-

senting at first a black indistinct mass, which cast a dark shade on the fog that enveloped it, and then just displayed its fir-clad summit so far above the mist, that it appeared to hang in the air, and to belong to some other region.

Reichenhall is a well-built little town, or rather village, remarkable for its salt works, and in a prosperous condition. We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called *Unkin*, about one mile from *Reichenhall*. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of a hill; and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onwards we come to the foot of the precipice, which with its castle overhangs the road in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents on one side a vast mountain clad with firs; while on the other the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old rampart walls, looks like the battle-mented dwelling of a race of giants. In front, an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the

road side, and all around mountains in various grotesque forms, increasing in height, in shagginess, and in horror.

The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and for the torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with a weight of snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then, a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific—a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and, when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jamjam lapsura cadentique adsimilis*, could not fail to excite some emotions of terror. Whenever the mountains receded and sloped backwards, they only enabled us to discover forests rising above each other, and swelling into new regions, till they concealed their extent and elevation in the clouds. The snow lay deep on the road, and on the approach of night began to fall again in great quantities.

We moved slowly on ; and when night set in with all the darkness of the season, our situation appeared such as might have discouraged even experienced travellers. After some hours' exertion, and very little progress, our drivers were seriously alarmed, and entreated us to allow them to return with their horses, before the depth of the snow, which was every moment increasing, should render the roads impassable. They promised to come to our assistance early in the morning, with a sufficient number of persons to remove the snow, and enable us to proceed. This proposal, as may be supposed, was rejected, and the drivers were, partly by representations, and partly by threats, induced to remain. All the horses were put alternately to each carriage, whilst we proceeded on foot, and with no small difficulty at length reached the post house, where we took sledges, and continued our journey at the rate of ten miles an hour. We reached St. John at a late hour. A neat collegiate church is the only remarkable object in this little town.

February 11th. The scenery this day did not appear so grand and awful as on the preceding ; whether this part of the defile be more open, or whether our eyes were more accustomed to its gloomy magnificence I know not ; but I believe the former to be the case, as the road gradually

ascends, and consequently the elevation of the mountains apparently diminishes ; whereas, while at the bottom of the defile, we beheld the whole mass of the Alps in full elevation above us.

I need not, I suppose, caution even the untravelled reader against a mistake, into which some have fallen, that any of the passages through the Alps crosses the ridges, or even approaches the summits of these mountains. The various roads traversing the Alps are conducted through as many defiles, and were probably traced out by the paths, that have served from time immemorial as means of communication between the fertile valleys that lie interspersed up and down the windings of this immense chain. These defiles are always watered, and were perhaps formed, by streams incessantly gliding down from the eternal snows that mantle the highest regions : these streams, increasing as they descend, work their way between the rocks, and continue for ever opening and enlarging their channels. Such is the *Inn* that now bordered our road, and such is the *Salza* still nearer the plains of Bavaria. When therefore it is asked, who first crossed the Alps, or opened such a particular passage over these mountains, the question means only, what general or what army first forced a way through this immense barrier, or made such a particular

track or path practicable? Of these tracks, that which we are now pursuing seems to have been one of the most ancient and most frequented. The first people who passed it in a body were probably the Gauls; that race ever restless, wandering, and ferocious, who have so often since forced the mighty rampart, which nature raised to protect the fertile provinces of Italy from the rapacity of northern invaders. Of a tribe of this people, Livy says,* that in the consulship of Spurius Posthumius Albinus, and Quintus Marcus Philippus, that is, in the year of Rome 566, they passed the Alps by roads till then undiscovered, and entering Italy, turned towards Aquileia. Upon this occasion, contrary to their usual practice, they came in small numbers, and rather in the character of suppliants than of enemies. But the most remarkable army that ever crossed these mountains was that of the Cimbri, who in less than a century after the above-mentioned period, climbed the Rhetian Alps, and rushed like a torrent down the Tridentine defile. The first successes and final destruction of this horde of savages are well known. At length Augustus, irritated by the lawless and plundering spirit of some of the Rhetian tribes, sent a Roman army

* L. xxxix. 22.

into their territory under Drusus, who in a very short space of time entirely broke the spirit of the mountaineers, brought their country into perfect subjection, and opened a commodious communication through the whole range of Alps that bears their name. This expedition is celebrated by Horace, and forms the subject of one of his most spirited productions *. Ever since this event, this road has been frequented, and always considered as the best and safest passage from the Transalpine regions to Italy.

As we had set out late, darkness fell upon us before we had made any very considerable progress, and deprived us of the view of the celebrated vale of Inspruck. We travelled nearly the whole night, and entered that city about four o'clock in the morning.

Inspruck is the capital of the Tyrol, a large Alpine province of the Austrian empire, and as it was once the residence of a sovereign prince, is still the seat of government, and has frequently been visited by the emperors. It possesses some noble edifices, more remarkable however, as is usual in Germany, for magnitude than for beauty. The style of architecture, therefore,

* L. iv. 4.

both of the palace and the churches, is, as may be expected, below criticism; and, when I mention the great hall in the palace, I point out to the traveller almost the only building that deserves his notice. To this I will add another object, that has a claim upon his attention far superior to any that can be derived from mere architectural beauty. It is a little chapel, erected upon a very melancholy and interesting occasion. It is well known that the Emperor Francis the First, husband to the celebrated Maria Teresa, died suddenly at Inspruck. He was going to the Opera, and while walking through the passage from the palace to the theatre, he fell down, and instantly expired. He was conveyed to the nearest room, which happened to be that of a servant, and there laid upon a miserable bed. Attempts were made to bleed him, but to no purpose; and it is stated, that for a considerable time the body remained with the blood trickling slowly from the arm, unnoticed, and unattended by a servant of any description. The Empress, who loved him with unusual tenderness, shortly after raised an altar on the very spot where he fell, and, clearing the space around, erected over it a chapel. Both the chapel and the altar are, though plain, extremely beautiful, and a pleasing monument both of the affection and of the taste of the illustrious widow. This princess, then in the

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full bloom of youth and beauty, and the first sovereign in Europe in title and in territorial possessions, continued ever after to wear mourning; and to some subsequent matrimonial overtures, is said to have replied in the animated lines of Virgil,

Ille, meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores,
Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro!

The inscription runs as follows, and breathes more grief than elegance.

D: O: M.
Memoriæ eternæ fati, quo
Princeps optimus
Throni decus
Populi Deliciæ
Franciscus D: G: Rom: Imp: Aug:
Germ: & Jerus. Rex
M: D: Het: Loth et Bur: D.
XVIII Aug: MDCCLXV.
Vitæ hic loci et nobis ereptus
Monumentum posteritati positum—

I shall say nothing of the magnificent cenotaph of the Emperor Maximilian in the church of the Franciscans, with its sculptured pannels and bronze statues; nor of the humble cells of the Achduke of the same name in the convent of the Capuchins, but proceed to a much nobler object

than either, to the vale of Inspruck. This vale is perhaps the most extensive and most beautiful of all that lie in the Northern recesses of the Alps. It is about thirty miles in length, and, where widest, as in the neighborhood of Inspruck, about six in breadth. It is watered by the Inn, anciently the *Œnus*, which glides through it, intersecting it nearly in the middle, and bestowing freshness and fertility as it winds along. The fields that border it are in high cultivation, finely adorned with every species of forest-trees, enlivened with towns and villages, and occasionally graced with the ruins of a castle, frowning in shattered majesty from the summit of a precipice. Large woods line the skirts and clothe the sides of the neighboring mountains, and, with the ragged misshapen rocks that swell above them, form a frame worthy of a picture so extensive and so beautiful. In the southern extremity of this vale, stands Inspruck; and behind it rises a long ridge, forming part of the craggy pinnacles of the *Brenner* one of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrolian Alps.

About five miles North of Inspruck is the town of *Hall*, famous for its salt works; and about four miles on the opposite side, on a bold eminence, stands embosomed in trees, the castle of *Ambras*. This edifice is of very ancient date,

and its size, form, and furniture are well adapted to its antiquity. Its exterior is dignified with turrets, spires, and battlements; and its large halls are hung with spears, shields, and helmets, and lined with the forms of hostile knights mounted upon their palfreys, with visors down and spears couched, as if ready to rush forward in battle. The smaller apartments are fitted up with less attention to Gothic propriety than to utility, and contain various natural curiosities, intermingled with gems, medals, and pictures.

Though at Inspruck we had made a considerable progress in the defile, yet we had not risen in elevation so much as might be imagined; for that city is said to be no more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. But, about three miles farther, the road suddenly turns, and the traveller begins in reality to work up the steep. The road is well contrived to lessen the labor of ascent, winding gently up the mountains, and affording every-where perfect security, though generally skirting the edge of a precipice. It presents some striking objects, such as the Abbey of *Willtean*, anciently *Villitenum*, the castle of *Sonenberg*, and, through a break to the west, a transient view of a most majestic mountain, rising from the midst of the surrounding glaciers, and lifting its pointed summit to the skies. Its craggy

sides are sheathed in ice, and its brow is whitened with eternal snows. * Its height is supposed to be nearly equal to that of *Mont Blanc*, though in grandeur, the mountain of Savoy yields to that of the Tyrol; because the former heaves itself gradually from the plain, and conducts the eye, by three different stages to its summit, whilst the latter shoots up at once without support or gradation, and terminates in a point that seems to pierce the heavens.

The ascent still continued steep and without intermission to *Steinach*; and the cold, which hitherto had not much incommoded us, except at night, became more intense. The scenery grew more dreary, gradually assuming all the bleak appearances of Alpine winter. The last mentioned place, though situated amidst the pinnacles of the Rhetian Alps, is yet not the highest point of elevation; and the traveller has still to labor up the tremendous steeps of the *Brenner*. As he advances, piercing blasts blowing around the bare ridges and summits that gleam with ice, stunted half-frozen firs appearing here and there along the road, cottages almost buried under a weight

* This mountain bears, I believe, the very barbarous appellation of *Boch Kögel*.

of snow, all announce the regions where winter reigns undisturbed, and where the Alps display all their ancient and unchangeable horrors.—

“ *Nives cælo prope immistæ, tecta informia im-*
“ *posita rupibus, pecora, jumentaque torrida*
“ *frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia,*
“ *inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu.*”*

The summit, or rather the highest region of the mountain which the road traverses, is crowned with immense crags and precipices enclosing a sort of plain or valley: This plain was bleak and dreary when we passed through it, because buried in deep snow, and darkened by fogs and mists, and the shades of the approaching evening: yet it possesses one feature, which in summer must give it some degree of animation, of beauty, and even of fertility; I mean the source of the river Atagis, which, bursting from the side of a shattered rock, tumbles in a noble cascade to the plain. We had just before passed the fountain head of the river *Sill*, which takes a northward course, and runs down the defile that leads to Inspruck, so that we now stood on the confines of the north, our faces being turned towards Italy, and the genial regions of the

* Liv. XXI.

south. At the post we once more entered sledges, and with great satisfaction began to descend, a vast mass of mountain hanging over us on the left, and the Atagis, now called the Adige, tumbling from steep to steep on our right. Night soon enveloped us, and we pursued our way with great rapidity down the declivity through *Marck* and *Middlenwald*, and at length entered the episcopal city of *Brixen*, or *Bressinone*.

We had now passed the wildest retreats and most savage scenery of the Alps, once the impenetrable abode of fierce tribes of barbarians, and the haunt of associated robbers, who plundered with the numbers, the spirit, and the discipline of armies. The Roman legions were not unfrequently impeded in their progress, and more than once stripped of their baggage by these desperate mountaineers. The expedition of Drusus, before alluded to, seems to have reduced the Alpine tribes, at least the Vindelici and the Rhæti, so far to subjection, as to ensure a safe and easy passage through their territories for many succeeding ages. The incursions, invasions, and consequent anarchy, that preceded and followed the dissolution of the Roman empire, naturally revived the fierceness of the mountain tribes, and renewed the disorders of

earlier periods. But these disorders yielded in their turn to the increasing influence of Christianity and to the authority of the clergy : two causes, which, fortunately for Europe, worked with increasing extent and energy, and successfully counteracted the prodigious efforts of ferocity, of barbarism, and of ignorance during the middle ages. So effective was their operation, that the Rhetians, from the most savage, became the most gentle of mountain tribes, and have for a long succession of ages continued to distinguish themselves by their innocence, simplicity and benevolence ; and few travellers have, I believe, traversed the Rhetian Alps, without having witnessed some instances of these amiable virtues.

It is indeed fortunate, that religion has penetrated these fastnesses impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail ; that where precaution is impossible, and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible *Ægis* over the traveller, and conducts him secure under her protection, through all the dangers of the way. While rapidly skimming the edge of a precipice, or winding cautiously along under the loose masses of an impending cliff, he trembles to think that a single touch might bury him under a crag

precipitated from above, or that the start of a horse purposely alarmed, might hurl him into the abyss below, and give the ruffian a safe opportunity of preying upon his plunder. When in such situations the traveller reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage, and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and of banditti, have not in the memory of man, been stained by human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficent influence of religion. Impressed with these reflections, he will behold with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowest: he will consider them as so many pledges of security, and rest assured, that as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the* *Good Shepherd*, and to beg the

* *Pastor bonus, Mater dolorosa*; such are the titles often inscribed over those rustic temples; sometimes a whole sentence is subjoined, as, *Pastor bonus qui animam suam dat pro ovibus suis*.* Under a crucifix on the brow of a tremendous crag, I observed some lines taken from the *Dies Iræ*, a funeral hymn, which, though disfigured by

* St. John, x. 11.

prayers of the *afflicted Mother*, he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality. If French principles should unfortunately pass from the courts and the cities in the plains, to the recesses of these mountains, the murderer may shortly aim his rifle from behind the ruins of the cross, and the nightly banditti lurk, in expectation of their prey, under the roof of the forsaken chapel.

Bressinone, in German *Brixen*, presents nothing very remarkable to the attention of the traveller. Its cathedral is neither large nor beautiful; and its claim to antiquity is rather dubious, as the name of *Brixentes* in ancient authors, belongs not so much to the town, as to the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I need scarcely inform the reader, that the *Brixia*, alluded to by Catullus, is now *Brescia*, a well known and flourishing city in the plain below, between the lake *Benacus* and *Cremona*.

rhyme, was justly admired by Johnson and by Lord Roscommon for its pathos and sublimity.—The lines were,

Recordare, Jesu pie!
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ—
Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Brixia Chinæa supposita specula ;
 Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela.
 Brixia, Veronæ mater amata meæ.*

The River Mela, described in these verses as a yellow and smooth flowing stream, and represented by Virgil as meandering through cultivated valleys still retains its ancient name and character, and runs near the last mentioned town †.

The descent from the little plain of *Bressinone* is not so steep as the road which leads to it. On a hill not far from *Chiusa* stands the abbey of *Sabiona* the only remains of the ancient Sabina: thus bearing its former name, with little variation. *Chiusa* or *Clausen*, once *Clusium*, takes its name, as other towns of similar appellations, from its situation; as the plain, in which it stands, is terminated by a tremendous defile, whose rocky sides jut out so far and rise so high, as almost to hide the face of heaven: while the river, contracted into a torrent, or rather a

* Catull. LXV. 32. 34.

† tonsis in vallibus illum (florem)
 Pastores, et curva legunt prope flumina Mellæ.

It is remarkable, that while Virgil calls this river Mella, Catullus, a citizen of Verona, gives it the exact appellation which it still retains, and which probably was then current in its neighborhood.

continual cascade, rolls in thunder from steep to steep, hurrying shattered fragments of rock down its eddy, and filling the dell with uproar. The numberless chapels hewn out of the rock on the road, answer the double purposes of devotion and of security, protecting the traveller against the sudden bursts of storm in summer, and against the still more sudden and destructive masses of snow that roll from the mountains towards the termination of winter. The road which leads to this dell, runs along the edge of a most tremendous precipice, and is so near it, that from the carriage, the eye without perceiving the parapet, looks all at once into the abyss below, and it is scarcely possible not to draw back with involuntary terror. The defile to which the road leads, seems yawning as if ready to swallow up the traveller, and closing over him as he advances, has less the appearance of a road in the land of the living, than of a descent to the infernal regions. A heavy snow, falling as we passed, added to the natural gloom of the scene, and made it truly terrific.

We entered *Bolsano* late. The name of this town is converted by the Germans into the barbarous appellation of *Bötzen*. It is a commercial and busy place. Its situation, at the opening of several valleys, and near the confluence

of three rivers, is advantageous ; its neighborhood well cultivated and romantic. It contains, however, no remarkable object. A little below *Bolsano* the *Atagis* flows into the *Athesis* ; rivers, which from the resemblance of their names, are frequently confounded ; especially as they now go under the same appellation, and are called the *Adige*, sometimes the *Adese*. The former name may be derived from either of the ancient titles ; the latter can come from the *Athesis* only. This river takes its rise near a little town called *Burg*, not far from *Cluras* and *Tirol*, anciently *Tirioli*, whence the territory takes its modern name, and after traversing the valley of *Venosta*, joins the *Atagis* at *Bolsano*.

From *Bolsano* the road presents nothing peculiarly interesting as Alpine scenery. Some castles, however, finely situated, project into the valleys of *Sole* and *Anania* ; *Monte Cerno* and *Monte Mendala* are objects grand and beautiful. We left the village of *Mezzo Tedesco*, and entered that on the opposite side of the river called *Mezzo Lombardo*, with pleasure. *Salurno* interested us by its antiquity, of which its name is a memorial. Night had already closed upon us, when we entered *Trent*.

CHAP. II.

*Trent—Council of Trent—Castello della Pietra
—Roveredo—Slavini di Marco—Ala—Chiusa
—Verona, its Antiquities and History.*

TRENT is the seat of an archbishop. Its ancient name was Tridentum, and the tribes and Alps in its vicinity were not unfrequently called Tridentini. It is seated in a small but beautiful valley, exposed, however, from its elevation, to intense cold in winter, and from the reflection of the surrounding mountains, to heat as intense in summer. When we passed (February the sixteenth) the ground was still covered with snow, and the frost, notwithstanding the influence of the sun, very severe. The town is well built, and boasts some palaces. That of the prince bishop contains some very noble apartments, but it had been plundered and disfigured by the French in their late invasion. The cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable either for its beauty or magnitude. Its organ is admired, though supposed to be inferior to that of the church *Santa Maria Maggiore*, in the same city.

But Trent owes its fame neither to its situation nor to its edifices, but to the celebrated Council held within its walls about the middle of the sixteenth century*. It was opened in the cathedral, but generally held its sessions in the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, where a picture still exists, representing the Council sitting in full Synod. The most conspicuous figures are supposed to be portraits taken from the life. This assembly sat, with various interruptions, under three successive pontiffs, during the space of eighteen years. It was convoked by Paul the Third, and consisted of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, chiefs of religious orders, representatives of the universities, and ambassadors from the Emperor, Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, &c. from the republics of Venice, of Genoa, and from the cantons of Switzerland, from the German Electors, &c. These ambassadors were called *Oratores*, and were accompanied each by a certain number of lawyers and divines selected by their respective sovereigns. The whole number of persons composing the general assemblies amounted to one thousand.†

* One thousand five hundred and forty-two.

† Gibbon says of the council of Constance, that the number and weight of civil and ecclesiastical members might seem to constitute the States general of Europe; a remark equally applicable to the council of Trent.

The subjects of discussion were prepared in committees, and definitively settled in the general assemblies. The bull of convocation, issued by Paul the Third, is a master-piece of its kind. The style of the Acts is pure and dignified, and the dissertations and observations that precede the canons, cannot be perused, even by an impartial and pious protestant, without instruction and edification. One of the great objects of the Council was the restoration of peace and unity among Christians. In this respect it failed: animosity prevailed over charity: conscious authority on one side, rage of innovation on the other, would submit to no concession. The other object was the reformation of the church. Here its efforts were attended, if not with total, at least with very general success, and must receive the approbation of every impartial reader. Many of its regulations have been adopted by the civil authority, even in Protestant countries; such, for instance, as those relating to matrimony; and where admitted, their utility has been felt and acknowledged. Intrigue, without doubt, was not inactive at Trent: and where so many persons of such rank and weight, so many diplomatic agents from almost all the countries and all the corporate bodies in Christendom, were brought together, it must have been frequently and strongly exerted. Yet with such an obstacle in its way, the Council

drew up a set of articles clear and concise, comprehending all the principal points then in debate, and fixing the faith of the Catholic with logical precision.

After having thus represented the Council in a favourable light, I must now, reluctantly I confess, turn to the charges advanced against it; the first of which is the influence supposed to have been exercised over it by the Roman court; an influence which, after all, seems to have been confined to subjects connected with the temporal interests and with the interior concerns of that Court, and never extended either to the deliberations or to the final decrees of the Council. In the second place, many a benevolent man, many a true friend of the peace and union of the Christian body, has deplored the degree of precision, with which the articles in debate were defined, and a line was drawn between the contending parties,—to separate them perhaps for ever! Real union, indeed at that time of delirious contest, was not to be hoped for; but some latitude allowed to the wanderings of the human mind, a greater scope given to interpretation, and a respectful silence recommended to the disputants on subjects too mysterious to be explained, and too awful to be bandied about in scholastic disputation, might, perhaps, at a more favorable

season, have soothed animosity, and disposed all temperate persons to terms of accommodation. Remote, however, as we now are from that æra of discord, and strangers to the passions which then influenced mankind, it might seem to border upon temerity and injustice, were we to censure the proceedings of an assembly, which combined the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of the Cardinals *Pole* and *Sadoleti*, *Contareni* and *Seripando*.*

February 18th. From Trent the road continues to run through a narrow valley, watered by the *Adige* (or *Athesis*) and covered with vines conducted over trellis work, or winding from tree to tree in garlands. High mountains rise on each side, and the snow, though occasionally deep, was

* Vida has made a beautiful allusion both to the City and the Council of Trent, in the form of a devout prayer, at the end of one of his hymns.

Nos primum pete, qui in sedem convenimus unam,
Saxa ubi depressum condunt prærupta Tridentum
Hinc, atque hinc, variis acciti e sedibus orbis,
Ut studiis juncti, atque animis concordibus una
Tendamus, duce te freti, succurrere lapsis
Legibus, et versos revocare in pristina mores.
Teque ideo cœtu celebramus, et ore ciemus,
Sancte, veni, penitus te mentibus insere nostris,
Aura potens, amor omnipotens, cæli aurea flamma!

Hym. Spir: San:

yet sensibly diminished. After the first stage, the snow appeared only on the mountains, while in the valley we enjoyed some share of the genial influence of an Italian sun. The number of neat villages seemed to increase on both banks of the river; though in all, the ravages of war and that wanton rage for mischief which, upon all occasions, distinguishes an invading army, were but too discernible. Cottages destroyed, houses burnt or damaged, and churches disfigured forced themselves too frequently upon the attention of the traveller. A fortress covering the brow of a steep hill, rises on the left at some distance from the road, and forms too conspicuous an object to pass unnoticed. Its ancient name was, according to Cluverius, Verrucca Castellum; it is now called *Castello della Pietra*, from its site. It was taken and re-taken twice by the French and Austrians during the last war, though its situation might induce a traveller to consider it impregnable.

Roveredo, anciently Roboretum, the second stage from Trent, is a neat little town in the defiles of the Alps, situated, geographically speaking, in the German territory, but in language, manners, and appearance, Italian. The entrance on the side of Trent looks well, though the main street is narrow. An inscription over the gate, relative to the marriage and passage of the Prin-

cess of Parma, pleased me much, as it affords a specimen of the good taste of this little town.

Isabellæ
Philippi Borb. Parmæ ducis
Josepho Austriæ duci nuptæ
Viennam proficiscenti
Felix sit iter
Faustusque thalamus
Roboretanis gaudentibus.

In fact, as you approach Italy, you may perceive a visible improvement not only in the climate of the country, but also in the ideas of its inhabitants; the churches and public buildings assume a better form; the shape and ornaments of their portals, doors and windows are more graceful, and their epitaphs and inscriptions, which, as Addison justly observes, are a certain criterion of public taste, breathe a more classical spirit. *Roveredo* is situated in the beautiful valley of *Lagarina*, has distinguished itself in the literary world, and has long possessed an academy, whose members have been neither inactive nor inglorious.

The descent (for from *Steinach*, or rather a few miles south of that village, three stages before *Brixen*, we had begun to descend) becomes more rapid between *Roveredo* and *Ala*; the river

which glided gently through the valley of Trent, assumes the roughness of a torrent; the defiles become narrower; and the mountains break into rocks and precipices, which occasionally approach the road, sometimes rise perpendicular from it, and now and then hang over it in terrible majesty.* Ala is an insignificant little town, in

* Amid these wilds the traveller cannot fail to notice a vast tract called the *Slavini di Marco*, covered with fragments of rock torn from the sides of the neighboring mountains by an earthquake, or perhaps by their own unsupported weight and hurled down into the plains below. They spread over the whole valley, and in some places contract the road to a very narrow space. A few firs and cypresses scattered in the intervals, or sometimes rising out of the crevices of the rocks, cast a partial and melancholy shade amid the surrounding nakedness and desolation. This scene of ruin seems to have made a deep impression upon the wild imagination of Dante, as he has introduced it into the twelfth canto of the *Inferno*, in order to give the reader an adequate idea of one of his infernal ramparts.

Era lo loco ove a scender la riva
Venimmo, Alpestro e per quel ch' iv' er' anco,
Tal, ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.
Qual'è quella ruina che nel fianco
De qua da Trento l'Adice percosse,
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;
Che da cima del monte onde si mosse,
Al piano e si la roccia discoscesa,
Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse.

no respect remarkable, except as forming the geographical boundary of Italy.

The same appearances continue for some time, till at length the mountains gradually sink into hills; the hills diminish in height and number, and at last leave an open space beyond the river on the right. In front, however, a round hill presents itself at a little distance, which, as you approach swells in bulk, and opening, just leaves room sufficient for the road, and for the river on the right, between two vast perpendicular walls of solid rock, that tower to a prodigious height, and cast a most terrific gloom over the narrow strait that divides them. As the road leads along a precipice, hanging over the river, without any parapet, the peasants, who live at the entrance of the defile, crowd round the carriage to support it in the most dangerous parts of the ascent and descent. A fortification*, ruined by the French in the late war, formerly defended this dreadful

* The fortress alluded to is called *Chiusa*, and is said to have been originally built by the Romans; and though frequently destroyed during the wars and various invasions of Italy, yet it was as constantly repaired in more peaceable times. It must be acknowledged that Nature could not have erected a more impregnable rampart to Italy than the Alps, nor opened a more magnificent avenue than the long defile of the Tyrol.

pass, and must have rendered it impregnable.
But French gold,

Perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo.

In the middle of the defile a cleft in the rock on the left gives vent to a torrent that rushes down the crag, and sometimes sweeps away a part of the road in its passage. After winding through the defile for about half an hour, we turned, and suddenly found ourselves on the plains of Italy.

A traveller, upon his entrance into Italy, longs impatiently to discover some remains of ancient magnificence, or some specimen of modern taste, and fortunately finds much to gratify his curiosity in Verona, the first town that receives him upon his descent from the Rhetian Alps.

Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill, which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain extending from these mountains to the Apennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and spreading laurel. The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to

branch and spreading in garlands from tree to tree. The devastation of war had not a little disfigured this scenery, by stripping several villas, levelling many a grove, and rooting up whole rows of vines and mulberry trees. But the hand of industry had already begun to repair these ravages, and to restore to the neighboring hills and fields their beauty and fertility.

The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city, is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid; the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrower than our's, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting in the form of the doors, and windows, and in the ornaments of their cases, fine proportions, and beautiful workmanship.

But besides these advantages which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing; I mean its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and in solidity to the Coliseum. Almost immediately upon our arrival, we hastened

to this celebrated monument, and passed the greater part of the morning in climbing its seats and ranging over its spacious arena. The external circumference, forming the ornamental part, has been destroyed long ago; with the exception of one piece of wall containing three stories of four arches, rising to the height of more than eighty feet. The pilasters and decorations of the outside were Tuscan, an order well adapted by its simplicity to such vast fabrics. Forty-five ranges of seats, rising from the arena to the top of the second story of outward arches, remain entire, with the different vomitoria, and their respective staircases and galleries of communication. The whole is formed of blocks of marble, and presents such a mass of compact solidity, as might have defied the influence of time, had not its powers been aided by the more active operations of barbarian destruction. The arena is not, as in Addison's time, filled up and level with the first row of seats, but a few feet lower; though still somewhat higher than it was in its original state. As it is not my intention to give an architectural account of this celebrated edifice, I shall merely inform the reader, in order to give him a general idea of its vastness, that the outward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129;

the seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators.

At each end of the amphitheatre is a great gate, and over each a modern balustrade with an inscription, informing the traveller, that two exhibitions of a very different nature took place in it some years ago. The one was a bull-baiting exhibited in honor of the Emperor Joseph then at Verona, by the governor and the people. The seats were crowded, as may be imagined, on this occasion; and a Roman Emperor was once more hailed in a Roman amphitheatre with the titles of Cesar and Augustus, by spectators who pretend and almost deserve to be Romans. The other exhibition, though of a very different nature, was perhaps equally interesting: the late Pope in his German excursion passed through Verona, and was requested by the magistrates to give the people a public opportunity of testifying their veneration. He accordingly appeared in the amphitheatre selected on account of its capacity as the properest place, and when the shouts of acclaim had subsided, poured forth his benediction on the prostrate multitude collected from all the neighboring provinces to receive it. The thoughtful spectator might have amused himself with the singular contrast, which this

ceremony must have presented, to the shows and the pomps exhibited in the same place in ancient times. A multitude in both cases equally numerous, then assembled for purposes of cruel and bloody amusements, now collected by motives of piety and brotherhood: then all noise, agitation, and uproar: now all silence and tranquil expectation: then all eyes fixed on the arena, or perhaps on the Emperor, an arena crowded with human victims, an Emperor, Gallienus for instance, frowning on his trembling slaves: now all looks rivetted on the venerable person of a Christian Pontiff, who, with eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, implored for the prostrate crowd peace and happiness.

The French applied the amphitheatre to a very different purpose. Shortly after their entrance into Verona, they erected a wooden theatre near one of the grand portals, and caused several farces and pantomimes to be acted in it for the amusement of the army. The sheds and scaffolding that composed this miserable edifice were standing in the year 1802, and looked as if intended by the builder for a satire upon the taste of the *Great Nation*, that could disfigure so noble an arena. The Veronese beheld this characteristic absurdity with indignation; and compared the French, not without reason, to the

Huns and the Lombards. In reality, the inhabitants of Verona have always distinguished themselves by an unusual attachment to their ancient monuments, and have endeavoured, as well as the misery of the times, and the general impoverishment of Italy would allow them, to preserve and repair their public buildings. From an early period in the thirteenth century (1228) we find that there were sums appropriated to the reparation of the amphitheatre; and that afterwards public orders were issued for its preservation and ornament, and respectable citizens appointed to enforce them. This latter custom continued till the French invasion, and two persons, entitled *Presidenti alla arena*, were intrusted with its inspection and guardianship. Such zeal and attention, to which the world owes one of the noblest monuments of antiquity, are highly creditable to the taste and the public spirit of the Veronese, and afford an honorable proof that they not only boast of Roman extraction, but retain some features of the Roman character.

But the amphitheatre is not the only monument of antiquity that distinguishes Verona. In the middle of a street, called the *Corso*, stands a gate inscribed with the name of Gallienus, on account of his having rebuilt the city walls. It

consists of two gateways, according to the ancient custom, one for those who enter, the other for those who go out: each gateway is ornamented with Corinthian half pillars, supporting a light pediment; above are two stories with six small arched windows each. The whole is of marble, and does not seem to have suffered any detriment from time or violence. The gate, though not without beauty in its size, proportions, and materials, yet, by its supernumerary ornaments proves, that at its erection, the taste for pure simple architecture was on the decline. The remains of another gate, of a similar though chaster form, may be seen in the *Via Leoni*, where it stands as a front to an insignificant house; and within that house, in the upper story, a few feet behind the first gate, there exist some beautiful remnants of the Doric ornaments of the inner front of the gate: remnants much admired by modern architects, and said to present one of the best specimens of that order to be found in Italy. This double gate is supposed to have been the entrance into the Forum Judiciale, and ought to be cleared, if possible, of the miserable pile that encumbers it, and buries its beauty.

From the first-mentioned gate, which formed the principal entrance into the town, as appears from some remains of the wall or rampart, which

ran on each side of it, and was repaired by Gal-
lienus, we may conclude that Verona was an-
ciently of no great extent, as it was confined to
the space that lies between this wall and the
river. This observation, apparently improbable
considering that Verona was an ancient Roman
colony, the native country or the residence of
many illustrious persons mentioned by historians
and celebrated by poets, is founded on the au-
thority of Silius and of Servius; if indeed the
descriptions of the former can, like Homer's, be
considered as geographical authority*. How-
ever, it may be presumed, that the suburbs of
the town extended into the neighboring plain;
a conjecture favored by the situation of the
amphitheatre, which, though standing at some
distance from the ancient gate, was probably
erected in or near some populous quarter. At
all events, the modern Verona is of much greater
magnitude, and spreading into the plain to a
considerable distance beyond the old wall on the
one side, and on the other covering the opposite
banks of the river, encloses the ancient town as
its centre, and occupies a spacious area of about
five miles in circumference. Many parts of it,

* *Athesis Veronæ circumflua*, Sil. VIII. *Athesis Venetiæ
fluvius est Veronum civitatem ambiens*. Servius in Virg.
VIII,

particularly the square called *Piazza della Bra*, near the amphitheatre, are airy and splendid. Some of its palaces, and several of its churches, merit particular attention: among the latter, the beautiful chapel of *S. Bernardino*, in the church of the Franciscan Friars, and *S. Zeno*,* with its painted cloister and vast vase of porphyry, may perhaps claim the precedence.

Among public edifices, the *Gran-Guardia* and the *Museo Lapidario* are the most conspicuous: the portico of the latter is Ionic: its court surrounded with a gallery of light Doric, contains a vast collection of antiquities† of various kinds, such as altars, tombs, sepulchral vases, inscriptions, &c. formed and arranged principally by the celebrated *Maffei*, a nobleman whose learning and taste (two qualities not always united) reflect great honor on Italy, and particularly on Verona, the place of his birth and his usual residence.

* This church suffered considerably from the brutality of the French soldiery, some of whom amused themselves, as might have done the Huns of Attila, or the Goths of Radagaisus, in breaking porphyry pillars and vases, ransacking tombs, and disfiguring paintings.

† The French visited this collection, and carried off some of the most valuable articles.

The garden of the *Giusti* family, alluded to by Addison, is still shewn to travellers, though it has little to recommend it to attention except its former celebrity, and some wild walks winding along the side of a declivity remarkable as being the last steep in the immense descent from the Alps to the plain. From the highest terrace of this garden, there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the town, the hills and the Alps on one side; and on the other, of plains spreading wide, and losing their fading tints in the southern horizon. This is, in reality, one of the best spots for viewing Verona, and as such it may be considered worthy of the attention of travellers, together with the hills that rise behind the town, particularly that on which formerly stood the *Castello di San Pietro*, now in ruins.

Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the production of genius, taste, and knowledge, than Verona. Catullus, and Macer (supposed to be introduced by Virgil into his Eclogues under the pastoral name of Mopsus); Cornelius Nepos and Pomponius Secundus; Vitruvius, and Pliny the Elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and shed a distinguishing lustre on the place of their birth and early education. A suc-

cession of writers followed ; and though feeble tapers in comparison of their predecessors, yet they cast a transient gleam as they passed on, and not only preserved the light of science from being utterly extinguished during the middle centuries, but contributed to revive its glories at a later and more fortunate period. In this revival, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, Verona had some share : *Guarini*, a Veronese, returning from Constantinople, restored the study of Greek some time before the arrival of *Chrysoloras*, and of the other learned Constantinopolitan fugitives. He was succeeded by a long line of eminent men, among whom we may distinguish *Domitius Calderini* (who, with *Laurentius Valla* and Politian, received the honorable appellation of *Triumvirs* of Literature) *Scaliger* and *Panvinus* ; and in fine, *Fracastorius* the poet, the naturalist, and the astronomer. In modern times, Verona still preserves her reputation in taste and science ; and the names of *Bianchini* and *Scipio Maffei* may be considered as proofs of her present, and pledges of her future literary glory.

The history of Verona is various and interesting. Situated as it is at the foot of the Alps, and at the southern opening of the grand defile through Rhetia forming the most ancient and

regular communication between Italy and Germany, it is exposed to the first fury of the northern invaders, and has always been the first object of their attacks. It resisted with various success; sometimes it was treated with lenity, and sometimes with cruelty. Like the other Italian towns, it submitted sooner or later to the prevailing power, and bore successively the yoke of the Heruli, of the Goths, of the Greeks, of the Lombards, and of the Italian and German emperors. During this long period of invasion, of anarchy, and of devastation, Verona seems to have enjoyed a better fate, or, to speak more correctly, to have suffered less than most other Italian cities. Many of the sovereigns, who reigned during this interval from Theodoric to Frederic the Second, either allured by the beauty, or struck by the importance of its situation, made Verona their occasional residence; and frequently paid much attention to its accommodation, strength, and ornament.

In the twelfth century, Verona, together with many other Italian cities, shook off the yoke of foreign barbarians; erected itself into an independent republic; and, as conquest frequently attends liberty, became the Capital of a very considerable territory. In this state of freedom and of consequence Verona remained till the

commencement of the fifteenth century ; when, seduced by the influence, allured by the glory, or awed by the greatness of Venice, she submitted to the genius of her powerful neighbor. However, this voluntary dependence was rather a state of tranquillity, than of servitude or degradation. The Venetians respected the laws and customs of the Veronese, and consulted the beauty and prosperity of their city ; so that the change might be considered as the union of bordering territories, not the subjection of a separate state ; and the sway of the Venetians was regarded rather as the superiority of countrymen, than as the usurpation of foreigners.

At length, during the revolutionary war, the French invaded Italy ; and, after a long and bloody contest, remaining masters of the Venetian territory, employed it to purchase peace, and made over the greatest part to the emperor. Upon this occasion, the territory of Verona was divided, and the city itself torn asunder ; the Adige was declared to be the boundary of the two states, the territory and part of the town on the left bank was consigned to the Austrians, while the greater part, which lies on the right, was annexed to the new-created Italian republic. This dismemberment (if the expression may be allowed) is considered by the Veronese as the

greatest disaster their town has ever suffered; and the French are detested as the most cruel of the many barbarous tribes that have invaded their devoted country. They look upon themselves as victims of a partition-treaty between two rival Powers, agreeing only in one point—the subjugation and oppression of Italy; but these Powers they hate as transalpines and barbarians (for the latter term is applied by the modern as well as the ancient Italians, to all foreign or hostile nations) but the French most, as aggressors, who have added treachery and insult to invasion and plunder. The Italian republic they regard as the handmaid and creature of France, with a pompous name to dupe the populace, and to palliate the odium of tyrannical measures and of oppressive taxation. They consider its duration as uncertain as the existence, and its administration as irregular as the caprice of its founder; like the French republic, it is in their eyes a phantom, which appeared yesterday, and may vanish to-morrow: doubtful therefore of its permanency, but convinced that while it exists, it will be a mere instrument of oppression in the hands of an enemy, they behold its operations with distrust, and hear its name with contempt and indignation. Hence the inactivity and solitude that pervade the streets of the Italian, or rather French part of

the town, and announce the apprehension and the despair of its inhabitants, their attachment to their old, and their hatred to their new government.

The Austrians they do not and cannot love: they are barbarians and invaders; and though the emperor be a just and even benevolent sovereign, yet his right over them is that of the sword only; and though he may be *tyrannorum mitissimus*, yet in the eyes of every Italian patriot, still he is, as well as *Buonaparte*, a tyrant, and an usurper: since, however, they are doomed to be slaves, of the two they prefer the former. The Austrian government is mild and equitable; it proceeds on fixed principles, and moves on in the straight and beaten track; it is, and so is the French republic, liable to the reverses of war; but it is exempt, and so is not the French republic, from internal change and unexpected revolution. Hence they submit with something like resignation, to the imperial sway; and hence some life and activity, some share of confidence, and some appearance of business, enliven the Austrian quarter of Verona. It is indeed highly probable, that if the present precarious state of things lasts for any time, the ancient city will be almost deserted, and all the population of Verona pass to the Austrian terri-

tory. Not to speak therefore of the money raised, of the pictures, statues, and antiquities, carried off by the French, Verona has suffered more, in a political sense, in the last convulsive war, than perhaps any city, Venice excepted, that lay within its range of devastation. Not content with dividing and enslaving it for the present, the French seem determined to prevent it from ever again becoming a place of importance; and have accordingly levelled its fortifications, and destroyed the walls of its castle, formerly a fortress of some strength from its ramparts and commanding position. The top and sides of the hill are now covered with its ruins; and the emperor is, I believe, obliged by an article in the treaty, not to rebuild them at any future period. Such was the state of Verona in the year 1802.

Our last visit, as our first, was to the amphitheatre: we passed some hours, as before, in a very delightful manner, sometimes reclining on the middle seats, and admiring the capaciousness, the magnitude, and the durability of the vast edifice; at other times seated on the upper range, contemplating the noble prospect expanded before us, the town under our eyes, verdant plains spreading on one side, and on the other, the Alps rising in craggy majesty, and

bearing on their ridges the united snows of four thousand winters; while an *Hesperian* sun shone in full brightness over our heads, and southern gales breathed all the warmth and all the fragrance of Spring around us. Prospects so grand and beautiful must excite very pleasing emotions at all times, and such vernal breezes may well be supposed to *inspire*

“ ——— delight and joy able to drive

“ All sadness.”

But the pleasure which we felt on the occasion, was not a little enhanced by the contrast between our present and late situation. We had just descended from the mountains of the Tyrol, where our view had long been confined to a deep and narrow defile: our eye now ranged at liberty over an immense extent of scenery, rich, magnificent, and sublime. We had just escaped from the rigors of winter, and we were now basking in the beams of a summer sun. We still stood on the very verge of frost, and beheld whole regions of snow rising full before us; but vernal warmth, vegetation, and verdure, enveloped us on all sides. In such circumstances, when for the first time the traveller beholds the beauties of an Italian prospect expanded before him, and feels the genial influence of an Italian sun around him, he may be

allowed to indulge a momentary enthusiasm, and hail Italy in the language of Virgil.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus
 Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra neque Indi,
 Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.....
 Hic gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
 Implevere; tenent oleæ armentaque læta.....
 Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas
 Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem
 Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis
 Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.....
 Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
 Magna virum!

Georg: II.

On the whole, we visited few places with more satisfaction, and left few with more regret, than Verona; whether as the first Italian city on our road, it happened, by its appearance and monuments very novel to a transalpine traveller, particularly to engage our attention; or whether it really possesses many means of exciting interest, I know not; but as we departed, we felt ourselves inclined to address it in the words of one of its poets.

“ Verona, qui te viderit,
 “ Et non amarit protinus,
 “ Amore perditissimo,

“ Is, credo, se ipsum non amat,

“ Caretque amandi sensibus,

“ Et odit omnes gratias.*”

COTTA.

If a traveller have any time to spare (and he who wishes to travel with benefit, ought always to have some days at his disposal) he may spend it with advantage at Verona, as his head-quarters, and take an opportunity of visiting *Monte Bolca* about eighteen, and *Valle Ronca* about fifteen miles distant; where the lovers of the picturesque will find some beautiful scenery, and the mineralogist some remarkable specimens of various stones, earths, petrifications, incrustations, basaltic pillars, &c. Among similar curiosities, we may rank the *Ponte Veia*, a natural arch of considerable sweep and boldness.

The wines of Verona were formerly famous, as appears from Virgil's apostrophe.

“ et quo te carmine dicam

“ Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.”

But their reputation at present is very low, as is that of almost all the wines produced on the northern side of the Apennines.

* The best guide is the *Compendio della Verona*, in four very thin, or two ordinary small octavo volumes, with prints. It is an abridgment of a larger work, entitled “*Verona Illustrata*,” by the celebrated *Maffei*.

CHAP. III.

Vicentia—Buildings—Olympic Academy and Theatre—Style of Palladio—Church of Monte Berico—Cimbri Sette Comuni—Padua—Its Antiquity, History, Literature, and University.

THE distance from Verona to Vicentia is three posts and a half; the road runs over a plain highly cultivated, and beautifully shaded with vines and mulberries. When I say a plain, I do not mean that the face of the country is a dead insipid flat, but only that it is not hilly. However, near *Monte Bello*, bold hills rise on each side, and present in their windings, or on their summits, villages, towns, and castles.

Vincentia (Vicetia) *Vicenza* is a town as ancient as Verona, large and populous; its circumference is of three miles, and the number of its inhabitants is said to amount to 30,000. It has passed through the same revolutions as its neighbor Verona, but it seems to have suffered more from their consequences. It was indeed burnt by the Emperor Frederic the Second,

while at war with the Pope, on account of its attachment to the latter, and cannot consequently be supposed to exhibit any remnants of its Roman glory.

But the want of ancient monuments is supplied in a great degree by numberless masterpieces of modern genius. *Palladio* was a native of this city, and seems to have employed with complacency all the power of his art in the embellishment of his country. Hence the taste and magnificence that reign in most of the public buildings, and in many of the private houses. Among the former we may distinguish the Town House, called very significantly *Palazzo della ragione*, that is, the Palace of Public Reason, or Opinion, where justice is administered, and the business of the city transacted; the *Palazzo del Capitano*, the residence of the *Podestà*, or principal magistrate, so called from *potestas*,* a title sometimes given by the Romans to persons charged with the highest functions in provincial towns; the gate of the Campus Martius, a triumphal arch, solid and well proportioned; and, above all, the celebrated Olympic Theatre erected at the expense of a well

* An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas.—Juv. x 100.

known academy bearing that pompous title. This edifice is raised upon the plan of ancient theatres, and bears a great resemblance to those of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. The permanent and immoveable scenery, the ranges of seats rising above each other, the situation of the orchestra in the podium, and the colonnade that crowns the upper range, are all faithful representations of antiquity. The scene consists of a magnificent gate supported by a double row of pillars, with niches and statues: it has one large and two smaller entrances opening into as many principal streets, decorated with temples, palaces and public edifices of various descriptions formed of solid materials, and disposed according to the rules of perspective, so as to assume somewhat more than the mere theatrical appearance of reality. The sides are a continuation of the same plan, and have also each one entrance giving into its respective street; thus there are five entrances, through which the actors pass and repass to and from the stage. The orchestra occupies the centre, or that part which we call the pit; thence rise the seats forming the side of an ellipsis, and above them the gallery composed of a range of Corinthian pillars with their full entablature surmounted by a balustrade and adorned with statues of marble. An air of sim-

plicity, lightness and beauty reigns over the whole edifice, and delights the ordinary observer; while in the opinion of connoisseurs it entitles the *Teatro Olimpico* to the appellation of the master-piece of Palladio.

But honorable as it is to the taste and to the talents of its architect, it reflects equal, perhaps greater lustre on the Society, at whose expense, and for whose purposes it was erected. The Olympic Academy was instituted at *Vicenza* so early as the year 1555, by a set of gentlemen, for the encouragement and propagation of polite literature. Public exhibitions were among the means employed by the Society to attain that object; and several attempts were made to accommodate various buildings, to their purpose; but finding none perfectly suitable, they at length came to the public spirited resolution of erecting a theatre; and that its form might correspond with its destination, no less than with the classic spirit of the actors that were to tread its stage, they commissioned Palladio to raise it on the ancient model. The inscription over the stage points out its object.

VIRTUTI AC GENIO, OLYMPICORUM ACADEMIA
THEATRUM HOC A FUNDAMENTIS EREXIT
ANNO 1584. PALLADIO ARCHITECTO.

The spirit of ancient genius seemed to revive, and the spectator might have imagined himself at Athens, when the members of the Society acted the tragedies of Sophocles and of Euripides, with all possible attention to the dresses and to the manners of the age and of the country, surrounded with the scenery and amidst the statues of the gods and the heroes of antiquity. Such an institution was highly honorable to Italy in general, and to *Vicenza* in particular, at a period when Trasalpine nations were just emerging from ignorance, and opening their eyes to the rising brightness of taste and of science. The Olympic Academy still exists, and is composed now, as it was formerly, of the most respectable citizens, and of many learned foreigners; though I am sorry to add, that the Theatre has long lamented the absence of the tragic muse, having been devoted for many years, solely to the assemblies of the Academy, or perhaps enlivened with the occasional merriment of a ball or a masquerade. Moreover, since the French invasion, it seems to have suffered from the negligence or from the poverty of the proprietors, owing partly to the heavy contributions laid on the town, and partly to that listlessness and depression of spirits which generally accompany national disasters. But when this storm shall have blown

over, the national genius will probably revive and return with redoubled ardor to its favorite pursuits.

There are said to be about twenty palaces, which were erected by Palladio, some of which are of unusual magnificence, and contribute in the whole to give *Vicenza* an appearance of splendor and beauty not common even in Italy. In materials and magnitude they are inferior perhaps to the palaces of Genoa, but in style of architecture and in external beauty far superior. Palladio in fact had a particular talent in applying the orders and the ornaments of architecture to the decorations of private edifices. Unlike the ancients, who seem to have contented themselves with employing its grandeur in temples, porticos, and public buildings, he introduced it into common life, and communicated its elegant forms to private edifices and to ordinary dwellings. I do not mean to assert that the houses and the villas of the ancients were entirely devoid of architectural ornaments. Horace speaks of the columns that decorated the palaces of the rich Romans of his time.

Nempe, inter varias nutritur Sylva Columnas. Epist. lib. i. 10.

Non trabes Hymettiae

Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas

Africâ

Tu secunda marmora, &c. Hor. ii. 18.

Pillars had been introduced long before, as Crassus, the orator was humorously styled Venus Palatina, on account of six pillars of Hymettian marble, which ornamented his house on the Palatine Mount. We learn also, from the same author*, that Mamurra, a Roman knight, who had acquired great riches in the service of Julius Cæsar, entirely incrusted his house on Mount Celius with marble, and adorned it with columns of the richest species of the same materials. Cicero speaks of a Greek architect whom he employed, and complains of his ignorance or inattention in raising his pillars as he had placed them, neither perpendicular, nor opposite to each other. *Aliquando, says Cicero, perpendiculo et lineâ discet uti.*† This surely is a strange compliment to a Greek artist. The pillars here alluded to seem to have supported the portico of his villa at Arpinum. Suetonius also, to give his reader an idea of the moderation of Augustus, observes, that the pillars of his house on the Palatine Mount were of Alban stone, not marble. But I am inclined to believe that such ornaments were confined to the most celebrated palaces, or perhaps employed only in the interior courts and surrounding porticos: if they had been common on the exterior we should have discovered some traces

* Plin, xxxvi. cap. 3.

† Ad Quint: Fratrem. III. v.

of them in the ruins of different villas, or at least in the fronts of the houses of Pompeii: and yet though I cannot assert that there are none, I do not recollect to have observed in the streets of the latter city the slightest vestige of architectural ornaments on private edifices. To these external decorations of architecture, the cities of Italy, and indeed most modern towns of any consideration, owe a great part of their beauty; and may glory, not perhaps without reason, in surpassing the towns of antiquity in general appearance.

I feel some regret in being obliged to acknowledge, that the metropolis of the British empire, though the first city of Europe, for neatness, convenience and cleanliness, is yet inferior to most Capitals in architectural embellishment. This defect, is owing in a great degree, to the nature of the materials of which it is formed, as brick is ill calculated to receive the graceful forms of an Ionic volute, or of a Corinthian acanthus; while the dampness of the climate seems to preclude the possibility of applying stucco to the external parts with permanent advantage. Besides some blame may justly be attributed to architects, who either know not, or neglect the rules of proportion and the models of antiquity; and in edifices, where no expence has been spared, often display splendid instances of tasteless contrivance

and of grotesque ingenuity. But, it is to be hoped, that the industry and the taste of the British nation will, ere long, triumph over this double obstacle, inspire artists with genius, teach even brick to emulate marble, and give a becoming beauty and magnificence to the seat of government and to the Capital of so mighty an empire. Augustus found Rome of brick, and in his last moments boasted that he left it of marble.* May not London hope at length to see its Augustus?

As *Palladio* was a native of *Vicenza* it may be proper to say something of that celebrated architect, while we are employed in admiring the many superb structures, with which he ornamented his country. Of all modern architects, *Palladio* seems to have had the best taste, the most correct ideas, and the greatest influence over his contemporaries and posterity. Some may have had more boldness and genius, others more favorable opportunities of displaying their talents; and such, in both respects, was the felicity of the two grand architects of St. Peter's, *Bramante* and *Michael Angelo*: but *Palladio* has the exclusive glory of having first collected, from the writings and mo-

* Suet: D. Oct: Cæs: Aug. 28.

numents of the ancients, a canon of symmetry and proportion, and of having reduced architecture under all its forms, to a regular and complete system. I am aware that many parts of that system have been severely criticized; that his pedestals, for instance, are by many considered as heavy, his half pillars as little, and his decorations as luxuriant: yet it must be remembered, that these real or merely nominal defects are authorized by the practice of the ancients; and that it is not fair to blame, in a modern edifice, that which is admired in the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, or on the Triumphal Arch of Trajan. But supposing this criticism well founded, every candid spectator will admit, that there are in all the edifices erected under the direction, or on the immediate plans of *Palladio* a simplicity and beauty, a symmetry and majesty, that abundantly compensate petty defects, and fulfil all the ends of architecture, by producing greatness of manner and unity of design.

I know not whether my opinion, in this respect, may agree with that of professed artists; but of all the grand fabrics, which I have had an opportunity of contemplating after St. Peter's and the Pantheon, the two master-pieces, one of ancient, the other of modern architecture, I own I was most delighted with the abbey church of St.

George at Venice, and that of St. Justina at Padua. Addison represents the latter as the most luminous and disencumbered building that he had ever seen; though, for my part, I should be inclined to give the preference to the former, which he passes over in silence: but be the superiority where it may, both these superb edifices display the characteristic features of Palladian architecture to the highest advantage; and in a manner not often witnessed, even in Italy, blend simplicity with ornament, extent with proportion, and combination with unity. St. Justina was, if I be not mistaken, erected on the plan of Palladio, though after his death; some defects consequently occur in the execution, which ought not to be attributed to that illustrious architect, particularly as these defects are lost in the admirable symmetry and proportion of the whole; perfections owing exclusively to the genius that conceived and arranged the original model. On the whole, Palladio may be considered as the Vitruvius of modern architecture; and it has been very properly recommended to persons who wish to make a proficiency in that art, to pass some time at *Vicenza*, Padua, and Venice, in order to study the many monuments of Palladian skill that abound in these cities.

The splendor of *Vicenza* is not confined to its walls, but extends to the country for some distance round, where private or public munificence has erected several villas and magnificent edifices. Among the former, we may rank the villa of the *Marchesi*, called the *Rotunda*, an exquisite fabric of Palladio's, and among the latter the triumphal arch, and the portico which lead to the church on *Monte Berico*. The arch is said by some to be the work of Palladio, in imitation of that of Trajan at Ancona; and is like it, light and airy. The portico is a noble gallery leading from the town to the church, and intended to shade and shelter the persons who visit the sanctuary in which it terminates; and as its length is more than a mile, its materials stone, and its form not inelegant, it strikes the spectator as a very magnificent instance of public taste. The church is seen to most advantage at a distance; as, on a nearer approach, it appears overloaded with ornaments. It is of fine stone, of the Corinthian order, in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome in the centre; but wants in all its decorations, both internal and external, the proportions and the simplicity of Palladio. The view from the windows of the convent annexed to the church, is extensive and beautiful.

It may be here the proper place to mention a

political phenomenon, of a very extraordinary nature, which, few travellers have, I believe, noticed. The Cimbri and Teutones, two tribes from the northern Chersonesus, invaded Italy, as it is well known, in the year of Rome 640, and were defeated, and almost extirpated by Marius, in the neighborhood of Verona. The few who escaped from the vengeance of the conquerors took refuge in the neighboring mountains, and formed a little colony, which either from its poverty, its insignificance, or its retired position, has escaped the notice, or perhaps excited the contempt of the various parties, that have disputed the possession of Italy for nearly two thousand years. They occupy altogether seven parishes, and are therefore called the *Sette commune*; they retain the tradition of their origin, and though surrounded by Italians still preserve their Teutonic language. The late King of Denmark visited this singular colony, discoursed with them in Danish, and found their idiom perfectly intelligible. Though we felt no inclination to visit them (for a classic traveller cannot be supposed to be very partial to barbarian establishments in Italy however ancient their date) yet, we were struck with the circumstance, and beheld their distant villages nested in the Alps, as they were pointed out to us from *Vicenza*, with some interest. The reader will hear with more satis-

faction that a Roman colony still remains on the borders of Transylvania, and that it retains the Latin language nearly unmixed, and glories in its illustrious origin. Hence, when any of its members enlists in the imperial service, and according to custom is asked his country and origin, his answer is always, “Romanus sum.”*

* In mezzo alla colta Europa, says *Lanzi*, vivon tuttora popolazioni di linguaggi non estesi; nelle montagne di Vicenza vive il Celtico di Barbari chi vi si annidarano ai tempi di Mario; nella Valakia il Latino di presidi che vi mise Trajano; in qualche parte di Elvezia il Romans di Franzesi antichi. *Saggio di lingua Etrusca Epilogo, &c.* Vol. i.

Non è stato fuor di proposito il distendersi alquanto nel racconto della spedizione de' Cimbri sì per distinguerne i tempi ed i fatti, sì perchè oltre all' essere di quella famosa guerra il paese nostro stato teatro, un avanzo di quella gente rimase per sempre nelle montagne del Veronese, del Vicentino, e del Trentino, mantenendo ancora in questi territorj la discendenza ed una lingua differente da tutti i circostanti paesi. Si è trovato Tedesco veramente essere il linguaggio, e simile pure la pronuncia, non però a quella de' Tedeschi più limitrofi dell' Italia, ma a quella de' Sassoni e de' popoli situati verso il mar Baltico; il che fu studiosamente riconosciuto da Federico IV. Re di Danimarca, che onorò con sua dimora di dieci giorni la città di Verona nel 1708. Non s' inganna dunque il nostro popolo, quando per immemorabil uso Cimbri chiama gli abitatori di que' boschi e di quelle montagne.—*Maffe; Verona illustrata*, Lib. III. With two *such* vouchers, the author thinks himself justified in preferring the opinion expressed in the text to that of some writers of inferior reputation.

There

The hills, called the *Colles Berici*, in the neighborhood of *Vicenza*, present some natural grottos, of great extent, and of surprizing variety. *Monsieur de la Lande* speaks of a little temple of the form of the Pantheon, which he represents as a master-piece of the kind; if it be such, I regret that we had not an opportunity of visiting it, though not above twenty miles from *Vicenza*. *Bassano*, seven leagues to the north, merits a visit without doubt, if the traveller has time at his disposal.

From *Vicenza* to *Padua* it is eighteen miles. About three miles from the former is a bridge over a stream, a branch of the *Meduacus*, now *Bacchiglione*, erected by *Palladio*, which will not fail to attract the attention of the curious traveller.

Late in the evening we entered *Padua*

Urbem Patavi Sedesque Teucrorum,

and reflected with some exultation that we stood, as it were, on the confines of Greek and Latin

There are several works for the information of travellers with regard to the curiosities of this town, among others I recommend “*Descrizione della Architettura*,” 2 vols. with prints.

literature, in a city that derives its origin from a catastrophe celebrated in itself or in its consequences, by the two greatest poets of antiquity. Few cities can boast of an origin so ancient and so honorable, and not many can pretend to have enjoyed for so long a period so much glory and prosperity as Padua. We learn from Tacitus* that it was accustomed to celebrate the antiquity of its origin and the name of its founder in annual games said to have been instituted by that hero. Livy informs us that a Naumachia exhibited annually on one of the rivers which water the town, perpetuated the memory of a signal victory obtained by the Paduans long before their union with Rome, over a Lacedemonian fleet commanded by Cleonymus.† They are also said to have not unfrequently assisted the Romans, and contributed in no small degree to their victories, particularly over the Gauls, the common enemy of both States; while an immense population furnished them with the means of giving effect to their measures, by sending powerful armies into the field.

Padua afterwards submitted to the genius of Rome, but submitted with dignity, and was ac-

* Tacit: Annal. lib. xxvi. c. 21.

† And Liv. book x. c. 2.

cordingly treated not as a conquered but an allied republic. She was admitted at an early period to all the privileges and honors of the great Capital, and shared, it seems, not only the franchises but even the riches of Rome; as she could count at one period five hundred Roman knights among her citizens, and drew by her manufactures, from the emporium of the world, no small portion of the tribute of the provinces.

After having shared the glory of Rome, Padua partook of her disasters; was, like her, assaulted and plundered by Alaric and Attila; like her, was half unpeopled by the flight of her dismayed inhabitants, and obliged to bend under the yoke of a succession of barbarian invaders. After the expulsion of the Goths, Rome recovered her independence; not so Padua, which was subject successively to the Lombards, to the Franks, and to the Germans. During this long period of disastrous vicissitude, Padua sometimes enjoyed the favor and sometimes felt the fury of its wayward tyrants. At length it shook off the yoke, and with its sister states, Verona, *Vicenza*, *Ferrara*, and Mantua, experienced the advantages and disadvantages of republicanism, occasionally blessed with the full enjoyment of freedom, and occasioaally, with all its forms, smarting under the

rod of a powerful usurper.* At length, in the fifteenth century, Padua united itself to the Venetian territory, and under the influence of its own laws acknowledged the supreme authority of that republic. The consideration that Venice was founded by citizens of Padua, who flying from the ravaging armies of Alaric and Attila took refuge in the solitary isles of the Adriatic, might perhaps have lightened the yoke of submission, or facilitated the arrangements of union.

As fire and sword, aided by earthquakes and pestilence, have been employed more than once during so many ages of convulsion, in the destruction of Padua, we are not to expect many monuments of the Roman colony, within its walls, or to wonder so much at its decline as at its existence. However it is still a great, and in many respects a beautiful city, as its circumference is near seven miles, its population about fifty thousand persons, and notwithstanding the general narrowness of its streets, many of its buildings both public and private, are truly magnificent.

* In the fourteenth century Padua owned the sway of the *Carrara* family; *Pandolfo di Carrara* was the friend of *Petrarca*. This family and their rivals in power and place, the *Scaligeri* were among the many patrons and supporters of literature that graced Italy in that and the succeeding centuries.

The abbey of *St. Giustina* deserves particular attention. Its church, planned by Palladio, and built by *Andrea Riccio*; its library, hall or refectory, and cloister are all in the highest style of architecture.* The piazza before it called *Prato della Valle*, is perhaps one of the largest and noblest in Europe. The cathedral, though not remarkable for its architecture, still deserves to be ranked among buildings of eminence, and contains several objects worthy of notice. The church, denominated *Il Santo*, a title given by way of eminence to St. Antony of Padua, though the most frequented, is not by any means the most beautiful; it is of Gothic architecture, of great magnitude, and was, before the late French invasion, enriched with a valuable treasury. That treasury consisting of church plate, gold and silver candlesticks to a vast amount, was

* Dimensions of the Church of St. Giustina.

The length.....500 feet.

Breadth140

The Transept350

Height120

The central dome (there are several) 265

The pavement is laid out in compartments of white and red marble, its various altars with their decorations are of beautiful marble. The whole is kept in a style of neatness and repair, that gives it the appearance of a church just finished. The outside was never completed.

seized and carried off by the French; but the most remarkable object still remains—the tomb of the Saint, adorned with fine marbles and most exquisite sculpture. In Addison's days, ointments, it seems, distilled from the body, celestial perfumes breathed around the shrine, and a thousand devout catholics were seen pressing their lips against the cold marble, while votive tablets hung over and disfigured the altar. When we visited the *Santo*, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes were evaporated, the crowds of votaries had disappeared, and nothing remained to certify the veracity of our illustrious traveller but a few petty pictures hanging on one side of the monument. But the excellency of the sculpture makes amends for the wretchedness of the painting, and small must the taste of that man be, who derives no satisfaction from the examination of the marble pannels that line the chapel. Each pannel represents some miraculous event of the Saint's life; and however strange or chimerical the subject may be, yet the skill of the artist finds means to make it interesting. The rich materials and ornaments of the altar and of the shrine, the bronze candelabra and lamps, will not escape the attentive observer. On the whole, though the style of architecture is bad, yet this church, from its size and furniture, deserves attention.

Il Salone, or the town-hall remarkable for its vast magnitude,* contains a monument in honor of Titus Livius, with an ancient bust. This author, as is well known, was a native of Padua, and is supposed to have retained in his style some of the provincial peculiarities of his country† perceptible indeed only to the refined critics of the Augustan æra. The Italian towns in general, are not apt to forget such of their natives as have distinguished themselves in ancient or modern story; and Padua, amongst others, is not wanting in the honors which she pays to the memory of her illustrious citizens. The inscription under the bust of the historian is not remarkable for its beauty. The last line expresses at least the generosity of the Paduans, who, if their means were adequate to their zeal, would have converted the marble statue into one of gold.

Hoc totus staret aureus ipse loco!

They shew a house which, as they pretend, belonged to him, and, whether it was built upon

* It is three hundred and twelve feet in length, one hundred and eight in breadth, and one hundred and eight in height, and consequently the largest hall in Europe.

† *Pollio*, says Quintilian, reprehendit in Livio pativinitatem. L. i.

the spot which traditional report represented as the site of the historian's dwelling; or whether it was erected on the ruin of some ancient edifice that bore a name resembling his; or whether, in short, some inscription favorable to such an opinion, may have been found in or near it, I could not discover; but every object connected in the most distant manner with so eminent an author, inspires interest and claims some attention. I need not observe, that the pretended tomb of Antenor, though it recalls to mind the antiquity of the city, and at the same time some very beautiful verses,* is a monument of some prince of the middle ages, discovered in 1274.

Padua was famous in ancient times for its woollen manufactures celebrated in prose by Strabo and in verse by Martial. It still retains much of its reputation in this respect, and its

* Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum et fontem superare Timavi;
Unde per ora novem magno cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit.

wool and woollen articles are considered as the best in Italy. But the principal glory of Padua, arises from its literary pursuits, and from an ancient and well directed propensity to liberal science. The prince of Roman history (perhaps, if we consider the extent of his plan, and the masterly manner in which he has executed it, we may add, the first of historians) was not only born, but, as we may fairly conjecture from the local peculiarities of language, which adhered to him during life, was educated at Padua. Silius Italicus, among the various chieftains whom he introduces, represents Pedianus the leader of the Euganeans and Paduans (*Apono gaudens populus*) as equally excelling in the arts of war and of peace, and dear alike to Mars and to the Muses. As the verses are composed in the best style of Silius, and likely to please the reader, I insert them.

Polydamanteis juvenis Pedianus in armis
Bella agitabat atrox, Trojanaque semina et ortus,
Atque Antenorea sese de stirpe ferebat :
Haud levior generis fama, sacroque Timavo
Gloria et Euganeis dilectum nomen in oris.
Huic pater Eridanus, Venetæque ex ordine gentes,
Atque Apono gaudens populus, seu bella cieret,
Seu Musas placidus, doctæque silentia vitæ
Mallet, et Aonio plectro mulcere labores,
Non ullum dixere parem ; nec notior alter
Gradivo juvenis, nec Phœbo notior alter. xii. 215.

The love of knowledge, the partiality to learned ease here alluded to, was probably attributed to the Chief, because in some degree characteristic of the people ; so much at least we should infer from a similar passage in Homer or in Virgil.

During the various revolutions that followed the fall and dismemberment of the Roman empire, Padua, in the intervals of repose that followed each successive shock, endeavored to repair the shattered temple of the Muses, and to revive the sacred fire of knowledge. Some success always attended these laudable exertions, and a beam of science occasionally broke through the gloom of war and of barbarism. At length, the University was founded about the end of the eleventh century, and its foundation was to Padua the commencement of an era of glory and of prosperity. Its fame soon spread over Europe, and attracted to its schools prodigious numbers of students from all, even the most remote countries ; while the reputation of its professors was so great, and their station so honorable, that even nobles, at a time when nobles were considered as beings of a more elevated nature, were ambitious to be enrolled in their number. Eighteen thousand students are said to have crowded the schools during ages ; and amidst the multitude were seen, not

Italians and Dalmatians, Greek and Latin Christians only ; but even Turks, Persians and Arabians are said to have travelled from the distant regions of the East to improve their knowledge of medicine and botany, by the lectures of the learned Paduans. Hence the catalogue of the students of this University is rich in numbers and in illustrious names. Petrarca, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus applied here, each to his favorite art, and in classics, astronomy, and navigation, collected the materials that were to form their future fame and fortune.

But Universities like empires, have their æras of prosperity, and their periods of decline ; science, as commerce, often abandons its favorite seat ; and those very arts of medicine and anatomy which flourished for so many centuries in *Salerno* and in *Padua*, have long since migrated to the North, and seem to have fixed their temporary residence at *Göttingen* and *Edinburgh*. Of eighteen thousand students six hundred only remain, a number, which thinly scattered over the benches, is barely sufficient to shew the deserted state of the once crowded schools of *Padua*. This diminution of numbers is not to be attributed either to the ignorance or to the negligence of the professors ; to the defects of

the system of instruction, or to the want of means of improvement. The lecturers are men of zeal and abilities; the plan of studies is the result of long and successful experience; and libraries, collections, and cabinets of every kind are numerous and magnificent. Moreover, encouragement is not wanting, as the places of professors are both lucrative and honorable, and the directors, till the late disastrous revolution, were three Venetian senators. The decrease of numbers, therefore, at Padua, and in other ancient Universities, is to be attributed to the establishment of similar institutions in other countries, and to the general multiplication of the means of knowledge over the Christian world. Knowledge is now fortunately placed within the reach of almost every village; the most abstruse science may be learned in the most remote corners; colleges and seminaries have been planted and flourish even in the polar circles; and youth in almost every country, may enjoy that, which an eloquent ancient justly considers as one of the greatest blessing of early life—*home education*.*

* Ubi enim aut jucundius morarentur quam in patriâ? aut pudicius continerentur quam sub oculis parentum! aut minore sumptu quam domi? iv. Ep. xiii.

The architecture of the schools or University is admired, and, I believe, said to be of Palladio; the observatory, the botanical garden in particular, the cabinet of natural philosophy, containing a peculiarly curious collection of fossils, the hall of midwifery, and indeed most of the dependencies of the University, are grand in their kind, well furnished and well supported. An agricultural lecture is, I believe, peculiar to Padua, and consequently very honorable to it; especially as so large a space as fifteen acres is allotted to the professor for experiments. It is singular that no such lecture exists in any British University, when we consider the bent of the national character to a rural life, and the great encouragement and countenance given by the higher classes, and indeed by the Nation at large, to every species of agricultural improvement.*

Besides the University, there are in Padua, for the propagation of taste and of literature, several academies, some of which were opened

* "There has been such a lecture for many years in the University of Edinburgh; and to those who know with what distinguished success and ability the duties of that office are discharged, no apology will appear necessary for having stopped to notice this mistake."—*Edinburgh Review*.

so early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time, the love of knowledge and of classical distinction seems to have been the predominant passion of the Italians, who were then like the ancient Greeks—*præter laudem nullius avari*. Others have been established in the last century, particularly the Academy of Sciences founded by the senate of Venice. Most of these institutions are supported with spirit, not only by the clergy, but moreover by the gentry of Padua, who seem to take an honorable pride in the literary reputation of their city.

The following beautiful lines of *Naugerius*, a poet of *Leo's golden days*, contain a fine, though concise encomium, on Padua, and may be considered as an abridgment of its history, even to the present period, when war has again ravaged its vicinity, and disfigured its edifices.

Urbs, quam vetusto vectus ab Ilio
Post fata Troum tristia, post graves
Tot patriæ exhaustos iniquo
Tempore, tot pelago labores,
Ducente demum Pallade, qua rapax
Cultos per agros Medoacus fluit,
Diis fretus Antenor secundis
Condidit, Euganeis in oris.
Tu nuper & flos, & decus urbium,
Quascumque tellus Itala continet:

Magnas tot artes, tot virorum
Ingenia, & studia una alebas.
Te, septicornis Danubii accola,
Te fulva potant flumina qui Tagi,
Longeque semoti Britanni
Cultum animi ad capiendum adibant.

At nunc, acerbi heu sæva necessitas
Fati, severas ut pateris vices!
Ut te ipse vastatam vel hosti
Conspicio miserandam iniquo!
Quid culta tot pomaria conquerar?
Tot pulchra flammis hausta suburbia?
Quid glande deturbata athena
Mœnia?

CHAP. IV.

The Brenta—Venice; its Magnificence; Power; Degeneracy; and Fall—Return to Padua—the Environs of that City—the Fons Aponus—Colles Euganei—Arquato—Villa and Tomb of Petrarca; Observations on his Character.

WE deferred the consideration of the neighborhood of Padua, till our return from Venice, whither we hastened in order to enjoy the few remaining days of the expiring carnival. We accordingly embarked on the *Brenta* about ten o'clock in the morning, February the twenty-first, in a convenient barge drawn by horses, and glided rather slowly down the river. The country through which it flows is a dead flat, but highly cultivated, well wooded, and extremely populous. The banks are lined with villages, or rather little towns, and decorated with several handsome palaces and gardens. Among these, that of *Giovanelle* at *Noventa*, two miles from Padua; that of *Pisani* at *Stra*; of *Trona* at *Dolo*; that of *Bembo* at *Mira*; and about ten miles farther, that of *Foscari* of the

architecture of Palladio, merit particular attention. These celebrated banks have, without doubt, a rich, a lively, and sometimes a magnificent appearance; but their splendor and beauty have been much exaggerated, or are much faded; and an Englishman accustomed to the Thames, and to the villas which grace its banks, will discover little to excite his admiration, as he descends the canal of the *Brenta*.

About five o'clock we arrived at *Fusina*, on the shore of the *Lagune*,* opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed all our attention. It was faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting

* The *Lagune* are the shallows that border the whole coast, and extend round Venice: their depth, between the city and the main land, is from three to six feet in general. These shallows are occasioned by the vast quantities of sand carried down by the many rivers that descend from the Alps and fall into the Adriatic, all along its western shores. Ravenna, which lies much lower down, anciently stood like Venice in the midst of waters; it is now surrounded with sand, as Venice will probably be ere long, if it should continue subject to the Austrian government. The republic expended considerable sums in cleansing the canals that intersect and surround the city, in removing obstacles, and keeping up the depth of waters so necessary for the security of the Capital. The interest of a foreign sovereign is to lay it open to attack.

sun, and rising from the waters with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with spires and pinnacles, it presented the appearance of a vast city floating on the bosom of the ocean. We embarked, and gliding over the *Lagune*, whose surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, was as smooth as the most polished glass, we touched at the island of *S. Giorgio* half way, that is two miles from the main land on one side, and from Venice on the other; and then entering the city, passed under the *Rialto*, and rowed up the grand* canal, admiring as we advanced, the various architecture and the vast edifices that line its sides.

Venice cannot boast of a very ancient origin, nor has it any direct connexion with Roman story and with classical recollections; yet I doubt much, whether any city in Italy, not even excepting Rome itself, contains so much genuine Roman blood; as none has, certainly, preserved so long the spirit of the ancient Romans. Found-

* *Canal grande* (so called because the widest of the canals of Venice) is more than three hundred feet wide, and intersects the city nearly in the middle. The *Rialto* crosses it, and forms one of its most conspicuous ornaments.

ed by the inhabitants of Aquileia of Padua, and other Roman colonies bordering on the Adriatic, joined probably by several from the interior provinces, it escaped the all-wasting sword of Alaric and of Attila; first eluded, then defied the power of succeeding invaders, and never saw a barbarian army within its walls till the fatal epoch of 1797. Its foundation dates from the year 421; the succession of Doges or Dukes from the year 697. Its name is derived from the Veneti, a people that inhabited all the neighboring coasts, and appropriated, as it has been, from a very early period to it, is a sufficient monument of the origin and of the numbers of its founders. Its government was at first popular; as the power and riches of the State increased, the influence of the nobles augmented; at intervals the *Doges* acquired and abused the sovereignty; till at length, after six centuries of struggle, the aristocratic party prevailed, limited the power of the *Doge*, excluded the people, and confined to their own body all the authority and exercise of government.

As Venice may justly be considered a Roman colony, so it bore for many centuries a striking resemblance to the great parent Republic. The same spirit of liberty, the same patriot passion, the same firmness, and the same

wisdom that characterized and ennobled the ancient Romans, seemed to revive in the Venetians, and to pervade every member of the rising State. That profound respect for religion also, which formed so distinguished a feature in the character of the former,* was equally conspicuous in the latter, but more permanent and effectual, because directed to a better object, and regulated by superior information. The same success in a just proportion accompanied the same virtues; and we behold Venice, from *dirt and sea-weed*, rise into magnificence and fame, extend its sway over the neighboring coasts, wrest towns, islands, and whole provinces from mighty potentates, carry its arms into Asia and Africa, and cope successfully, with the collected force of vast empires. As its greatness rested on solid foundations, so was it permanent; and Venice may boast of a duration seldom allowed to human associations, whether kingdoms or common-wealths, thirteen complete centuries of fame, of prosperity, and of independence. It is not wonderful therefore that this Republic

* Et si conferre volumus nostra cum externis, cœteris rebus aut pares aut etiam inferiores reperiemur; Religione, id est, cultu Deorum, multo superiores.—*De Nat. Deor.* ii. 3.

should have been honored with the appellation of another Rome, considered as the bulwark and pride of Italy, and celebrated by orators and poets as the second fated seat of independence and empire.

Una Italum regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis !
Tu tibi vel reges cives facis ; O decus ! O lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus ;
Per quam barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe micat !

Act. Syn. Sannaz. lib. iii. Eleg. 1, 95.

The literary fame of Venice was unequal, it must be confessed, to its military renown : perhaps because the government, as is usually the case in free countries, left talents and genius to their own activity and intrinsic powers ; yet the ardor of individuals who either did not, or could not take a share in public administration, led many to seek distinction in the new career which the revival of letters opened to their ambition. Many eminent scholars had visited, and some had settled in the Republic, and to their labors we owe many an interesting publication on some or other branch of classic erudition. But it would be difficult to say whether the exertions of any individual however splendid his talents, or even the labors of any particular association,

or academy, however celebrated, ever shed so much lustre on the place of their residence as that which Venice derives from the reputation of a stranger, who voluntarily selected it for his abode. I allude to Aldus Manutius. This extraordinary person combined the lights of the scholar, with the industry of the mechanic: and to his labors carried on without interruption till the conclusion of a long life, the world owes the first or *principes editiones*, of twenty-eight Greek Classics. Among these we find Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato and Aristotle. Besides these, there are few ancient authors of any note, of whom this indefatigable editor has not published editions of acknowledged accuracy, and as far as the means of the Art then in its infancy permitted, of great beauty. In order to appreciate the merit of Aldus, we must consider the difficulties under which he must have labored at a time when there were few public libraries; when there was no regular communication between distant cities; when the price of manuscripts put them out of the reach of persons of ordinary incomes; and when the existence of many since discovered, was utterly unknown. The man who could surmount these obstacles, and publish so many authors till then inedited; who could find means and time to give new and

more accurate editions of so many others already published, and accompany them all with prefaces mostly of his own composition ; who could extend his attention still farther and by his labors secure the fame, by immortalizing the compositions of the most distinguished scholars of his own age and country,* must have been endowed in a very high degree, not only with industry and perseverance, but with judgment, learning, and discrimination. One virtue more, Aldus possessed in common with many of the great literary characters of that period, I mean, a sincere and manly piety, a virtue which gives consistency, vigor, and permanency to every good quality, and never fails to communicate a certain grace and dignity to the whole character.

The appearance of Venice is not unworthy of its glorious destinies. Its churches, palaces, and public buildings of every description, and sometimes even its private edifices, have in their size, materials and decorations, a certain air of magnificence truly Roman. The style of architecture, is not always either pure or pleasing, but conformable to the taste that prevailed in

* Among these is Politianus.

the different ages when each edifice was erected. Hence, the attentive observer may discover the history of architecture in the streets of Venice, and may trace its gradation from the solid masses and the round arches, the only remains of the ancient grand style in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, through the fanciful forms and grotesque embellishments of the middle ages, to its revival and re-establishment in these latter times.

The church of St. Mark, with its accompaniments, its tower, its square, its library, and its palace, from its celebrity alone deserves the traveller's first visit. The tower has neither grace in its form, nor beauty in its materials. Its only merit is its height, which, though not extraordinary in itself, yet from the flatness of the surrounding scenery, gives the spectator a very clear and advantageous view of the city and its port and shipping, with the neighboring coasts, and all their windings. The famous *Piazza de S. Marco*, surrounded with arcades, is more remarkable for its being the well known scene of Venetian mirth, conversation and intrigue, than for its size or its symmetry. It is inferior in both respects, to many squares in many great cities; yet as one side is the work of Palladio, and the whole of fine marble, its

appearance is grand and striking. The church of St. Mark, the great patron of the city and of the republic, occupies one end of this square, and terminates it with a sort of gloomy barbaric magnificence. In fact, the five domes which swell from its roof, and the paltry decorations which cover and encumber its porticos, give it externally the appearance of an eastern *pagoda*; while formed within on the plan of the Greek churches, and adorned with clumsy mosaics, it is dark, heavy, and sepulchral. This church is extremely ancient, it was begun in the year 829, and after a fire, rebuilt in the year 976. It was ornamented with mosaics and marble in 1071. The form of this ancient fabric, evidently of eastern origin, may perhaps throw some light on the rise of the style called Gothic. Its architects, it is related, were ordered by the Republic to spare no expense, and to erect an edifice superior in size and splendor to any then existing. They took Santa Sophia for their model, and seem to have imitated its form, its domes, and its bad taste.

But if riches can compensate the absence of beauty, the church of St. Mark possesses a sufficient share to supply the deficiency, as it is ornamented with the spoils of Constantinople, and displays a profusion of the finest marbles,

of alabaster, onyx, emerald, and of all the splendid jewellery of the East. The celebrated bronze horses stood on the portico facing the *Piazza*. These horses are supposed to be the work of Lysippus ; they ornamented successively different triumphal arches at Rome, were transported by Constantine to his new City, and conveyed thence by the Venetians, when they took and plundered it in the year 1206. They were erected on marble pedestals over the portico of St. Mark, where they stood nearly six hundred years, a trophy of the power of the Republic, till they were removed to Paris in the year 1797, and placed on stone pedestals behind the palace of the *Thuilleries*, where they remain a monument of the treachery of French friendship.*

As it is not my intention to give a minute description of the ornaments or riches of the church of St. Mark, I shall only observe, that they merit much attention ; and that to discover the value of the internal decorations, a

* The French entered Venice as friends, and were ferried over the *Lagune* in Venetian boats. The Venetians entered Constantinople as enemies, sword in hand ; and *no restraints* says Gibbon, *except those of religion and humanity, were imposed on the conquerors by the laws of war.*

very minute inspection is often rendered necessary by the gloominess of the place.

The reader may perhaps wish to know how and when St. Mark, whose life and evangelical writings seem to have no connexion with the Venetian history, acquired such consideration in the city of Venice, as to become its patron Saint, and to give his name to the most splendid and celebrated of its churches. The following account may possibly satisfy his curiosity.

In the year eight hundred and twenty-nine, two Venetian merchants of the names of *Bono* and *Rustico*, then at Alexandria contrived, either by bribery or by stratagem, to purloin the body of St. Mark at that time in the possession of the Mussulmen, and to convey it to Venice. On its arrival, it was transported to the Ducal palace, and deposited by the then *Doge* in his own chapel. St. Mark was shortly after declared the patron and protector of the Republic; and the lion which, in the mystic vision of Ezekiel, is supposed to represent this evangelist, was emblazoned on its standards, and elevated on its towers. The church of St. Mark was erected immediately after this event, and the saint has ever since retained his honors. But the reader will learn with surprise, that not-

withstanding these honors, the body of the evangelist was in a very short space of time either lost, or *privately sold* by a tribune of the name of *Carozo*, who had usurped the dukedom; and to support himself against the legitimate Doge, is supposed to have plundered the treasury, and to have alienated some of the most valuable articles. Since that period, the existence of the body of St. Mark has never been publicly ascertained, though the Venetians firmly maintain that it is still in their possession. The place however, where the sacred deposit lies, is acknowledged to be an *undivulged secret*, or perhaps, in less cautious language, to be utterly unknown.

The *Paizetta*, opening from St. Mark's to the sea in front, and lined on one side with the ducal palace, on the other with the public library, with its two superb pillars of granite standing insulated in the centre, is a scene at once grand, airy, and from the concourse of people which frequents it, animated. Close to St. Mark's stands the ducal palace, the seat of the Venetian government, where the senate and the different councils of state, used to assemble each in their respective halls. This antique fabric is in the Gothic or rather Saracenic style, of vast extent, of great solidity, and of venera-

ble appearance. Some of its apartments are spacious and lofty, and some of its halls of a magnitude truly noble. They are all adorned with paintings by the first masters of the Venetian school; and *Titian*, *Paolo Veronese*, and *Tintoretto*, have exerted all their powers, and displayed all the charms of their art to adorn the senate-house, and to perpetuate the glories of the republic. The subjects of the pictures are taken either from the Scriptures or from the history of Venice; so that the nobles, when assembled, had always before their eyes incentives to virtue and examples of patriotism. Tablets with inscriptions were suspended over the tribunals of the magistrates, pointing out either the duties attached to their offices in particular, or those of the nobility in general. The style is often diffusive, but the sentiments are always just. The following, which is inserted in a picture over the *Doge's* seat in one of the council chambers may serve as a specimen.

“ Qui patriæ pericula suo periculo expellunt, hi sapientes putandi sunt, cum et eum quem debent honorem reipub. reddunt, et pro multis perire malunt quam cum multis. Etenim, vehementer est iniquum vitam, quam à naturâ acceptam propter patriam conservaverimus, naturæ, cum cogat, reddere, patriæ, cum roget, non dare. Sapientes igitur æstimandi sunt, qui nullum pro salute patriæ periculum vitant. Hoc vinculum est hujus dignitatis quâ fruimur

in repub. hoc fundamentum libertatis. Hic fons equitatis; mens et animus et consilium et sententia civitatis posita est in legibus. Ut corpora nostra sine mente, sic civitas sine lege. Legum ministri magistratus. Legum interpretes judices. Legum deniq. idcirco omnes servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus.

It would have been happy for the State, if the nobles had been animated by these principles previous to the French invasion.

The courts and staircases are decorated with antique statues; marble and bronze shine on every side, and the whole edifice corresponds in every respect with the dignity of its destination.

The celebrated *Rialto* is a single but very bold arch thrown over the *Gran-Canale*; and though striking from its elevation, span and solidity, yet it sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the beautiful bridge *Della Trinita*, at Florence, or with the superb, and far more extensive structures of Blackfriars' and Westminster.

The arsenal occupying an entire island, and fortified not only by its ramparts, but by the surrounding sea, is spacious, commodious, and even magnificent. Before the gate stand two

vast pillars, one on each side, and two immense lions of granite, which formerly adorned the Piræus of Athens. They are attended by two others of a smaller size, all, as the inscription informs us, “*Triumphali manu e Piræo direpta.*” The staircase in the principal building is of white marble. The halls are large, lofty, and commodious; one of the principal is decorated with a beautiful statue by *Canova*, representing Fame crowning the late Admiral *Emo*, the Pompey of Venice, the last of her heroes. In short, nothing is wanting to make this celebrated arsenal perhaps the first in Europe; excepting that for which all arsenals are built, *stores* and *shipping*; and these the French in their late invasion either plundered or destroyed. So far their rapacity, however odious, had an object and a pretext; but it is difficult to conceive any motive, excepting an innate propensity to mischief, which could have prompted them to disfigure the buildings and statues, to break the marble stairs, by rolling cannon balls down them, and to dismantle the *Bucentaur*, the famous state galley of the republic. Highwaymen have been known to spare or to restore a seal, a ring, a trinket, to indulge the whim or the feelings of the owner; and robbers and housebreakers refrain from damaging furniture which they cannot carry away; in the same manner the French might have re-

spected the above-mentioned monument of a gallant man, and not disfigured it by forcing a paltry gold pencil from the hand of a figure of Fame: they might have spared a gaudy state pageant, whose antique magnificence had for ages delighted the eyes, and soothed the pride of the Venetian commonalty. Yet such is the peculiar cast of this people, whose armies at Venice, in every town in Italy, and indeed in almost every country they have over-run, have uniformly added insult to rapacity, and have wounded the feelings, while they plundered the property, of the miserable inhabitants.

But no public edifice does so much credit to the State, as the noble rampart erected on the *Lido di Palestrina*, to protect the city and port against the swell and the storms of the Adriatic. This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone resembling marble, runs along the shore for the space of nineteen miles, connects various little islands and towns with each other, and if completed, would excel in utility, in solidity, in extent, and perhaps in beauty, the Piræus, the mole of Antium and of Ancona, and all other similar works of either Greeks or Romans.

Of the churches in Venice, it may be observed in general, that, as some of them have been built

by Palladio, and many raised on models designed by him, they are of a better style in architecture: and also, that on account of the riches and the religious temper of the Republic, they are adorned with more magnificence than those of any other town in Italy, if we except the matchless splendors of Rome. I need not add, that the talents of the first Venetian artists have been exerted, to adorn them with sculptures and with paintings. Of these churches that *De Salute*, that *De Redemptore*, two votive temples, erected by the Republic on the cessation of two dreadful pestilences, and that of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*, are very noble; the latter in particular, an exquisite work of Palladio, with some few defects, has numberless beauties. The church of the Dominican friars, *SS. Giovanni e Paolo*, is gothic, and remarkable for a chapel of the Blessed Virgin lined with marble divided into pannels, containing each a piece of gospel history represented in beautiful basso rilievo. But the peculiar and characteristic ornaments of this church, are the statues erected by the Senate to many of its Worthies, and the superb mausoleums of several heroes and *Doges*. The materials are always the finest marbles, and the ornaments frequently of the best taste. The descriptions as pompous as the tombs themselves, carry us back to the heroic ages of the Republic; and in

lofty and classical language, relate the glorious achievements of the doges and warriors of ancient times. The appellations of Creticus, Africanus, Asiaticus, grace many of the tombs, and seem to revive and emulate the triumphs and the titles of consular Rome. The conclusion of one of these epitaphs deserves to be recorded; it is the last admonition which the dying hero addresses to his countrymen, "*Vos justitiam et concordiam, quo sempiternum hoc sit imperium, conserve.*"

Next to the churches we may rank the *Scuole*, or the chapels and halls of certain confraternities, such as that of St. Roch, St. Mark, and that of the *Mercatanti*; all of noble proportions and rich furniture, and all adorned with paintings relative to their respective denominations, by the best masters.

But, why enlarge on the beauty, on the magnificence, on the glories of Venice? or, why describe its palaces, its churches, its monuments? That Liberty which raised these pompous edifices in a swampy marsh, and opened such scenes of grandeur in the middle of a pool, is now no more! That bold independence which filled a few lonely islands, the abode of sea-mews

and of cormorants, with population and with commerce, is bowed into slavery; and the republic of Venice, with all its bright series of triumphs, is now an empty name. The City, with its walls and towers, and streets, still remains; but the spirit that animated the mass is fled. *Jacet ingens littore truncus.*

It is unnecessary, therefore, at present, to enlarge upon the former government of Venice; suffice it to say, that it is now a petty province of the Austrian empire, and that of all its former territories, the Seven Ionian Islands only, once considered as a very insignificant part of the Venetian dominions, enjoy a nominal and precarious independence. The unjust and cruel deed of destroying a republic weak, inoffensive, and respectable from its former fame, belongs to *Bonaparte*; but the causes that led to it must be sought for in the bosom of the republic itself. Had the same virtues which fostered the infant commonwealth still flourished; had the courage which urged it so often to unequal contest with the mighty power of the Ottomans, continued to inspire its sons; had the spirit and the wisdom that directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced its decisions in 1797, it might still have stood; and in defiance

of the treachery, and of the power of France, it might have preserved, if not all its territories, at least its honor and independence.

But those virtues, that spirit, that wisdom, were now no more; they blazed out for the last time in the war of the *Morea*,* and even the last spark died away with the gallant *Emo*. Luxury had corrupted every mind, and unbraced every sinew. Pleasure had long been the only object of pursuit; the idol to which the indolent Venetians sacrificed their time, their fortune, their talents. To attend the *Doge* on days of ceremony, and act their part in public pageantry; or perhaps, to point out in the senate the best mode of complimenting some powerful court, or of keeping or patching up an inglorious peace with the piratical powers of Africa, was the only business of the nobility. To accompany their chosen ladies, to while-away the night at their *casinos*, and to slumber away the day in their palaces, was their usual, their favorite employment. Hence Venice, for so many ages the seat of independence, of commerce, of wisdom, and of enterprise, gradually sunk from her eminence, and at length became the foul abode of effemi-

* A. D. 1718.

nacy, of wantonness, and of debauchery. Her arsenal, where so many storms once fermented, and whence so many thunderbolts had been levelled at the aspiring head of the Turk, resigning its warlike furniture, became a scene of banquetting; and instead of resounding to the stroke of the anvil, re-echoed to the dance and the concert.* In short, this once proud and potent republic, like some of the degenerate Emperors of Rome, seemed to prefer the glories of the theatre to those of the field, and willingly rested its modern claim to consideration, on the pre-eminent exhibitions of its well-known carnival.†

* Several noble halls in the arsenal had been for a long time appropriated to the entertainment of royal guests, and of strangers of very great distinction.

† “ In fatti, un certo Egoismo sempre fatale alle repubbliche, un riflessibile raffreddamento di quel zelo patrio che tanto distinse gli aristocratici dei passati secoli, una falsa clemenza nei tribunali, onde rimanevano i delitti senza il castigo delle Leggi prescritto, una certa facilità di propalare i secreti del Senato, sorpassata con indolenza dagl' inquisitori dello stato, una non curanza delle cose sacre e religiose, un immoderato spirito di passatempi, una scandalosa impudenza nelle donne, un libertinaggio posato per così dire in trionfo negli uomini erano fra gli altri disordini che dominavano in una parte di Patrizi, e di Cittadini d'ogni condizione sì in Venezia, che nello Stato. Ne fanno fede gl' interni sconvolgimenti degli anni 1762 e 1780, e la Loggia de

From a people so degraded, so lost to bold and manly sentiments, no generous exertions, no daring enterprise is to be expected in the hour of danger. It is their policy to temporize, to weigh chances, to flatter the great contending Powers, and it must be their fate to sink under the weight of the victorious. Such was the destiny of Venice. After having first insulted, and then courted the French republic, it at length, with all the means of defence in its hands, resigned itself to hollow friendship; and sent a thousand boats, to transport the armies of France from the main land over the *Lagune* into the very heart of the city. The English commodore in the Adriatic, protested against such madness, and offered to cover the city with his own ships—in vain! The people, who are always the last to lose a sense of national honor, expressed their readiness to stand forth and to defend their country—in vain! The nobles trembled for their Italian estates; and in the empty hope of saving their income, they betrayed their country, and sub-

Liberi Muratori scoperta nel 1785, in che alcuni rispettabili soggetti avevano ingresso: Queste furono le cagioni estrinseche, che disponevano l'edificio ad un imminente pericolo di crollare."—Such is the acknowledgment of a Venetian author.

Raccolta, vol. i. p. 16.

mitted to plunder, to slavery, and to indelible disgrace. Not one arm was raised, not one sword was drawn, and Venice fell, self-betrayed, and unpitied. Her enemies punished her pusillanimity, by pillaging her public and her private treasures, by defacing her edifices, by stripping her arsenal, by carrying away her trophies; and then they handed her over as a contemptible prize, to a foreign despot. A tremendous lesson to rich and effeminate nations to rouse them to exertion, and to prove, if such proof were wanting, that independence must be preserved, as it can only be obtained, by the sword; that money may purchase arms, but not freedom: that submission excites contempt; and that determined heroic resistance, even should it fail, challenges and obtains consideration and honor.

Non tamen ignavæ

Percipient gentes quam sit non ardua virtus

Servitium fugisse manu.....

Ignorantque datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses.

LUCAN.

The population of Venice, previous to the late revolution, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand souls; it is supposed to have decreased considerably since that event, and if the present order of things should unfortunately continue, it will diminish, till, deserted like Sienna

and Pisa, this city shall become a superb solitude, whose lonely grandeur will remind the traveller, that Venice was once great, and independent.

The state of society in Venice seems to be upon a more enlarged scale than formerly; the *casinos* indeed continue still to be the places of resort, of card-parties and of suppers; but various houses are open to strangers; and balls and concerts, and club dinners are given frequently; to all which, introduction is not difficult. The carnival was distinguished by plays in the day, and by masked balls at night; the illumination of the theatre on such nights is very beautiful. One species of theatrical amusement at this season is singular. It is a regular farce, carried on at all hours; so that the idle part of the community may, if they please, pass all the twenty-four hours in the play-house, fall asleep, and awake, go out and come in, and still find the play going on with its usual spirit. In such pieces, the actors seem to be obliged to have recourse to their own ingenuity for the dialogue, which, however, seldom flags for want of materials; such is their natural talent for repartee and buffoonery.

A person accustomed to the rides, the walks, the activity of ordinary towns, soon grows tired of the confinement of Venice, and of the dull,

indolent, see-saw motion of *Gondolas*. He longs to expatiate in fields, and to range at large through the streets, without the encumbrance of a boat and a retinue of *Gondolieri*. We therefore left Venice on the sixth of March, without much regret, and embarking at the inn door, proceeded towards *Fusina*. As we rowed over the *Lagune*, we prevailed upon our *Gondolieri* to sing, according to an ancient custom, mentioned I think by Addison, some stanzas of Tasso; but however beautiful the poetry might be, we thought the tune and execution no ways superior to that of a common ballad-singer in the streets of London. This classical mode of singing verses alternately, a remnant of the ancient pastoral * so long preserved in Italy, has been much on the decline in Venice since the French invasion, which has damped the ardor of the people, and almost extinguished their natural mirth and vivacity. From *Fusina* we ascended the *Brenta* in the same manner as we had descended it, and arrived late at Padua.

The next morning, after a second visit to the most remarkable edifices, such as St. *Giustina*, the *Santo*, the Cathedral, the *Salone*, we turned

* *Alternis dicetis, amant alternæ Camenæ. Virgil.*

our thoughts to the neighboring country, and considered what objects it presented to our curiosity. The warm fountains and baths of Aponus, now called *Apono*, lie about four miles from Padua. They were frequented by the ancient Romans under the Emperors, and have been celebrated by Claudian, and by the Gothic king Theodoric, in long and elaborate descriptions in verse and prose *. These writers attribute to them many strange and wonderful effects; however, making all due allowances for poetical exaggeration, the waters are in many cases of great advantage.

About seven miles southward of Padua, rises the ridge of hills called the Colli Euganei, still retaining the name of one of the earliest tribes that peopled the Paduan territory. These moun-

* The principal effects are described in the following verses. Claudian addresses himself to the fountain :

Felices, proprium qui te meruere coloni,
Fas quibus est Aponon juris habere sui;
Non illis terrena lues, corrupta nec Austri
Flamina, nec sævo Sirius igne nocet.....
Quod si forte malus membris exuberat humor
Languida vel nimio viscera felle virent;
Non venas reserant, nec vulnere vulnera sanant,
Pocula nec tristi gramine mista bibunt:

tains, for so they might justly be termed, if the enormous swell of the neighboring Alps did not in appearance diminish their elevation, were formerly, it seems, inhabited by a race of soothsayers, who vied with the Tuscans in the art of looking into futurity. One of these seers, according to Lucan, beheld the battle of Pharsalia while seated on his native hill, and described to his astonished auditors, all the vicissitudes of that bloody contest*, on the very morning on which it took place. Aulus Gellius relates the same story, but attributes it to a priest of the name of Cornelius, a citizen of Padua, without mentioning, as he frequently does, the author from whom he derived the tale. But, whether it was a Paduan priest or an Euganean soothsayer, who was gifted with this extraordinary power of vision, it proves at least that claims to the faculty termed

Amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
Pacaturque, ægro luxuriante, dolor. *Eidyl. Apon.*

* Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, Augur
Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit,
Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi,
Venit summa dies, geritur res maxima, dixit,
Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæsaris arma.

Luc. vii. 192.

(The poet's geography is not very accurate.)

second sight, are not confined to modern times, or to the northern regions of Great Britain*.

In one of the recesses of the *Colli Euganei* stands the village of *Arquato*, distinguished by the residence of Petrarca during the latter years of his life, and by his death which took place in 1374. He was buried in the church-yard of the same village, and a monument was erected to his honor. This monument and his villa have been preserved by the people with religious care, and continue even now to attract a number of literary visitants of all countries, who, as they pass through Padua, fail not to pay their respects to the manes of Petrarca.

The road to *Arquato*, as far as *Monte Selice*, runs along a canal, over a very flat and very fertile country bearing a strong resemblance to some of the finest parts of the Netherlands. Villas and large villages lie thick around, and the scene on every side gives the traveller an idea of plenty and of population. To relieve the flatness of the adjacent country, mountains rise in various forms in front, and *Monte Selice* (or *Silicis*) in particular, strikes the eye by its lofty conical form.

* Aul. Gell. lib. xv. 18.

About eight miles from Padua, on the banks of the canal, stands the castle of the *Obizzi*, an ancient and illustrious family of Padua. This edifice is much in the style of the old castles of Romance. Lofty rooms, long galleries, winding staircases, and dark passages, fit it admirably for the purposes of a novelist, and render it equally proper for the abode of a great baron, for the receptacle of a band of robbers, for the scene of nightly murders, or for the solitary walk of ghosts and of spectres. But the predominant taste of the country has fitted it up in a style well calculated to dispel these gloomy transalpine illusions, and to cure the spectator's mind of its Gothic terrors. The apartments are adorned with paintings, some of which are in *fresco*, on the walls representing the glories and the achievements of the *Obizzian* heroes in days of old, and others are on canvas being originals or copies of great masters. The galleries, and one in particular of very considerable length, are filled with Roman antiquities, altars, vases, armour, inscriptions, pillars, &c. On the whole, the castle is very curious, and ought to be made the object of a particular visit, as an incidental hour is not sufficient for an examination in detail of the various curiosities which it contains. *

* When we visited it, the proprietor was walking up and down the great gallery, and giving directions to his servants

A little beyond the village of *Cataio*, we turned off from the high road, and alighting from the carriage on account of the swampiness of the country, we walked and rowed occasionally through lines of willows, or over tracts of marshy land, for two or three miles, till we began to ascend the mountain. *Arquato* is prettily situated on the northern side of a high hill, with a valley below it winding through the Euganean ridge. It is not a very large, but a neat village.

Petrarca's villa is at the extremity farthest from Padua. It consists of two floors. The first is used for farming purposes, as it is annexed to a farmer's house. The second story contains five rooms, three of which are large, and two closets; the middle room seems to have been used as a reception room or hall; that on the right is a kitchen; that on the left has two closets, one of which might have been a study, the other a bed-chamber. Its fire-place is high, and its *postes fuligine nigri*. To the chief win-

to clear and arrange some new acquisitions. He seemed to contemplate his collection with great complacency; and it must be owned that the number and arrangement of the articles which compose it, give a favorable opinion both of his diligence and his judgment.

dow is a balcony; the view thence towards the opening of the valley on the side, and in front towards two lofty conical hills, one of which is topped with a convent, is calm and pleasing. The only decoration of the apartments is a deep border of grotesque painting running as a cornice under the ceiling; an old smoky picture over the fire-place in the kitchen said by the good people to be an original by *Michael Angelo*, and a table and chair, all apparently, the picture not excepted, as old as the house itself. On the table is a large book, an Album, containing the names, and sometimes the sentiments, of various visitants. The following verses are inscribed in the first page; they are addressed to the traveller.

Tu che devoto al sagro albergo arrivi,
Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
Di chi un di vi depose il corpo frale,
La Patria, il nome, il sensi tuoi qui scrive.

The walls are covered with names, compliments and verses. Behind the house is a garden, with a small lodge for the gardener, and the ruins of a tower covered with ivy. A narrow walk leads through it, and continues along the side of the hill, under the shade of olive trees; a solitary laurel* still lingers beside the path, and

* It is necessary to remark here, once for all, that the Italian laurel is the *bay-tree*, the *laurus* of the ancients.

recalls to mind both the poet and the lover. The hill ascends steep from the garden, and winding round, closes the vale and the prospect. Its broken sides are well cultivated, and interspersed with olives and with cottages. It was already evening when we arrived. After having examined the house, we walked for some time in the garden; a thousand violets perfumed the air; the nightingale was occasionally heard, as if making its first essay; and, excepting his evening song, "most musical, most melancholy," all was still and silent around. The place and the scenery seemed so well described in the following beautiful lines, that it was impossible not to recollect and apply them, though probably intended by the poet for another region.

Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde se scende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto:
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all' ombra
Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne.

Son. x.

The garden is entirely neglected, but the house is kept in good repair; a circumstance which cannot but reflect much honor on the spirit of the proprietor and on the inhabitants of the village, when it is considered that more

than four hundred years have now elapsed since the death of Petrarca, and that many a destructive war has raged in the country, and many a wasting army passed over it since that event. His body lies interred in the church-yard of the village in a large stone sarcophagus raised on four low pillars, and surmounted with a bust. As we stood and contemplated the tomb by the pale light of the moon, we indulged the caprice of the moment, and twining a branch of laurel into the form of a crown, placed it on the head of the bust, and hailed the manes of the Tuscan poet in the words of his admirer.

Deh pioggia, o vento rio non faccia scorno
All' ossa pie; sol porti grati odori
L'aura che'l ciel suol far puro e sereno.
Lascin le ninfe ogni lor antro ameno
E raccolte in corona al sasso intorno,
Liete ti cantin lodì e spargan fiori!

Aless. Piccolomini.

Several of the inhabitants who had gathered round us, during this singular ceremony, seemed not a little pleased with the whim, and cheered us with repeated *viva's* as we passed through the village, and descended the hill. Though overturned by a blunder of the drivers, and for some time suspended over the canal with imminent danger of being precipitated into it, yet as the night was bright and warm, and all the

party in high spirits, the excursion was extremely pleasant.

Few names seem to have been so fondly cherished by contemporaries, or treated with so much partiality by posterity, as that of Petrarca. This distinction he owes not so much to his talents, or even to his virtues, as to the many amiable and engaging qualities which accompanied them, and set them off to the greatest advantage. As an orator, an historian, and a poet, he had even in his own time many rivals, perhaps in *Boccaccio* an equal, and in *Dante* undoubtedly a superior. But in pleasing manners, in generous feelings, in warm attachment, and in all the graceful, all the attractive accomplishments of life, he seems to have surpassed every public character of his time, and to have engaged universal and unqualified admiration.

Gibbon asserts that the literary reputation of Petrarca must rest entirely on his Latin works and insinuates that his sonnets are trifles; that his passion was, in his own opinion, and in that of his contemporaries, criminal; and that Laura, the mother of ten children, could have possessed few of the charms ascribed to her by the poet. Though I have no particular inclination to enter

the lists as champion of the lady's charms, yet I may venture to observe, that a matron who died at the age of forty or forty-two, may possibly have been very beautiful at the age of nineteen or twenty, when the poet first beheld her; that female beauty sometimes survives forty, however fatal that age may be to it in general; that it is less liable to fade when it consists more in expression than in color and freshness; and in fine, that though Laura, if we may believe her lover, possessed both species of beauty, yet she excelled in the former.

Le cresse chiome d'or puro lucente

E'l lampeggiar dell angelico riso.. II *Parte Sonn.* 24.

Le perle in ch' [amor] frange ed affrena

Dolci parole —

I *Parte Sonn.* 184.

are perishable charms without doubt, and liable to very rapid decay. But,

Leggiadria singolare e pellegrina;

E'l cantar che nell anima si sente:

L' andar celeste, e'l vago spirto ardente:

Begli occhi che i cor fanno smalti:

Col dir pien d' intelletti, dolci ed alti:

E'l bel tacere, e quei santi costumi! I *Parte Sonn.* 178.

These are charms which emanate directly from the mind, and seem almost to enjoy some portion of its pure and imperishable nature. Laura,

therefore, may still be allowed to retain her honors, and continue to rank among the celebrated beauties of ancient times, *oltra le belle bella*.*

As to Petrarca's passion, it was undoubtedly misplaced, excessive, and highly reprehensible; but his contemporaries do not seem to have considered it in that light, especially as it never broke out in any guilty deed, or even indecorous expression. The author of his life, *Beccadelli*, a man of unblemished morals and reputation, and an archbishop, declares that Petrarca's attachment was innocent in itself, and beneficial in its consequences, as it called forth the powers of his genius, and contributed in a high degree to the perfection of his language, and to the honor of his country. The Poet himself condemns, and applauds his passion alternately; representing it sometimes as having preserved him from the indulgence of low grovelling appetites, and urged him to the pursuit of honorable fame†; and at other times lamenting it as a guilty weakness, to which he had sacrificed his time, and had devoted talents destined for

* Vol. ii. Son. xxi.

† Parte II. Canz. vii.

nobler objects*. But, notwithstanding the severity of this self-censure, he continued either to compose or to correct the strains that love inspired, not only for several years after the death of its object, but even to the near approach of his own : a circumstance which, considering the religious turn of his mind, particularly in his latter days, proves that he attached no criminality to the passion itself, since he could indulge himself so freely in its recollection.

As to the sonnets of Petrarca, in the eyes of a moralist they are trifles, and so are the elegies of Propertius and of Tibullus, and all the numerous poems both ancient and modern, that treat the same airy and unsubstantial subject ; but trinkets may derive value from their materials and workmanship, and even love songs may acquire both importance and interest from their language and their sentiments. Genius communicates its own dignity to every subject that it chooses to handle ; it can give weight to insignificance, and make even an amorous ditty the vehicle of awful truths and of useful lessons. This observation is more applicable perhaps to Petrarca than to any

* Son. lxxxvi.

other poet. Equal, I had almost said superior in felicity of expression, and in harmony of language, to his Roman predecessors, he rises far above them in delicacy of thought, and in dignity of sentiment. He borrows no embellishments from the fictions of mythology, and indulges himself in no pastoral tales, no far-fetched allusions. The spirit of religion, which strongly influenced his mind in all the vicissitudes of life, not unfrequently gives his passion something of the solemnity of devotion, and inspires the holy strains that chant

Quanto piu vale
Sempiterna bellezza che mortale.

This peculiar turn of thought, that pervades the poems of Petrarca, and raises them so much above all similar compositions, is noticed by his biographer as a distinction highly honorable to the Tuscan muses, *le quali, ha mostro, come altamente e santamente possono cantar d' amore.* It is not wonderful therefore, that the poet himself should have rested his hopes of fame on his Italian poems, and have persisted in correcting and in repolishing them with so much assiduity; or that posterity should have confirmed the author's judgment, and continued ever since to set a high value on these short, but highly

labored productions. While his Latin poems (histories and moral dissertations) slumber undisturbed on the shelf, his *Rimè* will sometimes amuse the leisure of the youthful reader, and now and then, perhaps, attract the attention of the philosopher, who will often find in them, intermingled with the frivolous graces of the subject, sublime sentiments, expressed in language the most harmonious.

CHAP. V.

Visit to the Lago di Garda, or Benacus—the River Mincius—the Promontory of Sirmio—Desensano—Storm on the Lake—Paradisino—Banks of the Mincius—Mantua—Pietole—Excursion to the Po—Honors paid to Virgil—Virgiliano.

NEXT day we took leave of Padua, returned through Vicenza to Verona, and having passed the following day there, on the ensuing morning (March 13) we set out for the *Lago di Garda* (the Benacus) celebrated by Virgil as one of the noblest ornaments of Italy. Its principal promontory, *Sirmio*, has been commemorated by Catullus, as his favorite residence. We reached *Peschiera*, a fortress on the southern extremity of the lake, at about half past two. The distance is about eighteen miles, the road is excellent, generally descending, and always passing through corn fields striped with vines, with some swells at a distance crowned with villages, and churches, and seats; while the Alps formed a vast line to the north. Traces of hostility, as

I before observed, are indeed too visible in the neighborhood of Verona, where several severe skirmishes, and one decisive battle, took place during the late war. The vineyards and mulberry trees, of course, were torn up or cut down by the armies as they passed along. However, I observed with satisfaction, that the peasants were busily employed in replanting them.

At *Peschiera*, the lake terminates in the river *Mincio*, which flows through the town, broad, deep, and clear as crystal, though almost as rapid as a mountain torrent. The traveller, when he beholds this river, the name of which is so familiar and so pleasing to a classic ear, will recal to mind the passages in which Virgil describes its banks and appearances. We contemplated it for some time from the bridge, and then went out of the town, and embarking without the gate, glided over the surface of the lake so smooth and clear, that we could distinguish the bottom at the depth of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. The weather, though only the thirteenth of March, was as warm, and the sun as bright, as on a summer's day in England; yet some clouds hung on the summits of the mountains, and a certain haziness dimmed their sides. The borders of the lake towards the south, though rather flat, rise sufficiently to dis-

play to advantage the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, corn fields, and vineyards that adorn them; and when lighted up by a bright sunshine, they present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northward, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another; while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.

The peninsula of *Sirmione*, and the bolder promontory of *Minerbo*, the former about seven, the latter about fourteen miles distant, appeared to great advantage from *Peschiera*, and grew upon the sight as we advanced. *Sirmione* appears as an island; so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the main land. Its entrance is defended, and indeed totally covered by an old castle, with its battlements and high antique tower in the centre, in the form of a Gothic fortification. The promontory spreads behind the town, and rises into a hill entirely covered with olives; this hill may be said to have two summits, as there is a gentle descent

between them. On the nearest is a church and hermitage, plundered by the French, and now uninhabited and neglected. On the farthest, in the midst of an olive grove, stand the walls of an old building, said to be a Roman bath, and near it is a vault, called the *grotto of Catullus*. The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages, supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but apparently of no very distant æra. At all events, Catullus undoubtedly inhabited this spot, and preferred it, at a certain period, to every other region. He has expressed his attachment to it in some beautiful lines.

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus:
Quam te libenter, quamque lætus in viso.

Catull. 32.

He could not have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and of society; and daily, without the sacrifice of his connexions,

which Horace* seemed inclined to make, in a moment of despondency, he might have contemplated the grandeur and the agitation of the ocean, without its terrors and immensity. Besides, the soil is fertile and its surface varied; sometimes shelving in a gentle declivity, at other times breaking in craggy magnificence; and thus furnishing every requisite for delightful walks and for luxurious baths; while the views vary at every step, presenting rich coasts or barren mountains, sometimes confined to the cultivated scenes of the neighboring shore, and at other times bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake, and in the recesses of the Alps. In short, more convenience and more beauty are seldom united; and such a peninsula is, as Catullus enthusiastically observes, scarcely to be matched in all the wide range of the world of waters.

We left *Sirmione* after sunset; and, lighted by the moon, glided smoothly over the lake to *Desensano*, four miles distant, where, about eight, we stepped from the boat into a very good inn. So far the appearance of the *Benacus* was very different from the description which Virgil has given of its stormy character. Before we re-

* Lib. i. Ep. xi.

tired to rest, about midnight, from our windows, we observed it still calm and unruffled. About three in the morning I was roused from sleep by the door and windows bursting open at once, and the wind roaring round the room. I started up, and looking out, observed by the light of the moon, the lake in the most dreadful agitation, and the waves dashing against the walls of the inn, and resembling the swellings of the ocean, more than the petty agitation of inland waters. Shortly after, the landlord entered with a lantern, closed the outward shutters, expressed some apprehensions, but at the same time assured me, that their houses were built to resist such sudden tempests, and that I might repose with confidence under a roof, which had withstood full many a storm as terrible as that which occasioned our present alarm. Next morning, the lake so tranquil and serene the evening before, presented a surface covered with foam, and swelling into mountain billows, that burst in breakers every instant at the very door of the inn, and covered the whole house with spray. Virgil's description now seemed nature itself, and, taken from the very scene actually under our eyes; it was impossible not to exclaim,

Teque

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

Geor. ii. 160.

After breakfast (March 14, Sunday) I walked up the road to *Brescia*, and from a high hill viewed the lake, its coasts, peninsulas and promontories. The peninsula of *Sirmione* forms the most striking object, as running between *Peschiera* and *Desensano*; it divides the first and widest part of the lake into two nearly equal spaces, and on account of the lowness and the narrowness of the passage to it, appears like a beautiful and well wooded island. The next striking feature of the lake is the bold promontory of *Minerbo*, or rather of *San Pietro*, and the *Isola dei Venti*. Behind this promontory and island, lies the river of *Salo*, supposed to be one of the most picturesque parts of the lake. Nearly opposite to *San Pietro*, stands the town of *Garda* (founded in the middle ages) which now gives its name to the lake, while anciently, the lake gave its name to the surrounding territory called *Ager Benacensis**, whose inhabitants

* Many geographers suppose, and pretend to ground their suppositions upon ancient monuments, that the name of *Benacus* belonged not to a town, but to the lake itself only, and that the surrounding country was called *Ager Benacensis*, and the inhabitants, *Benacenses*. The lake is now known among the people of the country, as much by the appellation of *Lago de Benaco*, as that of *Lago di Garda*.

assembled for public purposes at Tusculanum. This town still exists, under its ancient appellation, near *Salo*. The remaining part of the lake is concealed among the mountains, and placed beyond the observation of one who stands in the neighborhood of *Desensano*. The waters of the lake are of the finest sea-green; its depth is unequal; in the narrow parts, from ten to forty, in the wider, from one hundred to three hundred feet. The Benacus is fed by several Alpine streams, and particularly by the *Sarca*, a river that still bears its Roman name: its only outlet is the *Mincio*. Hence this stream is supplied with a perpetual flow of waters, and never rises or falls more than a few inches, while other rivers are oftentimes almost dried up in warm seasons, and swelled in wet months into an inundation.

On the fifteenth we left *Desensano*, and passing through *Rigoltela*, alighted at the turn towards the peninsula, and visited *Sirmione* once more. We ranged, as before, over the whole promontory, and examined its coasts, its productions, and its ruins more minutely. The eastern and western sides are formed principally of steep craggy rocks, that sometimes rise into a wall, and at other times descend in regular gradations to the water. The northern extremity

is a grassy declivity. A vast mass of solid rock seems to form the basis of the promontory. It borders it on all sides, and shelving by degrees, extends to a considerable distance visible though under water, and losing itself almost imperceptibly in the deep. The views on all sides, excepting the south, are such an intermixture of level and mountainous, of cultivated and barren country, as cannot fail to interest even by its contrast; while from the northern point you discover the utmost borders of the lake, though their distance, which is about forty-five miles, and the dark shade of the superincumbent mountains, involve them in dimness and obscurity.

The produce of the hill consists principally of olive trees, plants evergreen indeed but neither lofty nor luxuriant in foliage, and consequently not well calculated to answer the purposes of ornament, shade, or shelter. They are, however, productive, and the inhabitants are so sensible of their value, that they contrive to plant them on the sides, and even in the clefts of the rocks, and sometimes raise walls to prop them when in a situation too perpendicular, or of a form too spreading and extensive for the trunk. This instance of exertion, and indeed many others, which I may introduce occasionally hereafter, together with the highly cultivated appearance

of the country, have effectually removed some of our prejudices, and convinced us, notwithstanding the partial and hasty representations of certain travellers, that the Italians are a very laborious people, and that if they do not enjoy all the advantages attached by Providence to industry, the fault is to be attributed, not to them, but to their landlords and governors. But though olives be the principal produce of the peninsula, yet vines and corn are by no means excluded: on the contrary, vineyards occupy a considerable part of the first hill, particularly towards the west, where, bordering on the town and lake, a beautiful vineyard rises, enclosed with large laurels; and corn fills the spaces between the olive rows, and covers the peninsula with verdure from shore to shore. A large garden occupies the first hill immediately over the town, and contains, among other plants, some beautiful cypresses, favorite trees in all Italian gardens both ancient and modern.

Having wandered up and down these poetical retreats, and read Catullus on the ruins of his residence; having observed again and again all the beautiful points of view that rose around us, we were reminded by the setting sun of the necessity of retiring; and withdrew, reluctantly indeed, but with the satisfaction of having seen

the Benacus under all its forms of calmness, of agitation, and of returning tranquillity. We walked along its banks by the light of the moon, to *Peschiera*, six miles, and thence one more to *Paradisino*, a country seat belonging to *Sig. Alberto Albertini*, our banker at Verona. The house is in a lovely country, yet so situated as to enjoy none of its advantages; for though it stands on the banks of the Mincio, and within a mile of the lake, it commands a view of neither. Its furniture is very indifferent, and the walks around, the principal of which opposite the house, consists of a double row of cypresses, seem to promise neither shade nor shelter. To account for this deficiency, it would perhaps be sufficient to observe, that the Italians in general, have very little taste in furnishing a house, or in laying out grounds to advantage; but in justice to the proprietor of *Paradisino*, I must add, that the French had plundered the house, and cut down the greatest part of the wood that surrounded it, so that its nakedness must, in some degree, be ascribed to the general cause of all the miseries of Italy, to the destroying spirit of the French army.

Before we take a last leave of the Benacus and of its borders, of Verona and of its vicinity, I must inform the reader that the lake, with all

its streams and surrounding hills, and indeed the whole circumjacent country, has been rendered truly classical by having been made the scene or the subject of many beautiful compositions in the second Augustan age of Italy. *Fracastorius*, *Naugerius*, *Castilio*, have invoked the *Nymphæ Benacides*; and *Bembo* has given the appellation of *Benacus* to one of his most correct and most pleasing Latin poems. The mountains and hills on its borders have been converted into the *Arcadia* of Italy, and peopled with a race of shepherds, who almost rival in song the Grecian swains once *soli cantare periti*, and who far surpass them in innocence and in piety. But of all the strains in which these scenes are celebrated, the most affecting are those addressed by *Fracastorius* to his departed friend *Flaminius*, who was himself one of the most tuneful natives of this happy region.

Te miserum! ante diem, crudeli funere, Marce
 Antoni! ætatis primo sub flore cadentem
 Vidimus extremâ positum Benacide ripâ
 Quam media inter saxa sonans Sarca abluit undâ
 Te ripæ flevēre Athesis, te voce vocare
 Auditæ per noctem umbræ manesque Catulli,
 Et patrios mulcere nova dulcedine lucos. *Syph. lib. i.*

Next morning we sent our carriages towards Mantua, and determined to proceed on foot,

in order to explore the secret beauties of the Mincius, and to trace its *pastoral* banks, hitherto untrodden by the foot of any British traveller. We took one of *Sig. Albertini's* men, an honest looking peasant, for our guide, and descending the little hill on which *Paradisino* stands, advanced towards the banks of the river. These banks consist of fine little broken hills, covered with vineyards and mulberry trees, interspersed with corn fields and downs, with a rill occasionally tumbling through a chasm. On the left, on the highest part of the bank, stands the village of *Salionche*, and on leaving this village you have a fine view over the river, between two swells, of the fortress of *Ponte*, at about two miles distance, backed by the Alps. Before you, rises on a hill, the old castle of *Mosembano*, with its two towers and long *battlemented* ramparts. Beyond it a fine swell crowned with a few solitary cypresses, attracts the attention, merely by its apparent loneliness. *Mosembano* stands high on the right bank, and as you approach, increases to your view, presenting a handsome church, and a fine old castle. Opposite *Mosembano* on the left, a fertile plain extends for the space of a mile, to a range of well wooded hills, adorned with a tower on the middle eminence called *Monte Velto*, and ter-

minating in the very picturesque hill and castle of *Valeggio*.

A little beyond *Mosembano*, the scenery improves considerably ; broken hills, increasing in magnitude, approach the river: trees, more frequent and more majestic, adorn their sides; the *Mincio*, spreading as it winds along, assumes the appearance of a magnificent river, while the castle of *Valeggio* on the hill, and the fortified bridge of *Borghetto* in the valley, form a very singular and striking termination. The side of a high hill, on the left, is crowned with the house and garden of the Marquis *Maffei*, a name well known in literature. *Borghetto* is situated in a very beautiful valley: a high road runs across and is flanked with a wall on each side, strengthened with towers, and defended by three castles, one at each end, and one in the middle, forming a bridge over the river. On the top of a steep hill, rising immediately from the bridge or fortified road, stands the romantic castle of *Valeggio*. In its centre rises a lofty tower, which the Austrians were employed in repairing and raising, till the moment of their final retreat. The whole is now neglected and will undoubtedly, if the present system remains in force much longer, become a heap of ruins.

A little beyond the castle of *Valeggio* from its highest rampart, we enjoyed one of the most delicious views imaginable. To the south extended a plain almost interminable watered by the *Mincio*, covered with corn-fields, divided by mulberry trees and vines, intersected by various roads, and dotted with villas, villages, and towns. Among the latter, Mantua, at the distance of about fifteen miles, made the most conspicuous figure. To the east, rose the hills of *Vicenza*, and the more distant mountains of *Arqua*, amongst which the peaked forms of *Monte Selice*, and *Monte Ferro*, were, though so remote, very remarkable. Westward, and immediately under the eye, lay the delightful valley of *Borghetto*, with its little town, its castle, its fortified bridge, and all its towers and battlements. An amphitheatre of hills partly encloses the valley with a rampart of woods and villages, and through its middle rolls the sea-green *Mincio*, tumbling in foam over two or three slight rocky layers. To the north, the churches and castles of *Mosembano* and *Ponte*, crown their respective hills, while the Alps, forming a vast semicircular sweep from east to west, close the prospect with a broken line of blue rocks, snowy masses, and cloud-capt pinnacles.

We here caught, for the first time, an indistinct

view of the very distant Apennines, running from west to south, and observed with surprise, that they were still, like the neighboring Alps, covered with snow. We descended from the rampart, and following the hill to its southern extremity, saw the *Mincio* rushing from the defile between two eminences (one of which on the right is called the *Volta Mantuana*) and then sweeping along a wood, till it loses itself in the distant level. As the day advanced, and the river did not promise any picturesque scenery during its progress over the flat country, we mounted our carriages in the town of *Borghetto*, and drove over a most fertile, well wooded, highly cultivated, and well peopled plain. About six o'clock on the 17th of March, we entered Mantua,

Mantua musarum domus, atque ad sidera cantu
Evecta aonio, et Smyrnæis emula plectris. *Sil. viii.*

The day after our arrival we crossed the lower lake, and visited the village of *Pietole*, anciently supposed by some to be Andes, where Virgil is said to have been born. It is about three miles distant from Mantua, on the banks “*tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat Mincius*,” and consists of several neat cottages, good farm houses, and a handsome church. About half a mile southward on the road, and near the river, stands a

large farm, with two extensive gardens, and offices well walled in, formerly belonging to the Imperial government, which granted it to a Mantuan citizen, Count *Giberti*, to defray the interest of the money which he had advanced for public purposes. This farm is called *Virgiliana*, and is said to have belonged to the poet himself. The country around it and *Pietole*, is extremely flat, but fertile, well wooded, and highly cultivated.

On the 19th (Friday) we took a boat and descended the *Mincio*, to the place where it falls into the *Po*, about twelve miles below Mantua. The country through which it flows is so low, that the river is generally embanked like a canal, and cannot be supposed to exhibit any picturesque views; especially as the fields around were still, in consequence of the late inundation, in many places covered with water. However, many trees, great fertility, and high cultivation, give it all the beauty it is capable of receiving; while several neat cottages adorn the banks, and as the weather was extremely fine, appeared, when we passed, to much advantage.

At the beautiful village of *Governolo*, the *Mincio* makes a sudden bend, and shortly after loses itself in the *Po*. The breadth of this latter river, and the vast mass of waters which it rolls

along, give it a very magnificent appearance, and entitle it to the pompous appellation of *Fluviorum Rex*; if, as Addison justly observes, its pre-eminence be confined to the rivers of Italy. Though inferior to the Rhine or Danube in the extent of country it waters, it certainly surpasses the former, and equals the latter, at least at Vienna, in its immense surface. Its waters very different from the sea-green colour of the *Mincio*, were thick and yellow with mud; its banks are low, and the country around flat; hence its frequent and extensive inundations. Its borders are lined with trees and villages, and pleasing, though by no means picturesque. As the Po is a truly classic river, we walked for some time on its banks with great satisfaction, and recalled to mind various passages in Virgil, Ovid, Vida, &c. in which its name occurs. We then returned to *Governolo*, and as we passed through, visited and admired its beautiful church, which, unfortunately, owing to the poverty of the inhabitants, occasioned by the French invasion, has never been fitted up and furnished for divine service. We were then drawn up the river by our boatmen, and arrived at Mantua about five.*

* I thought it necessary to enter into very minute details in describing the banks of the Mincio, as they are very little known, notwithstanding the poetical fame of the river.

The reader will naturally suppose, that while we ranged along the banks of the *Mincio*, or glided down its stream, we frequently recurred to Virgil, and enjoyed his descriptions on the borders of his favorite river, and amid the scenery of his native fields. We perused his *Eclogues* and *Georgics* during our tour, and after having examined and applied them to the face of the country, as it now appears, have been led to the following conclusions.

Virgil composed his *Eclogues*, in order to enrich his language with a species of poetry till then unknown in Latin, and that he might succeed the better, he took Theocritus the Prince of Pastoral Poets, for his model. With little regard to originality, he pretended to no more than the honor of being the first Roman who imitated the Sicilian bard.

Prima *Syracosio* dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia, *Ecl.* vi.

and made no difficulty of borrowing the sentiments, images, and even descriptions of his master. We are not therefore, generally speaking, to look into Virgil's Pastorals for delineations of Mantuan scenery, nor expect to find in them many unmixt and peculiar allusions to the *Mincius*

and its borders. His object was to copy the original, not to give a new picture of his own composition. I have said *generally*, because in two pastorals, the first and the ninth, the poet treats professedly of that river, of Mantua, and of the neighboring country; and in the seventh, though the names are Greek, the two contending shepherds Arcadians, and the scene, we must suppose, Grecian also, yet, by an inaccuracy, not unusual in pastoral compositions, he introduces the Mincius, with its characteristic reeds and its verdant banks.

Hic virides tenera prætexit arundine ripas,
Mincius.

In the two former the poet certainly means to describe some of the features of his own little possession, and by these features it is evident, that it lay at the foot, or in the immediate neighborhood of the hills, not far from *Valeggio*, near which town they begin to subside, and gradually lose themselves in the immense plain of Mantua.

Qua se subducere colles,
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo. *Ecl. ix. 7—16.*

On no other part of the banks of the Mincius, are to be discovered either the “bare rocks,” that disfigured the farm of Tityrus, or the “towering crag” that shaded the pruner, as he sung, or the

“vine-clad grotto,” where the shepherd reclined, or the “bushy cliff,” whence “the browsing goats seemed as if suspended,” or “the lofty mountains,” which, in the evening, cast their “protracted shadows” over the plain. The “spreading beech,” indeed, and “aerial elm,” still delight in the soil, and adorn the banks of the Mincius, in all its windings. From these observations we may venture to infer, in opposition to great authority, the impropriety of fixing Virgil’s farm at *Pietole*,* or Virgiliana, in the immediate vicinity of Mantua, while the poet represents it as at the distance of at least some miles, or a walk, deemed long even for active young shepherds:

Cantantes, licet usque, *minus via lædet*, eamus.

ix.

Of the tomb of Bianor we at present know nothing; but as sepulchral monuments unless formed of valuable materials, or standing in the immediate neighborhood of cities, have generally been respected, or at least neglected, I have no doubt but that some vestiges of it might be dis-

* E quell’ ombra gentil per cui si noma

Pietola piu che villa Mantovana. *Purgatorio*, XVIII.

From these verses we may infer that it was not only the opinion of Dante, but the tradition of his times, that *Pietole* occupied the site of Andes.

covered by a diligent investigator, on or near some of the roads leading from the hills to Mantua.

The observation which I have just made, that Virgil's Pastorals ought, in general, to be considered, not as pictures of real scenery, or as conveying his own feelings and sentiments, but as mere *lusus poetici* composed in imitation of Theocritus, leads me to another, which, though unconnected with the Mincio, will, I hope, recommend itself by its object, which is to rescue the memory of the first and purest of poets, from a very odious and ill-founded suspicion. Every critical reader knows, that the subject of the second Pastoral, though it has exposed Virgil to the charge alluded to, is taken from Theocritus, and that many images, sentiments, and even expressions are copied literally, and almost verbatim from the Sicilian poet. This circumstance alone, is sufficient to clear the writer, from the suspicion of any personal application; especially when we recollect the contempt, with which he elsewhere speaks, of a character to whom he attributes such a propensity, and whom he seems to have introduced for the express purpose of branding him with infamy.* The truth is, that he who judges of

* Tu quoque, L. x. 325.

the morality of the Latin poets, from a few detached passages in their works, must form a very unfair estimate of their character; and impute to them criminal habits, from which they were most probably exempt. Pliny the younger, to excuse himself for having composed some sportive verses, pleads the example of Cicero,* and cites a passage from Catullus† importing, that however blameless the manners of the poet should be, his verses may be playful, and even lascivious. Ovid adopts the same idea, and holds it forth as a justification of his own wanton compositions. ‡

The modern Italians have imitated the ancients in this respect, and some of the most classical writers of the sixteenth century, though eminent for the unblemished innocence of their lives, have, in moments of poetical playfulness, employed expressions, which, if literally understood, may be censured as licentious. I admit that the reason-

* Plin. Lib. v. Ep. 3.

† Scimus alioqui hujus opusculi illam esse verissimam legem quam Catullus expressit.

Nam castum esse decet pium poëtam

Ipsam, versiculos nihil necesse est:

Qui tunc denique habent salem & leporem,

Si sunt molliculi & parum pudici. *Plin. Lib. iv. Ep. 14.*

‡ Crede mihi mores distant a carmine nostri,

Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa fuit.

ing of Pliny is by no means satisfactory, and that the rule laid down by Catullus is both absurd and immoral, and I most readily pass condemnation on every loose and indecent expression, in whatsoever composition it may be found. But as the ancients seem to have adopted this rule, and acted upon it, I contend that it authorizes us to acquit Virgil of the odious charge brought against him, by some systematical grammarians, and ignorant commentators, especially as it is supported by mere traditional tales and conjectural anecdotes.*

Above and below Mantua, the *Mincio* spreads into two lakes, called the *Lago di Sopra*, and the *Lago di Infra*; the space between the breadth of which entitles it to a similar appellation, is called the *Lago Mezzo*. Virgil alludes to this vast expanse, when in the third Georgic, he promises to erect a temple to Augustus.

Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius. 3 *Geor.* xiii.

The banks of the *Mincio*, above Mantua, are

* See Pope's Letter to Swift on Gay's death; letter lxxv.

rather higher than below the town, and a little more picturesque, particularly on the right side of the river, near the Cremona road; several large farms rise on its borders, and its reeds wave over them as usual, in forests.

Mantua is a large city, with spacious streets, and some fine edifices. Its cathedral, built nearly upon the same plan as *Santa Maria Maggiore* in Rome, is a very regular and beautiful edifice. The nave consists of two rows of Corinthian pillars, supporting, not arches, but an architrave and cornice, with a range of windows above, and niches in the intervals between them. Another row of pillars of the same order, on both sides, forms a double aisle. The choir consists of a semicircular recess behind the altar. Between the choir and the nave rises a very noble dome, decorated with pilasters and fine paintings. The transept, on the left, terminates in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, an hexagon, with a recess for the altar, surmounted with a dome, adorned with paintings and arabesques in the best style, presenting, on the whole, an exquisite specimen of Mantuan taste.

The day after our arrival happened to be the festival of *St. Anselmo*, patron of Mantua. At evening service, about six o'clock, the cathedral

was illuminated in the finest manner imaginable. Double rows of lustres lighted up the nave ; the aisles and arcades had as many clusters of torches, as there were arches and pillars ; while a thousand chandeliers suspended from the dome, shed a blaze of light on the choir and the altar. The music might have been deemed heavenly, had it not been rather too theatrical, and, like all Italian church music, performed with violins ; however, the organ sometimes interposed with all its solemnity, and some bursts in chorus were truly celestial. The venerable old bishop presided in full pontific majesty ; the crowded congregation were silent, orderly, and pious, and the scene, though perhaps too glaring and stage-like for English taste, was splendid, and even awful. The statue of the Saint was as large as life, and formerly of massive silver, but the French conceiving that one of wood was sufficient for all the purposes of exhibition, converted the silver to other uses.

The next, and I believe, the only remaining church worth particular attention, is that of St. Andrew. It is a Latin cross, without aisles, with a dome in the section. It contains some fine pictures, and is painted all over in a very beautiful manner. Several other churches, and many public buildings, such as the *Corte*, with

its halls; the *Palazzo della Giustitia*; that of *Gonzaga*; that in the suburbs, called the *Palazzo de T.* on account of its form, with its apartments; together with several private mansions, merit attention. In fact, *Giulio Romano*, an architect and painter of the first eminence, and a disciple of Raphael, devoted his time and superior talents to the embellishment of Mantua, and adorned it with many a magnificent pile, and many a noble painting. The house of this celebrated artist is shown to strangers, and as it was erected by himself, it certainly deserves to be visited. The taste of *Giulio* in architecture, seems to have been manly and bold; he was fond of strength and majesty; but sometimes inclined to encumber his edifices with too much mass, and with too many ornaments.

Mantua can boast an antiquity superior even to that of Rome, and is represented by her native poet, not without some historical truth, as existing so early as the time of Eneas.

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris

Fatidicæ Mantûs et Tusci filius amnis :

Qui muros, matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen,

Mantua dives avis.

Æneid, x. 198.

Mantua shared the prosperity of Rome, underwent her disasters, felt all the vicissitudes of the

middle ages, and emerged thence, like the other great Italian cities, into liberty and independence. At length, it became subject to one of its own powerful families, and acknowledged the *Gonzagas* as Dukes and Sovereigns. This form of government remained for near two hundred years, when the last Duke, taking up arms against the Austrian interest, was driven from his states, and died an exile at Padua, in 1708.

Mantua, while free, and even under the dominion of her own dukes, enjoyed no small share of riches and of prosperity. Her walls were supposed to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. She was often engaged in wars with the neighboring states, and had her full proportion of victory and of honor. The arts and sciences flourished in her territories, and numberless palaces adorned her streets, her squares, and her suburbs. But this golden age closed at the Austrian invasion. The city was plundered, several of its antiquities carried off or defaced, and its independence finally sacrificed to Austrian ambition. In the late war, it had the misfortune of undergoing twice the horrors of a siege, and is now annexed to the Italian republic, to share its nominal independence and real slavery. It must in justice be owned, that the arts and sciences had not been neglected by the

Austrian government. An Imperial academy was erected, a noble palace devoted to its meetings, and a fine assemblage of antiquities collected in its galleries. The inscription over its entrance is as follows :

INGREDERE. HOSPES. ET. MIRARE.
QUÆ. GRAECORUM. ET. ROMANORUM.
ANTIQUI. AEVI. MONUMENTA.
CVM. PRINCIPIS. TUM. CIVIVM. MUNERE.
IN. HOC. MUSEO. CONLECTA.
SPECTANDA. TIBI. EXHIBET.
VIRGILII. PATRIA.

The most interesting object in this collection, was the well-known bust of Virgil, which, as may be easily supposed, the Mantuans always pointed out to strangers, with peculiar complacency. It seems, that at the end of the fourteenth century, a statue of Virgil stood on an elevated pedestal, in the *Piazza delle Erbe*, when *Carlo Malatesta*, one of the brutal chieftains of the times, ignorant of every art but that of war, and knowing, probably nothing of Virgil but his name, in one of his triumphal processions, ordered it to be thrown down, and cast into the lake. The reason for this act of sacrilegious violence, is characteristic both of the hero and of the times. "The honor of a statue belongs," said he, "to Saints only, and ought not to be

profaned by being communicated to scribblers and buffoons." The bust in question is supposed to be the head of this very statue, and, as such, it was crowned with ivy by the Duke Vespasian, and erected in the principal hall of his palace, about the year 1580. The ivy, which was real, and only covered with a fine varnish to preserve it the longer, on being touched, many years after, fell into dust; but the bust survived the plunder of the ducal palace on the entrance of the Austrians, and was placed in the academical gallery, where it remained till the year 1797. The French no sooner became masters of Mantua, than they began to pillage its gallery, and to pilfer its most valuable articles. Among them was the bust of Virgil, which they carried off, notwithstanding the intreaties of the Mantuans, while with cruel mockery, they celebrated civic feasts in honor of the poet, and erected *plaster* busts in the place of his marble statues. Such is the taste of this nation, such the honors it pays to the ancients!*

* We were present at one of these exhibitions. In the middle of the great square was erected an ill-proportioned pillar, about ten feet high. On it was placed a plaster bust of Virgil. Four lesser pillars supporting four other plaster busts, joined by garlands, formed a sort of square enclosure. Virgil's bust was crowned with laurel, and from it hung garlands, extending to the other four. These garlands

The circumstances which I have just related prove, at least, that the Mantuans have never been indifferent to the memory of their celebrated countryman, as some travellers have pretended; and that they have not been wanting in the erection of becoming monuments to his honor, as often, and in as magnificent a manner, as the vicissitudes of the times would allow. Even during all the rage and tempest of the late war, while contending armies hovered round their walls, and the roar of artillery resounded in their ears, they had planned a public garden at *Pietole*, and laid out a considerable piece of ground in walks and groves, in the centre of which a temple was to rise, and a statue to be erected, in honor of the immortal poet. Thus they would have accomplished the grand design so finely unfolded in the third Georgic, adorned the classic *Mincio* with a fabric becoming its fame, and bestowed, with more propriety, on the acknowledged virtues of their countryman, the honors which he intended, with a flattery pardonable because the result of gratitude, for the

or festoons, instead of hanging loose, and waving gracefully in the air, were drawn tight, and were consequently, as motionless as ropes. Around this ridiculous pageant, the French troops drew up, and paraded. The inhabitants seemed purposely to keep aloof.

very equivocal merit of Augustus. But the second siege of Mantua put an end to this project; the gates were thrown down, the enclosures torn up, the plantations destroyed, and the whole scene of rural beauty and poetical illusion was stained with blood, and abandoned to devastation.

On the twenty-third of March, we took leave of Mantua, extremely well pleased with the general appearance of the town, and convinced, that it is far more flourishing at present, than it seems to have been in ancient days. In extent it is considerable, not insignificant in population, and in magnificence equal to most cities; circumstances, which place it far above the epithet of *parva*, applied to it by Martial.

Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo
Quantum *parva* suo Mantua Virgilio.*

* The following lines, addressed to Mantua, in the day of its glory, are not inapplicable to it, even in its present humiliation and distress:

Felix Mantua, civitatum ocelle,
Quam Mars Palladi certat usque & usque
Claram reddere gentibus, probisque
Ornare ingeniis virorum, & armis!

The road to Cremona, for some miles, borders on the Mincio, and runs close to its *reedy* banks, as long as it forms the *Lago de Sopra*, that is, till it turns northward, as it comes down from the hills of *Borghetto*. As the road is formed on the ancient *Via Posthumia*, it is strait and even, runs through several large villages, or rather little towns, and traverses a tract of country intersected by various streams and luxuriantly fertile.

Te frugum facilis, potensque rerum
Tellus, te celebrem facit virente
Qui ripa, calamisque flexuosus
Leni flumine Mincius susurrat,
Et qui te lacus intrat, advenisque
Dites mercibus invehit carinas.
Quid palatia culta, quid deorum
Templa, quid memorem vias, & urbis
Moles nubibus arduis propinquas ?
Pax securâ loco, quiesque nullis
Turbata exsiliis, frequensque rerum
Semper copia, & artium bonarum.
Felix Mantua, centiesque felix,
Tantis Mantua dotibus beata.

M. Ant. Flamin. Car. Lib. i. 30.

CHAP. VI.

*Cremona—River Addua—Placentia—the Trebia
—Parma—Reggio—Modena—its Library,
and celebrated Librarians Muratori, Tira-
boschi, &c.*

CREMONA derives some degree of importance from the well-known verse of Virgil,

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ. Eclog. ix. 28.

And from the accurate observation of Tacitus. *Hunc exitum Cremona habuit bellis externis intacta, civilibus infelix.* In fact, these few words contain the whole history of this city, which, being founded by one of the Celtic tribes that occupied the northern parts of Italy, was colonized and fortified by the Romans, about the commencement of the second Punic war, as a rampart against the approaching attack of Annibal. The strength of its walls, or the courage of its inhabitants, preserved it from the fury of this formidable invader, and it went on increasing in numbers, size, and opulence, till by its attachment to the cause of the

senate, and of liberty, it drew down upon itself the vengeance of the Triumvirs, and incurred forfeiture and confiscation.* Its fidelity to Vitellius, or its mistaken prudence calculating on the supposed superiority of his interest, exposed it to the rage of Vespasian's partisans, who besieged, took, plundered, and reduced it to a heap of ashes. Shortly after it rose from its ruins; but rose to experience the disasters of war and of revolution, and to share the long and painful agonies of the expiring empire. However, it survived all its reverses, and after having been the prey of Goths and of Lombards, of French and of Germans; after having enjoyed a precarious liberty, and then borne the light yoke of the sovereigns of Milan; it is, for the present, annexed to that sickly abortion of French influence misnamed the Italian Republic.

Cremona is a large and well-built city, adorned with many noble edifices, and advantageously situated on the northern bank of the Po. Its cathedral, of Gothic, or rather mixed architec-

* The consequences of this confiscation reached the Mantuan territory, and occasioned, as is well known, the flight and the fame of Virgil.

ture, was begun in the year 1107, and continued at different periods, but not completely finished till the fourteenth century. It is faced with white and red marble, and highly ornamented though in a singular and fanciful style. It contains several beautiful altars and fine paintings. One chapel in particular merits attention. It is that which is set apart for the preservation of the relics of the primitive martyrs. Its decorations are simple and chaste, its colors soft and pleasing. The ashes of the "sainted dead" repose in urns and sarcophagi placed in niches in the wall regularly disposed on each side of the chapel, after the manner of the ancient Roman sepulchres. It is small, but its proportions, form, and furniture are so appropriate and so well combined, that they produce a very beautiful and perfect *Whole*. The Baptistry, which, according to the ancient manner still preserved in many of the great towns of Italy, is a separate building near the cathedral, contains in the centre a font of curious form and workmanship, cut out of one immense block of party-colored marble. The tower is of great height and of singular architecture. The view from it is extensive, taking in the town with its streets; the roads that cross the country in strait lines in various directions; the Po winding along almost close to the walls, and intersecting the

immense plain of the Milanese; the Alps to the north, and the Apennines to the south-west, both covered with snow and occasionally half veiled with passing clouds. Such was the prospect we beheld from the top of the *Torazzo*. The public palace, for so the town-hall is not improperly called in Italy, and most of the churches, but particularly that of *St. Pietro al Po*, are worthy the attention of the traveller; since, with several objects which correct taste must blame, they contain many which it will admire.

Cremona has produced her proportion of genius and of talent, both in ancient and modern times, but among all her sons, none have contributed more to her reputation than Marcus Hieronymus Vida, the first poet of the second Augustan age of Roman literature, and sometimes not undeservedly styled by his admirers, the Christian Virgil. Every reader is acquainted with the poetical tribute which Pope has paid to his memory, in his *Essay on Criticism*; and all, who peruse Vida's works, will acknowledge that the compliment is not misplaced. But literary excellence was neither the sole, nor the principal merit of Vida: piety and purity of morals unsullied even by suspicion, graced his early years, and a zealous discharge of every

episcopal duty employed him from the middle to the close of life. He was buried in his cathedral at *Alba*, and a cenotaph is said to have been erected to his honor in the *Duomo* at *Cremona*; though we endeavored in vain to discover it. I shall conclude this account with some verses taken from a hymn of this poet, which, with the passage of Tacitus inserted above, will suffice to give the reader some notion both of the history and of the territory of *Cremona*. The verses are addressed to our Blessed Saviour, and express a Christian sentiment in the purest language of Heathen poetry.

Tum veri, Graium obliti mendacia, vates
 Funera per gentes referent tua, carmine verso
 Atque tuis omnes resonabunt laudibus urbes.
 Præsertim lætam Italiæ felicis ad oram,
 Addua ubi vagus, et muscoso Serius amne
 Purior electro tortoque simillimus angui;
 Qua rex fluviorum Eridanus se turbidus infert,
 Mœnia turrigeræ stringens male tuta Cremonæ,
 Ut sibi jam tectis vix temperet unda caducis.

Christiados vi. 885—890 .

If the reader wishes to see the history of *Cremona*, the beauties of its district, and the achievements and talents of its inhabitants, set off in the most splendid colors of partial eloquence, he may read the pleadings or *Actiones tres* attributed to this author, and supposed to have been pronounced before competent judges at Milan,

on a question of precedence between *Cremona* and *Pavia*.

From *Cremona*, to the fortress of *Pizzighitone*, are two short stages. We there passed the *Addua*, on a flying bridge. This river is represented, by *Claudian*, as remarkable for the cerulean tints of its waves, and is united to the *Tesino*, in a very pretty verse.

Colla lavant pulcher Ticinus et Addua visu
Cœrulus.

The country continues populous and fertile, but displays more forest wood. *Castiglione*, with various little towns and villages, appears rich and beautiful. Thence the roads were deep and bad, owing to the late inundations. Towards sunset we arrived at the *Po*, and passing it on a flying bridge, entered *Placentia*, March 23d.

Placentia was built and colonized by the Romans, about two hundred and eighteen years before Christ, and, not long after, served as an asylum to the Roman army when defeated by *Annibal*, at the *Trebia*. It was afterwards assaulted by that Carthaginian, but in vain; and like *Cremona*, was destined to suffer more from the madness of citizens, than from the fury of invaders. More fortunate however than the

latter, though attacked by a party of Vitellians, it resisted with success, and in the bloody contest, had only to lament the loss of its amphitheatre remarkable (it seems) for its capaciousness and architecture. This edifice, like that of Verona, stood without the walls, and was of course exposed to the fury of the assailants. It seems to have been principally of wood, as it was consumed by fire, a circumstance which, in our ideas, must take away much of its pretended splendor: but, whatever were its materials, its extent was at that time unequalled; and it stood the pride of Placentia, and the envy of the neighboring cities. It was set on fire when Cæcina assaulted the town, either by chance, which is more probable, or perhaps, as the Placentians suspected, by the malice of some incendiaries, who took advantage of the confusion of the contest, and was reduced to ashes. It perished, however, at a fortunate period, and with all its glory around it; for, had it survived only a few years, its fame would have been eclipsed by the splendor and by the magnificence of the gigantic Coliseum.

Placentia, after having frequently changed masters, was annexed to Parma, and remained so till the expulsion of the late duke, when, with the whole of its territory it was occupied by the

French. It is a large and well-built city. Its cathedral is Saxon : the town-house, with some other public buildings in the great square, are Gothic. Several churches, particularly that of *St. Agostino*, are of fine Roman architecture, and some adorned with paintings of great celebrity. The square is ornamented with two brass equestrian statues ; one of the celebrated *Alexander Farnese*, the other, of his brother *Ranuccio* : they are much admired, particularly the former, for attitude, animation, and drapery. Many of the convents, some of which are now suppressed, seem to have been magnificent.

The neighborhood of Placentia is, perhaps, more interesting than the town itself, as it has been the theatre of many bloody engagements. The first, and most remarkable, occurred shortly after the foundation of the city, about three miles from it, and its scene lies on the banks of the Trebia. We visited the spot, with Livy as our guide, and I need not add, that we found his description extremely accurate. It must indeed be observed, in justice to the great writers of antiquity, that their pictures so resemble the objects which they are intended to represent, that a traveller might imagine they had always been sketched on the spot itself, and in the very heat of action. The banks, though

low, are yet sufficiently elevated, in a military sense, not indeed at the very confluence of the two rivers, the Po and the Trebia ; but a little higher up the latter, where the battle took place, the stream is wide enough to form a line of defence, and yet shallow enough to be in many places fordable. Its sides, particularly on the right as you ascend the stream, where Mago lay in ambush, are still covered with reeds and brush-wood. After these observations, merely applying the present scenery to the historian's description, the reader need but open Livy, and he will become a spectator of the action so bloody and disastrous to the Romans.

But the banks of the Trebia have been the theatre of more contests than one, nor is the last-mentioned, though, without doubt, the most illustrious, either the most bloody or the most decisive. It is well known that a memorable battle between the French and the Russians, under the command of Marshal *Suvarrow*, was fought on the same spot, and was attended with more important consequences. It is said to have lasted two days, and to have been supported with the utmost obstinacy on both sides. The Russians, who advanced with their usual firmness and impetuosity, were thrice driven back in dismay : at length the Marshal, with the

looks and the voice of a Fury, led them on to a fourth attack, when they rushed into the bed of the river, and with horrible shouts and screams, fell once more upon the enemy. Resistance was now overpowered; the French fled in confusion; the banks were strewn with bodies, and the fields covered with fugitives. The consequence of this victory was the immediate deliverance of Italy from the insolence and the rapacity of the French armies; a deliverance which, instead of being a mere interval of repose, would perhaps have been the commencement of a long era of tranquillity, had the same spirit continued to animate the armies, and the same union prevailed in the cabinets of the confederates. But this battle, however bloody and important, will pass unnoticed, in the long register of contests between different tribes of invading barbarians; perhaps the very names of the generals may sink into oblivion, with the leaders of the Goths and of the Vandals, of the Huns and of the Lombards: while the "Battle of Trebia" will live for ever in the pages of Livy, the names of Annibal and of Mago, of Scipio and of Sempronius, recorded both by the historian and by the poet, will continue to delight the youthful reader, and a thousand generations will contemplate with emotion,

Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Thrasimenaque busta.

Sil. Ital. lib. xi. 345.

From Placentia we proceeded to Parma, on the Via Emilia. This road was made by Marcus Emilius Lepidus, about one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian æra; it has been kept in good repair, and is still excellent. We crossed over several rivers, and passed through some pretty towns. These rivers generally retain their ancient name with little variation, and descending from the Apennines, fall into the neighboring Po. The principal are the *Chiavenna*, the *Ongina*, the *Stivona*, and the *Taro*. Among the towns, *Fiorenzuala*, anciently Florentiala, and *S. Donnino*, deserve most attention. At or near the latter (once Fidentiola) Sylla defeated the Marian general Carbo, and dispersed or utterly destroyed his army. About twelve miles to the south of *Fiorenzuala*, once stood the town of Velleia ruined by the sudden fall of part of the neighboring mountain, about the end of the fourth century. Several excavations were made amongst the ruins, in 1760, and the four following years; but the difficulty of penetrating through the vast masses of rock that cover the town, was so great, that the work was suspended, and I believe never since renewed. This want of spirit, or of perseverance, is much to be regretted, as few enterprises promise so fairly, or seem so likely to reward the labor. The dreadful catastrophe is supposed to have been sudden, and the inhabitants, with their furniture and property were

buried in one tremendous crash: it is therefore highly probable, that more medals, coins, and books, may be found here than in Herculaneum, where gradual ruin gave time to remove the most precious and portable effects. Besides the latter town, with Pompeii, and the various cities that studded the Neapolitan coast, were Greek colonies, and appear to have paid but little attention to Latin literature; while Velleia was entirely Roman, and some of its citizens must have possessed tolerable collections of Latin authors. It would not, therefore, be unreasonable to expect, if the excavations were pushed on with vigor and with discernment, the discovery of some, if not of several Latin manuscripts. But such undertakings require opulence and leisure, and are not to be expected in the present impoverished and distracted state of Italy.

The country, as the traveller advances, improves in beauty, and, if not in fertility (for that seems scarcely possible) at least in the neatness and in the order of cultivation. The Apennines advancing at every step present their bold forms to vary the dulness of the plain; hedges, and neat enclosures mark the different farms; elms in long rows garlanded with vines separate the fields; and villages, each with a magnificent church, enliven the road at every mile.

Parma stands on a river of the same name: it was founded by the Etrurians, taken by the Boii, a tribe of Gauls, and, at length, colonized by the Romans. It is said to have suffered much from the licentious cruelty of Antony, and its sufferings, on this occasion, are pathetically deplored and immortalized by Cicero in his fourteenth Philippic, the last tribute which he paid to Rome and to liberty. During the disastrous period that elapsed between the reigns of Theodosius and of Charlemagne, it was taken and retaken by the Goths and by the Romans, by the Lombards and by the Greek Exarchs, till it was given by Charlemagne to the Holy See; and, after a succession of ages and of changes, it was at length bestowed by Paul III. on his son *Ottavio Farnese*. On the extinction of this family in the middle of the last century, it passed to a Prince of Spain; and, on the death of the last Duke, it was taken possession of by the French, and is now pining away under the influence of their iron domination.

Parma is large, populous, airy and clean, though it cannot boast of any very striking or regular building. The cathedral is Saxon, but lined in the interior with Roman architecture; its dome is much admired for the beautiful painting with which it was adorned by Correggio. The baptistery is an octagon, in the same style as the

cathedral, cased with marble, and ornamented with various arches and galleries. The *Steccata* is the most regular church in *Parma*; it is in the form of a Greek cross, and not without beauty. The church of the Capuchins is remarkable only for being the burial place of the celebrated *Alexander Farnese*, who, in consequence of his own directions, lies interred, distinguished from the *vulgar dead* only by the following epitaph:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDER FARNESIUS

BELGIS DEVICTIS

FRANCISQUE OBSIDIONE LEVATIS

UTHUMILI HOC LOCO EJUS CADAVER DEPONERETUR

MANDAVIT. 4 NON: DECEMB: MDXCII.

The palace is large, but irregular; the library is well furnished: it contains the *Academia de Belle Arti*, in which there is a noble hall adorned with excellent paintings, and with several ancient statues found in the ruins of *Valleia*. In this hall, during the happier æra of *Parma*, the Prince used to preside over the assembled academicians, and to distribute prizes in the various arts. In the same palace is the celebrated theatre magnificent in its size, its proportions, its form, and its decorations. It is modelled on the ancient plan, like the Olympic theatre at *Vicenza*, and like it but on a greater scale, adorned with pillars, colonnades, and statues. Unfortunately, either

in consequence of the many revolutions of late years, or on account of the difficulty of filling, and the expence of repairing, furnishing, and lighting up such a vast edifice, this theatre perhaps the noblest in the world, has been so long and so much neglected, that it will probably soon sink into a heap of ruins, and remain only in the plans of artists, and in the descriptions of travellers.

But the principal ornament of *Parma*, and its pride and glory, were the numberless masterpieces of Correggio, with which its churches, palaces, and public halls were once adorned. This celebrated artist, born in a village near *Modena*, and of course not far from *Parma*, has spread the enchantments of his pencil over all the great towns that bordered on the place of his nativity, and seems to have exerted his wonderful powers, in a particular manner, for the decoration of this city. *Parmeggiani* and *Lanfranco*, two other painters of high reputation, were natives of *Parma*, and contributed not a little to the embellishment of its churches and palaces; so that no city in Italy, if we except Rome, presented more attractions to the artist, or furnished more delightful entertainment to the traveller of taste. But, alas! such *were* the decorations and the glory of *Parma*. The French, though in

peace with the sovereign of this unfortunate city, in their late wide-wasting progress, entered its walls, raised heavy contributions on its inhabitants, and stripped it of its best and most valuable ornaments—its unrivalled paintings. Many, without doubt, still remain, because painted on walls and ceilings, and therefore attached to the spot; but the masterpieces are gone, and the indignant Parmensians can only show the traveller the place where they once were.

The arts and sciences were by no means neglected in *Parma*. An university, two academies, schools of painting, &c. announce the application, and a long catalogue of great names might be produced to prove the success, of the Parmensians in every literary pursuit. The Dukes have, for many years past been the active patrons of literature, and by their judicious encouragement attracted strangers of talents to their territories. Among these we may rank the *Abbate Frugoni*, a Genoese, and the *Abbè Condillac*, a Frenchman; the former a poet of great reputation, and next in fame to *Metastasio*; the latter preceptor to the Prince, and author of a well known “Course of Education.” The royal press of *Parma* was established in the year 1765: it is conducted by *Bodoni*, and has produced several beautiful editions, Greek, Latin, and Italian, to-

gether with various works in the Oriental languages.

The public walk on the ramparts is extremely pleasing. The country round is well wooded, and the town and territory of Parma seemed to have been in a flourishing state till the entrance of the French army. Since that fatal period, its prosperity has been on the decline, its government unsettled, its inhabitants impoverished and discontented. The contributions raised by the French amounted to five millions of French livres: a sum enormous for so small a territory, and equalling two years of its regular income.

Petrarca resided some years at Parma, or in its neighborhood, and seems to have been delighted with the beauty of the country, with the generous spirit of its princes, and with the open manly manners of its inhabitants. To the honor of their descendants, it may be added, that notwithstanding the lapse of ages, the change of government, and the galling pressure of recent revolutions, these qualities are said to be still perceptible.

Two stages from Parma the traveller arrives at *Forum Lepidi Regium*, now called Reggio, an ancient Roman colony, destroyed by Alaric, and rebuilt by Charlemagne. The cathedral, the

church of *S. Prospero*, and that of the Augustin-friars, together with the Town-house, and the *Porta Nuova*, are considered as deserving some attention. It possesses no antiquities. However, the traveller will visit it with some respect, as the country of *Ariosto*—the copious, the fantastic *Ariosto*!

Two more stages brought us to *Modena* (*Mutina*) lately the capital of a dukedom, now a dependence on the will of *Bonaparte*. Though an ancient Roman colony, called by Cicero, “*firmissima et splendidissima Colonia*,” it presents no traces of antiquity; it has been the scene of so many bloody contests, has been so often destroyed, and has so often risen from its ruins, that not only no vestige of its former splendor remains at present, but it is even uncertain whether it occupies the same site as the ancient city. But whatever might have been its strength and magnificence in ancient times, they have been probably far surpassed by its present (I should rather have said its *late*) prosperity. It is a well built town, its streets are wide, and several of its public edifices have a noble appearance. Its cathedral is Gothic, and like most of its churches, rather inferior to the expectation naturally excited by the general features of the town. The ducal palace is of vast size; and though built in a German,

that is, in a heavy and fanciful style of architecture, is on the whole rather magnificent. It contains several handsome apartments, and, what still more merits the attention of travellers, a gallery of paintings, a noble library, and a numerous and curious collection of sketches, by the first masters, of prints, of medals, and of *Cameos*.*

The arts and sciences, particularly the latter, have long flourished at *Modena*, under the fostering care of its Princes of the house of *Este*, a family so much and so justly celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto, for its generous feelings and its noble munificence. “Tu Magnanimo Alfonso,” says the former to a Prince of this line, his patron,

Tu Magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
E fra l'onde agitato e quasi assorto;
Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli
Che quasi in voto a te sacrate i' porto.

Gierus. Lib. Canto 1. 4.

The latter, in a less poetical, but equally grateful style, expresses his obligations to the same

* This latter collection has either been removed or plundered by the French.

family, and enlarges upon its heroical qualities and its prospects of glory.* Under such encouragement, it is not wonderful that genius should flourish, and that men of learning should flock from all quarters, to enjoy the advantages of such liberal patronage.

Among the illustrious personages who have done honor to *Modena*, by their virtues and talents, one of the earliest, and if the good qualities of the heart give double lustre to the brilliant endowments of the head, one of the greatest is Cardinal *Sadoleti*. This eminent prelate rose to notice in the fostering æra of Leo the Tenth, became intimately connected with the most conspicuous characters of that period, and shone himself, with no small lustre, in the midst of its brightest luminaries. In the turbulent pontificates that succeeded the æra of Leo, when the animosities, kindled by the Reformation blazed out with unquenchable fury, and every bosom glowed with rage almost infernal against the opponents of his own creed, this worthy bishop preserved the native candor of his soul, and the characteristic mildness of his sacred office. Above passion and resentment, he treated the supporters

* See Orlando Furioso, Canto, 1. 3, 4.

of the new opinions with paternal tenderness, and while he condemned their creed, he cherished, and whenever an opportunity occurred, he protected their persons. “Fond to spread friendships, and to cover hates,” he made it the business of his life, to diffuse his own spirit, a spirit of charity, peace, and indulgence, into all around him; and while he zealously endeavoured to clear up the subjects in debate, and to remove misapprehensions, he still more strenuously exerted himself to calm the rage of contest, and to infuse a milder temper into the disputants. Even in these days of tranquil discussion, when a general spirit of toleration seems to have gradually diffused itself over the Christian world, such a conciliating character if placed in an elevated station, would engage our esteem and reverence; but at the æra of the Reformation, that age of division and madness, such gentleness, moderation, and candor, were godlike qualities indeed.

The works of *Sadoleti*, consisting principally of letters, addressed to the most conspicuous persons of the age, are still extant; and as they are drawn up in a pure and elegant style, and frequently treat of subjects of great interest and importance, they are equally amusing and instructive, and are calculated to give a very

favorable idea of the taste, the knowledge, and the piety of the author.

From the time of *Sadoleti*, that is from the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the present period, a regular succession of men eminent for their talents and learning, either natives of its territory, or attracted to its walls by the liberal patronage of its princes, has continued to adorn Modena, and to support its literary reputation. Instead of giving a long and dry catalogue of names, I will mention only two authors; but these of a reputation so splendid as to throw a lustre on any city. One is the *Abbate Muratori*, an Ex-Jesuit, the Duke's librarian, perhaps the most learned antiquary, the most inquisitive, and at the same time, the most impartial historian, that the last century has produced. His works consist of nearly fifty volumes in folio; of these, his *Annali D'Italia*, are perhaps the most instructive and the most entertaining. The other is the *Abbate Tiraboschi*, Ex-Jesuit and librarian as his predecessor *Muratori*, and like him eminent for his profound knowledge of history and of antiquities. His principal work is a history of Italian literature, entitled *Italia Literaria*, in sixteen volumes, a work replete with erudition, seasoned with

curious anecdote, and enriched with much judicious and amusing criticism.

In justice to the Muses of Modena, I must add the name of the playful *Tassoni*, who in his *Secchia Rapita*, gave Boileau and Pope, the hint and the model of the *Lutrin*, and of the Rape of the Lock; taught them to trifle with the splendor of poetry without degrading it, and enabled them, even on frivolous subjects, to display the ease, the pliancy, and the perfection of their respective languages. The important "Bucket," celebrated in this poem, was carried off from a well in one of the streets of Bologna, by a party of Modenese troops, during a petty war between these neighboring cities, and has ever since been most carefully preserved as an invaluable trophy, in a vault under the great tower.

The naturalist may find some occupation in the territory of Modena, by investigating the nature of its wells supplied by perennial sources, and uninfluenced by the state of the atmosphere, as well as by inspecting its petrifications and its mineral fountains.

The Campi Macri, celebrated in opposition

to their name, for their fertility, and the excellent pasturage which they afforded to a famous breed of cattle, were the plains which lie between Parma and Modena, and extend beyond the latter city towards Bologna.

CHAP. VII.

*Bologna, its University, Academies—Imola—
Faventia—Forli—Forlimpopoli—Cesena—
Rubicon—St. Marino—Rimini.*

THE traveller, as he rolls along the Via Emilia, from Modena to Bologna, amidst scenes of the neatest cultivation and of the most luxuriant fertility, will recollect, that the very fields which spread around him, the very country which he is traversing, was the bloody theatre of the last unavailing efforts of Roman liberty. The interview of the Triumvirs took place in an Island formed by the Rhenus, at a little distance from Bologna.* As the river is small, and the island observable only on examination, the traveller generally passes without being aware of the circumstance. The stream still retains its ancient name, and is called the *Rheno*.

* This island is two miles from Bologna, three miles long, and one broad; it contains two villages, *St. Viola*, to the south; *St. Giovanni*, to the north.

From Modena to Bologna, the distance is three stages, about twenty-four miles: about six miles from the former town is Fort *Urbano*, erected by Urban VIII. to mark and defend the entrance into the Ecclesiastical State. *Bologna* (Bononia Felsinia) was a Roman colony, though it retains few or no traces of its antiquity, and is a rich, populous, extensive, and most flourishing city. Its history, like that of the preceding towns, is contained in a few words. First, great and prosperous under its founders, then in the succeeding revolutions of the empire, pillaged, destroyed, and rebuilt; sometimes enslaved, and sometimes free, it underwent and survived all the vicissitudes of the barbarous ages. At last, after various contests with the neighboring states, and with their own tyrants, the inhabitants of Bologna made a voluntary submission to Pope Nicolas III. in 1278, and afterwards to John XXII. in 1327, which they have frequently renewed since, at different periods.

But, in this voluntary submission, the Bolognese did not mean so much to acknowledge the Pope as their direct sovereign, as to put their city under his protection as liege lord: hence, they cautiously retained the management of their finances, the election of their magis-

trates, and the administration of their laws; that is to say, the essential forms of a republic, and only employed the name and authority of the Pontiff to repress the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or to awe the hostility of their neighbors the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals the Venetians. Hence, they always resisted every encroachment on their privileges, and not unfrequently, expelled the papal legates when inclined to overstrain the prerogatives of their office. This guarded and conditional dependence produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty; industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement.

The French, in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings. They deprived their city of its freedom and independence, separated it from the Roman state, and annexed it to the Italian Republic, to share with it the name of a Commonwealth, and, to bear, in reality, the oppressive yoke of an avaricious and insulting tyrant. Mr. Burke, speaking of this event, says, “The Pontiff has seen his free fertile and happy city and state of Bologna, the cradle of regenerated law, the seat of sciences and of arts, the chosen spot

of plenty and delight ;—converted into a Jacobin ferocious republic, dependent on the homicides of France.”

The streets in Bologna are narrow, and the exterior of the public buildings by no means proportioned to the fame and to the opulence of the city. The cathedral is a modern edifice, of Roman architecture, but in a bad style ; the inside is light, and though it did not *appear* so to me, is considered by several connoisseurs, as beautiful. One altar, erected by the late bishop, of the finest marbles, chastest decorations, and best proportions, cannot fail to attract the eye of the observer ; it is exquisite in its kind, and was, in our opinion, almost the only object in the cathedral worthy of attention.

The church of St. Petronius is considered as the principal church. It is Gothic, of great extent and antiquity, and though not beautiful, is celebrated as well for several grand ceremonies, which have been performed in it, such as the coronation of Charles V. by Clement VII. as for the meridian of the famous astronomer *Cassini*, traced on its pavement. It was built about the years 440 or 450, but rebuilt in a very different style in 1390, and seems still to remain, in a great degree, unfinished. The prelate, its

founder first, and now its patron, flourished in the reign of Theodosius, and was a man of great activity and general benevolence. He enlarged the extent of the city, adorned it with several public buildings, procured it the favor and largesses of the Emperor, and, by his long and unremitting exertions to promote its welfare, seems to have a just claim to the gratitude and veneration of its inhabitants. *S. Salvador*, *S. Paolo*, and above all, *La Madonna di S. Luca*, deserve a particular visit. This latter church stands on a high hill, about five miles from *Bologna*. It is in the form of a Greek cross, of the Corinthian order, and is crowned with a dome.

As the people of *Bologna* have a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and crowds flock from all quarters to visit this her sanctuary, for their accommodation, in all seasons and in all weather, a portico has been carried from the gates of the city up the hill to the very entrance of the temple, or rather to the square before it. This immense building was raised by the voluntary contributions of persons of every class in *Bologna*: the richer erected one or more arches, according to their means; the middling classes gave their pecuniary aid in proportion; and the poorest insisted on contributing their labor to

the grand undertaking. It is in reality a most noble monument of public piety, and alone sufficient to prove that the spirit and magnificence of the ancient Romans still animate the modern Italians, and may, in a fortunate combination of circumstances, once more blaze out in all their pristine glory.

The church is of a fine and well proportioned form, rich in marbles, but overloaded, as we imagined, with ornaments. It is needless to add, that from such an elevation the view is beautiful, lost on one side in the windings of the neighboring Apennines, and extending on the other over a plain of immense extent, and unparalleled population and fertility. One circumstance struck us particularly while on the hill. It was the end of March, the sky was clear, and the weather warm nearly as it may be on a bright day in England in the month of May, so warm in short, as to render the shade not only pleasing, but desirable; yet, in various parts of the hill, and near the church, the snow lay deep, and in vast masses likely to resist for some time, the increasing warmth of the season. So great is the influence of such mountains as the Alps and Apennines, on the climate of the adjacent countries.

The two brick towers, *Degli Asinelli* and *Dei Garisendi*, are deformed monuments of a barbarous age, and remarkable only for their unmeaning elevation and dangerous deviation from the perpendicular.

Bologna is decorated with many palaces of vast extent, and some few of noble architecture. Among the latter is the *Palazzo Ranuzzi*, said to be of Palladio; also those of *Lambertini*, *Orsi*, *Bentivogli*, *Malvezzi*, *Campeggi*, *Pepoli*, *Legnani*, &c. These palaces, and indeed almost all the churches and public buildings in *Bologna*, are ornamented with a profusion of paintings, by the first masters, *Guido*, *Guercini*, the *Caracci*, *Caravaggio*, *Giordano*, and particularly *Albano*. Of the latter artist it has been said, that the Loves seem to have mixed his colors, and the Graces to have fashioned his forms; such is the soft glow of his tints, such the ease and the beauty of his groups and figures! The greater number, and the best of this celebrated artist's compositions are to be seen at *Bologna*, and may furnish the admirer of painting with many an hour's, or rather, many a day's entertainment. No city has given more encouragement to painting, or contributed more to its perfection, than *Bologna*; no one has pro-

duced a greater number of illustrious painters, or enjoyed a higher reputation in the art, than its well known school.

To perpetuate the skill and the honors of this school, an academy has been established, under the title of the Clementine Academy, with a sufficient number of eminent professors to direct, and of medals and premiums to animate and reward the zeal of the young artists. Public instructions are given gratis, models furnished, accommodations supplied, and every possible encouragement afforded to attract scholars, and enable them to develop and perfect their talents.

This excellent institution, so well calculated to preserve the reputation of the school of Bologna, originated in the beginning of the last century, and has already produced several artists of reputation; among whom we may rank its first president, *Carlo Cignani*. The halls and apartments of this academy are very spacious, and form part of the palace belonging to the *Instituto di Bologna*. This latter establishment one of the most magnificent of the kind in Italy, or perhaps in the world, occupies an immense and very noble edifice, where the various arts and sciences have their respective halls deco-

rated in a grand style, and furnished with appropriate apparatus. In this palace sits the Academy of Sciences, a singular monument of that enthusiasm for knowledge, which has always formed a distinctive feature in the Italian character.

This Academy of high reputation in the republic of letters, owes its origin in the seventeenth century, to a noble youth of the name of *Eustachio Manfredi*, who, at the early age of sixteen, formed a literary society, and collected at certain stated assemblies in his own house, all the men of taste and talents in *Bologna*. The spirit of the founder has never abandoned the academy, which still continues to enrich the learned world with its productions, and to support the fame and the glory of its origin.

In the same palace, are a library containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, open to the public six days in the week; an observatory furnished with an excellent astronomical apparatus; a vast chemical laboratory; a cabinet of natural history; an experimental cabinet with all kinds of instruments for physical operations; two halls of architecture, one for the civil, the other for the military branches of this art; a marine hall; a gallery of antiquities;

another of statues, and a third of paintings; a hall of anatomy and midwifery, celebrated for a remarkable collection of wax figures, representing the female form in all the stages, and in all the incidents of parturition. In fine, a chapel for the use of the united members of the *Institute*. Almost all these halls and apartments are adorned with pictures and paintings in fresco, on the walls and ceilings, and form one of the most magnificent abodes ever consecrated to the arts and sciences. I have already observed, that regular instructions are given to young painters in the hall of the academy; I must here add, that professors attend and deliver lectures *gratis*, at stated periods, to all students, on the different arts, in their respective halls.

Bologna owes this superb establishment to one of its citizens, General Count *Marsigli*, who, after having passed many years in the Imperial service, returned to his native country, and devoted the remainder of his days, his talents, and his fortune, to the propagation of the arts and sciences, in its bosom. He bestowed upon the city his valuable collections of every kind, and by his exertions formed a society of men of the first talents and reputation, in each art and science, which assumed the name of the *Istituto di Bologna*. To lodge this society, and

receive the above-mentioned collections, the city purchased the *Palazzo Cellesi*, and had it fitted up in its present style combining grandeur and convenience. This arrangement took place in the year 1714. Since that period the *Instituto* has been enriched by the donations of several illustrious persons, and particularly of Benedict XIV. a pontiff of an enlightened and capacious mind, who encouraged the sciences, in all parts of the Roman state, but particularly in Bologna, his native city. An Englishman, accustomed to the rich endowments of his own country will hear with astonishment, that this grand establishment so well furnished with all the materials of science, and so well supplied with professors of the first abilities and reputation, does not possess an annual income of seven hundred pounds a year; and his surprise will increase, when it is added, that the want of a larger income has hitherto been abundantly supplied by the zeal and the indefatigable assiduity of the governors and professors.

From the *Instituto* we naturally pass to the University the glory of Bologna, and equal, if not as the Bolognese pretend, superior in antiquity, and once in reputation, to the most celebrated academies in Europe. The honors, titles, and privileges conferred upon it by kings

and emperors, by synods and pontiffs, the deference paid to its opinions, and the reverence that waited upon its graduates, prove the high estimation in which it was once held; and the names of *Gratian* and *Aldrovandus*, of *Malpighi* and *Guglielmini*, of *Ferres* and *Cassini*, are alone sufficient to shew that this high estimation was not unmerited. The *Scuole pubbliche*, or halls of the university, form a very noble building; seventy professors are employed, and the endowments are very considerable. The number of students however is not adequate to the fame and splendor of such an establishment, as it scarce amounts to five hundred, while anciently it exceeded twice as many thousands. The decrease here, as at Padua, is to be ascribed to the multiplication of similar establishments in all Christian countries.

Besides the *Instituto* and the University, two Academies of inferior lustre and celebrity watch over the interests of literature, and endeavor to extend the empire of the Muses. They are entitled, by a playful opposition, the *Inquieti* and the *Oziosi*, and abandoning the higher regions of science to the speculations of their brethren of the two great seminaries of learning, they range at large through the fields of fancy, and amuse themselves in collecting its

flowers. The youth, whom I mentioned above as founder of the Academy of Sciences *Eustachio Manfredi*, did honor to these societies, by his poetical effusions, and is ranked for tenderness and delicacy among the first Italian poets, in light airy compositions. *Zanotti*, *Scarselli*, *Roberti*, and *Sanseverino*, have acquired considerable reputation in the same line. In short, the two grand features of the Bolognese character, are formed by the two most honorable passions that can animate the human soul—the love of Knowledge, and the love of Liberty; passions which predominate through the whole series of their history, and are justly expressed on their standard, where “*Libertas*” blazes in golden letters in the centre, while “*Bononia docet*” waves in embroidery down the borders,

The fountain in the great square is much celebrated, but more, I think, than it deserves. The statues are good, particularly that of Neptune; but the figures are crowded into a space too small for such a group, and Neptune, “the earth-shaking god,” armed with that trident which controuls the ocean,

“*Et vastas aperit syrtes et temperat æquor.*”

seems employed to little purpose, in superin-

tending a few nymphs and dolphins squirting mere threads of water from their breasts and nostrils. The god should have stood upon a rock, a river should have burst from under his feet, and the mermaids and dolphins, instead of being perched on the narrow cornice of his pedestal, should have appeared sporting in the waves. Such should be the attitude, and such the accompaniments of the God of the Ocean; and such is the *Fontana di Trevi*, in Rome.

On the thirtieth of March, we set out from Bologna, and still rolling along the Via Emilia, through a beautiful country, arrived about two o'clock at *Imola*, twenty miles from Bologna. This neat little town stands on or near the site of Forum Cornelii ruined in the wars between the Greek emperors and the Longobardi. It was the See of the present Pope, before his elevation to the pontifical throne. It contains little worth notice: its Corinthian cathedral was never finished without, nor completely furnished within, and of course scarce deserves a visit. *Imola* has its academy called the *Industriosi*, and can boast of several men of eminence in literature, particularly poets; among these, *Zappi* and *Zampieri* are much esteemed for a certain graceful refinement, and delicacy of sentiment and expression. *Imola*, though situated

in the commencement of the great plain of Milan, derives from the neighboring Apennines a considerable portion of the beauty of mountainous landscape, of which *Monte Batailla* seen from the ramparts, westward, presents a striking instance. The river that bathes its walls, has changed its Roman name *Vatrenus*, into the more sonorous appellation of *Santerno*.

From *Imola* to *Faenza* (*Faventia*) is about ten miles. This ancient town is spacious and well built: its great square, with a fine range of porticos on either side, and a Corinthian church belonging to the Dominicans, deserve attention. Its cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable. We could discover within the vicinity of this city, few traces of the pine-groves, which seem anciently to have formed one of the most conspicuous features of its territory.

Undique solers

Arva coronantem nutrire Faventia pinum.

Sil. viii.

Nine miles from *Faenza*, beyond the river *Montone*, anciently the *Ufens*, stands *Forli* (*Forum Livii*) a long well-built town, with a very spacious and handsome square. The cathedral not remarkable in itself, contains a very beautiful chapel lined with the finest marble, adorned

with paintings, and surmounted with a well proportioned dome. This chapel bears the title of *Vergine del Fuoco*. The tabernacle in the chapel of the sacrament, is the work of Michael Angelo. The Benedictine Abbey of St. *Mercuriale* is a grand edifice, and deserves attention on account of its antiquity. *Forli* has an academy under the title of the *Filargyri*, and has produced several men of literary merit; among others, the *Abbate Pellegrino Gaudenzi*, who might be styled the Italian *Klopstock*, if the laws of euphony would allow names of such opposite sound, to be brought into contact.

From *Forli* to *Forlimpopoli* is four miles. This latter town, anciently *Forum Popilii*, is small but neat. Hence to *Cesena* is a distance of seven miles. We arrived there late in the evening.

In leaving *Bologna* we turned our backs upon the fertile and most extensive plains of Milan, and began gradually to approach the Adriatic on one side, and the Apennines on the other. The road, however, still continues to give the traveller all the advantages of the plain, as scarce an eminence rises to retard his course, before he reaches *Ancona*; while he enjoys all

the beauties of a mountainous country, in the hills on the right, that sometimes advance, and sometimes retire, varying their forms and landscape almost at every step. Mountains crowned with towers, castles or towns, a striking feature of Italian, and particularly of Apennine scenery, had often attracted our attention during our progress, and increasing upon us from Faenza, in number, boldness and beauty, repeatedly forced on our recollection Virgil's descriptive verse,

Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis.

Geo. Lib. ii. 156.

I may add, that numberless rivers rushing from the mountains, intersect the plain, and bathing the time-worn walls of many an ancient town, seemed to exhibit the original of the next line,

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. 157.

These streams, it is true, are mere rills, as most rivers are in southern countries during the heats of summer, and may easily deceive the superficial traveller, who passing their dry channels in that season, may very naturally suppose that their sources have failed, and that the streams themselves exist only in description. To this mistaken notion we perhaps owe the poetical

fiction of Lucan when he represents Cæsar as stepping over the unnoticed Xanthus,

Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum

Transierat, qui Xanthus erat,

Lib. ix. 274-5.

as well as Addison's pleasing lines.*

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,

I look for streams immortalized in song,

That lost in silence and oblivion lie,

(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)

Yet run for ever by the muses skill,

And in the smooth description murmur still.

But when swelled by the rains in autumn, or by the melting snows in spring, these apparently petty rills cover their broad channels, fill their banks, and swell into considerable rivers.

Cesena retains its ancient name unaltered by time or by barbarism. It is a little clean town, beautifully situate at the foot of a ridge of fine hills covered with villas and convents; the eminence immediately over the town is crowned with a romantic old castle. Its cathedral scarcely deserves notice, but its ancient bridge of three vast arches merits attention. The late Pope Pius VI. was born at *Cesena*, and with all

* Letter to Lord Halifax.

the partiality of a native, adorned it with various edifices, and dignified it with several privileges. His countrymen, in grateful acknowledgment, erected a bronze statue over the gate of the Town-hall, representing him in the usual attitude of Popes, that is, as giving his benediction. The inscription is, "Civi optimo," a style perfectly Roman, when applied to the sovereign, and used only in the early periods of the monarchy, while the bold spirit of republican equality still breathed in a few surviving Romans. The soil around the town is fertile, and was anciently remarkable, as the hilly regions of Italy generally were, for excellent wines; such, at least, was the opinion of Pliny. Whether the vines have degenerated, or their culture is neglected; or whether the defect was in our palates, I know not; but we thought the wines of *Cesena* indifferent.

About two miles from *Cesena* flows a stream, called the *Pisatello*, supposed to be the ancient Rubicon. There stood on its northern bank an obelisk, with the decree of the senate and Roman people inscribed on its pedestal, and two other inscriptions on its sides. The French destroyed this obelisk. The slabs that formed the pedestal lay half buried in a farm-yard, about a hundred

paces from the road, where we dug them up, and placed them against the trunk of a tree.

The *Pisatello* like most other mountain streams, is very shallow in dry weather; but its banks are high in some places, and in others, its channel is wide; so that it might occasionally present a mass of waters considerable enough to embarrass an army in its passage. Its sides are shaded with poplars, and present a pretty solitary scene. But it must be observed, that notwithstanding the abovementioned inscriptions, which are generally acknowledged to be spurious, the name and honors of this streamlet are disputed, and that the inhabitants of both *Savignano* and *Rimini*, boldly maintain that their respective rivers have a better title, than the *Pisatello*, to the classical appellation of the *Rubicon*, and to the veneration of the traveller. I must add, what the reader will be not a little surprized to hear, that the learned are nearly as much divided about the modern as about the ancient name of this rivulet.

To understand the difficulties of this question, he must be informed, that between *Cesena* and *Savignano*, the *Via Emilia* is intersected by three streams; the first is about two miles from *Cesena*; the second, five; and the third, eight.

The first is commonly, I believe, called, and certainly marked in the most correct maps, such as that of the learned Jesuits *Maire* and *Bosco-vick*, *Pisatello*; the second, *Rugone*, *Rugosa*, *Rigosa*, or *Urgone*; the third is called *Borco*, and bathes the walls of *Savignano*. These three rills, before they fall into the neighboring Adriatic, unite and form a considerable river called the *Fiumecino*. In opposition to most Italian writers, Cluverius maintains (and it is difficult to question the accuracy of so attentive and indefatigable an investigator) that the former is called *Rugone*, that this appellation is evidently a corruption of Rubicone, and that the second is, properly speaking, the *Pisatello*. However we must assert upon the authority, not of maps or of books only, but of the inn-keeper and the drivers, an authority perhaps more decisive on such a question, that the common name of the first stream is now the *Pisatello*, and that of the second the *Rugone*.

But notwithstanding the difference of names, it is still evident, that the stream *now* called *Pisatello* is a branch only of the Rubicon; and equally so, that the river which Cæsar passed, was not the *Pisatello*, or the *Rugone*, but that which is formed by the three streams united, and is now called the *Fiumecino*. To prove

this circumstance, it is only necessary to observe, that Cæsar marched from Ravenna to Rimini, by the direct road (for as he was in haste we cannot suppose that he deviated from it) that is, not by the Via Emilia, but by that which runs along the sea shore, and is called the Lower Road: to this we may add, that the distance of the *Fiumecino* at present, from Ravenna on one side, and from *Rimini* on the other, agrees with the distance ascribed to the Rubicon, from the same towns in the ancient itineraries. Moreover, it is highly probable, or as the above-mentioned learned geographer maintains, nearly certain, that the ancient Via Emilia, instead of passing the three streams, turned to the sea, and crossed the Rubicon over a bridge, at the point where the rivers unite, and which is therefore called, in the itineraries, “ad Confluentes.” *Rimini*, by the present road, is only eighteen very short, that is, sixteen ancient miles, while it was formerly twenty, from *Cesena*; the difference evidently implies a turn in the road, which could be no other than that leading from *Cesena* to the bridge, “ad Confluentes.”

There were, therefore, two passages over the Rubicon anciently, the one by the Via Emilia, over a bridge, “ad Confluentes;” the other, about a mile lower down, or nearer the sea, on

the direct road from Ravenna to Rimini. This latter then was the passage, and here was the celebrated spot where Cæsar stood, and absorbed in thought suspended for a moment his own fortunes, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind; here appeared the warlike phantom, commissioned by the furies, to steel the bosom of the relenting chief, and to hurry him on to the work of destruction; and here too, arose the Genius of Rome, the awful form of the mighty Parent, to restrain the fury of her rebel son, and to arrest the blow levelled at justice and at liberty.

Ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas
Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago,
Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines. *Lucan, lib. i.*

Here Cæsar passed, and cast the die, that decided the fate, not of Rome only, of her consuls, of her senates, and of her armies, but of nations and empires, of kingdoms and republics, that then slept in embryo in the bosom of futurity.

In crossing the Rubicon, the traveller passes from Cisalpine Gaul into Italy properly so called, and enters the territory of the Umbri, that is Umbria. This province, though it retains its general name, is divided into various arbitrary

departments, such as the *Legazione d'Urbino*, *Marca d'Ancona*, &c. of which, as of most similar partitions, I shall take little or no notice; because they are mere transient distinctions, adapted to the particular administration of each district, and varying with every accidental change in the system of government. A few miles from *Cesena* we came within sight of the Adriatic on the left, while on the right, the mountains increase in height and in magnificence. On the summit of one that rose in full view before us, covered with snow and shining with ice, rose the town of *S. Marino*, bosomed in the regions of winter, and half lost in the clouds. The genius of Liberty alone could have founded, and supported a Republic, in such a situation!

Savignano on the *Borco* is a large handsome town, but, I believe, contains nothing remarkable. Thence to *Rimini*, and, indeed, to *Ancona*, the road runs along the coast of the Adriatic, presenting such scenery as the sea on one side, and on the other the Apennines, or rather their attendant mountains must naturally furnish. About four miles from *Savignano*, we passed the *Luso* (anciently *Plusa*) and six miles further, crossing the ancient *Ariminus*, now the *Marecchia*, entered *Rimini* (*Ariminum*). The bridge over which we passed, is of marble, and in the best

style of Roman architecture; it was erected in the times of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, and is inscribed with their names. It consists of five arches with niches for statues between, and a regular cornice surmounting both arches and niches. Its solidity, boldness and beauty, as well as the date of its erection, have led many connoisseurs to conclude, that it is the work of Vitruvius. The gate on the opposite side, under which the traveller passes on his way to *Pesaro*, is a triumphal arch of Augustus, of the best materials and noblest form. The order is Corinthian, but in some respects peculiar. The barbarous taste of the middle ages crowned this monument of Roman grandeur with a Gothic battlement, a deformity which is still allowed to exist, "*in media luce Italiæ*," in such an age and in such a country.

Rimini is large and well built. In the principal square is a fountain, and a statue of Paul V. changed into that of St. Gaudentius by the French, who, upon this occasion, seem, I know not how, to have forgotten their usual propensity to destruction. The cathedral had been turned by them into a military hospital, and so much disfigured as to be rendered unfit for public worship. The church of the Dominican Friars was, therefore, used for the purposes of cathedral

service. That of St. Francis, adorned with a profusion of marble, deserves notice, particularly as it is supposed to be the last in Italy, if we except however the cathedral of Milan, into which Gothic forms and ornaments have been admitted. It was built in the year 1450, a period when the latter style began to give way to the restored proportions of Roman architecture. However, this attempt to resume the graces of antiquity does not seem to have succeeded, as the orders are ill proportioned, and the whole edifice is clumsy and whimsical. Several other churches and some palaces are worthy the attention of the traveller.

The port of Rimini is much obstructed by the sands swept along by the river in its descent from the neighboring mountains; and though much labor has been employed, and money expended, in order to keep it clear, yet at present it admits small vessels only; an inconvenience incidental to all ports formed by mountain torrents, when they fall into the sea near their sources, and before they have time to deposit the gravelly particles with which they are necessarily encumbered. Some fragments of marble linings and piers remain to attest the ancient magnificence of this port.

Of the history of *Rimini* it can only be said,

that after having suffered in common with all the other cities in Italy, the ravages of the first barbarian invaders, and bowed its neck for some years under the Gothic sceptre, it was restored to the empire by Belisarius, and at the fall of the Exarchate was annexed once more to the Roman territory, in the eighth century. Since that period, though occasionally distracted by factions, and sometimes enslaved by its own citizens, it has never entirely dissolved the tie that binds it to the parent city, nor refused to pay legal submission to its pontiffs. But the most remarkable event in the records of *Rimini* is, without doubt, that which first registered its name in the page of history, and still gives it a claim upon the attention of the traveller. *Rimini* was the first town that beheld Cæsar in arms against his country. After having harangued his troops on the banks of the Rubicon, and made the last appeal from the laws to the sword, he rushed forward with his usual rapidity, and at day-break appeared, surrounded with his cohorts, in the forum at *Rimini*. The untimely sound of the trumpet, the alarm and confusion of the inhabitants, the threatening aspect of Cæsar, are circumstances which the historian discreetly leaves to the imagination of his readers; while the poet finds in them the materials of sublime description :

Constitit ut capto jussus deponere miles
Signa foro, stridor lituûm, clangorque tubarum
Non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
Rupta quies populis, stratisque excita juvenus
Diripiunt sacris affixa penatibus arma
Ut notæ fulsere aquilæ, Romanaque signa,
Et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Cæsar,
Diriguère metu, gelidos pavor occupat artus.

Luc. i.—236, &c.

CHAP. VIII.

Cattolica—Pesaro—Fano—The Metaurus and Monte Asdrubala—Senegaglia—Ancona, its Harbor and Triumphal Arch—Loretto, and the Santa Casa—Tollentino—Ponte Della Trave.

CLOSE to *Rimini* we passed the river *Ansa* or *Aprusa*. Thence to *Ancona*, the scenery continues the same; the *Adriatic* on the left; on the right, fine fertile hills covered with buildings, and rising gradually in height, till they swell into the ridge of the *Apennines* about fifteen miles southwest. Among the hills, *S. Marino* presents to the eye, a perpendicular precipice of tremendous height, and of craggy aspect, and long continues to form a most majestic and conspicuous feature of the landscape. The first stage is *Cattolica*, a title given to this place, because it became the asylum of the orthodox prelates, who receded from the council held at *Rimini*, when they found that the *Arian* faction seemed likely to prevail.

Such at least is the import of an inscription in the principal church, a neat edifice, with a high Gothic tower opposite. The river *Concha*, which flows a few miles from *Cattolica*, on the road to *Rimini*, is supposed, by Cluverius, to be the “*Crustumium rapax*” of Lucan.

About ten miles from *Cattolica*, is *Pesaro* (*Psaurus*) a large, clean, airy town, with a handsome square ornamented by a noble fountain, and formerly by a marble statue of Urban VIII. lately destroyed by the French. Most of the churches are remarkable for their paintings, and some for their architecture. Among the latter are *S. Giovanni*, *La Misericordia*, and *S. Carolo*. Several palaces have the same claim to attention. On the whole, few towns have a handsomer or more prepossessing appearance than *Pesaro*. The bridge over the *Foglia* anciently the *Pesaurus*, is a very noble edifice, and though not ancient, worthy of being so.

About seven miles further is *Fano* (*Fanum Fortunæ*) a well-built, and very handsome town. One of the gates of *Fano* is a triumphal arch of Augustus; a gallery or portico of five arcades was built over it, at a later period, that is, under Constantine; the whole is, or was, Corinthian. It was considerably defaced, and the upper story

destroyed, by the artillery, in a contest between this town and Julius II. Several pillars still lie, as they seem to have fallen, on the platform above the arch. On the three different cornices, there are three inscriptions. The churches at *Fano* are not inferior to those at *Pesaro*. The theatre was a noble and commodious edifice, but has been so long neglected, that it has at present much the appearance of a ruin.*

The Via Flaminia here turns from the sea towards the Apennines, and runs along the banks of the Metaurus, now called the *Metaro*, or shorter, the *Metro*. This river, a streamlet in dry weather, must, if we may judge by its wide-extended bed, and by the long bridge thrown over it, form in rainy seasons a vast sheet of water. Its western banks are covered with wood, and increase in height and declivity as they retire from the sea. To the east, opens a plain, bounded by gentle eminences, and contracting in breadth as it runs southward, where the hills

* The *Basilica* annexed to the forum of Fanum was planned and built by Vitruvius. Would it be impossible to discover some traces of an edifice, which, from the account which he gives of its form and proportions, seems to have been of considerable magnitude and beauty? None are now observable. *Vit. L. v. C. 1.*

line the banks of the river. The Adriatic occupies the north, and to the south rise the Apennines in irregular forms, interrupted only by the steep dell, through which the river forces its passage. The character of boisterous rapidity, given by the poets to this stream, agrees with it only while rushing from the Apennines, or confined within the defiles that line the base of these mountains.

Veloxque Metaurus. *Lucretius* ii. 495.

Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Æsis, Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vertice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus.

Silvius viii. 447.

The banks of this river were, as is well known, the theatre of one of the most glorious and most decisive victories ever obtained by the Romans, a victory which saved Rome, by depriving Annibal of his long expected reinforcements, and anticipated the fall of Carthage, by cutting off at one stroke the strength of her armies and the flower of her rising generation.

The description which Livius has given of the battle of Metaurus is animated and circumstantial; and though the learned seem to doubt whether it be possible to ascertain the spot on which it took place, may, I think, enable us to guess at it with

some probability. According to the historian, both armies were encamped on or near the Sena, about four miles westward of Senegaglia, or to use his words, “*Ad Senam castra consulis erant, et quingentos inde passus Asdrubal aberat.*” Asdrubal began his retreat, “*primâ vigiliâ,*” that is, about an hour after sunset; and after having wandered in the dark for some time, reached the Metaurus, about eight miles from the Sena, and there halted till break of day, when following the banks from the sea towards the mountain, in order to discover some place fordable, he was overtaken and attacked by the Romans. The battle commenced at an early hour, for after various manœuvres and a most bloody contest, it was only mid-day when victory decided in favor of the Romans. “*Et jam diei medium erat, sitisque et calor hiantes, cædendos capiundosque (hostes) affatim præbebat.*” * Now when we consider these circumstances united, that is, that the nights were short, as it was summer, that after having marched eight miles, the Carthaginian army bewildered themselves in the windings of the banks, “*per tortuosi amnis sinus flexusque errorem volvens,*” that they halted and were overtaken early in the morning, we shall conclude, that they

* T. Liv. Lib. xxvii. 48.

had not marched more than eighteen miles from Sena, or, in other words, that they had not reached the mountains, and, of course, that the battle took place in the plain, but nearer the mountains than the sea. Moreover, the left wing of the Carthaginian army, formed chiefly of Gauls, was covered by a hill. Round this hill, when the Consul Claudius had attacked the enemy in the rear, was the principal slaughter, and it is highly probable that the fall of the Carthaginian general ennobled this spot, and dignified it with the appellation of *Monte Asdrubale*. We may therefore I think conclude, without much danger of wandering widely from the truth, that the round hill which still bears that name, and rises south of the Metaurus, about three miles from *Fossombrone* on the road to *Forli*, was the scene of this memorable action. It is about eighteen miles by the Via Flaminia from *Fano*, and about fourteen from the *Sena*, on which both armies were encamped the day before. In fine, a battle in which a hundred thousand combatants are engaged, covers a great extent of country, and spreads over all the neighboring region; so that the banks of the river, for many a mile, witnessed the rout of the Carthaginians; and the poetical prediction was fully accomplished,

Multa quoque Asdrubalis fulgebit strage Metaurus.

Two hours brought us to the river *Negola* (Misus),

Quo Sena relictum

Gallorum a populis traxit per sæcula nomen!

for, on its banks stands *Senegaglia*, which took its name from the Galli Senones, though colonized by the Romans after the destruction of that race.

Senegaglia is a very well built, airy, and apparently flourishing town. The cathedral of the Corinthian order was lately rebuilt, and its high altar adorned with a most beautiful tabernacle, by the present bishop, Cardinal *Onorati*, who has the reputation of being a man of taste and public spirit. Unfortunately for the town, his means of indulging the useful propensities which naturally follow such endowments, have been completely annihilated by the rapacity of the French, and all improvements, since the fatal period of their arrival, have been totally suspended. The distance from this town to Ancona is twenty-four computed, twenty real miles. A little beyond *Casa Frascata*, at the *Bocca de Fiumecino*, we passed the *Esino*, the Roman Aesis, entered Picenum, and arrived late at Ancona.

Ancona retains its ancient name, supposed to

be derived from its reclining posture, and no small share of its ancient prosperity, as, Venice excepted, it is still the most populous and the most trading city on the shores of the Adriatic. Most of the towns we have hitherto mentioned were founded by various Gallic tribes. Ancona boasts a nobler origin. It was built by a band of Syracusan patriots who, to avoid the insolence and lawless sway of Dionysius the tyrant, abandoned their country, and settled on this coast, about four hundred years before Christ. It was anciently remarkable for a celebrated temple of Venus, and, like Paphos and Cythera, was supposed to be one of the favorite resorts of the Goddess of Love and Beauty.* In reality, it would be difficult to find a situation more conformable to the temper of the “Queen of smiles and sports,” or better adapted to health and enjoyment than Ancona. Seated on the side of a hill forming a semicircular bay, sheltered by its summit from the exhalations of the south, covered by a bold promontory from the blasts of the north, open only to the breezes of the west, that wanton on the bosom of the waters which bathe its feet, and surrounded by fields of inexhaustible fertility, Ancona seems formed for the

* Ante domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon.—
Juv. iv. 39.

abode of mirth and luxury. Hence it has been remarked by travellers, that the inhabitants of Ancona, and its territory, are of a more beautiful form and fairer color than their countrymen in general; and though several invidious reasons have been given to account for this flattering distinction, I must add, that their morals are acknowledged to be pure, and the conduct of the females unimpeachable.

The Romans, aware of the advantages of this port, made it their principal naval station in the Adriatic, built a magnificent mole to cover the harbor, and adorned it with a triumphal arch. This useful and splendid work was undertaken and finished by Trajan, and to him the triumphal arch is dedicated. It is still entire, though stripped of its metal ornaments; the order is Corinthian; the materials, Parian marble; the form light, and the whole is considered as the best, though not the most splendid, nor the most massive model, that remains of similar edifices. It was ornamented with statues, busts, and probably inferior decorations of bronze; but of these, as I hinted above, it has been long since stripped by the avarice of barbarian invaders, or perhaps of ignorant and degenerate Italians. From the first taking of Rome by Alaric, that is, from the total fall of the arts to their restora-

tion, it was certain ruin to an ancient edifice to retain, or to be supposed to retain, any ornament, or even any stay of metal. Not the internal decorations only were torn off, but the very nails pulled out, and not unfrequently stones displaced, and columns overturned, to seek for bronze or iron. Of this species of sacrilegious plunder we find numberless instances, not only in the edifice now under our consideration, but in various remains of antiquity, and particularly in the Pantheon and Coliseum.

Nor will this conduct appear wonderful in men either by birth or by habits, and grovelling passions, barbarians; when in our own times, and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank and education have not hesitated to disfigure the most ancient, and the most venerable monuments of Grecian architecture, to tear the works of Phidias and Praxiteles from their original position, and to demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism, had respected during twenty centuries. The French, whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the guilt of dismantling ancient edifices; they spared the walls, and contented themselves with statues and paintings, and even these they have collected and arranged in halls and galleries, for the inspection of travellers of

all nations ; while, if report does not deceive us, *our* plunderers have ransacked the temples of Greece, to sell their booty to the highest bidder, or, at best, to piece the walls of some obscure old mansion, with fragments of Parian marble, and of Attic sculpture.

The triumphal arch has only one gateway, is ornamented with four half columns on each front, one at each side of the gateway, and one at each angle. The marble, particularly in the front towards the sea, retains its shining white ; the capitals of the pillars have suffered much, and lost the prominent parts of the acanthus ; however, on the whole, this arch may be considered in high preservation.

The greatest part of the mole still remains, a solid compact wall, formed of huge stones bound together by iron, and rising to a considerable height above the level of the sea. Close to it, but much lower, is the modern mole, adorned in like manner with a triumphal arch of the Tuscan order, in itself not beautiful, and when compared with the Corinthian arch that stands almost immediately over it, extremely cumbersome. The architect was *Vanvitelli*, a name of considerable repute in the architectural annals of the last century ; and if we may judge from the solidity of

the new mole, from the elevation of the lighthouse that terminates it, and from the admirable arrangement of the *Lazaretto*, he seems to have merited the celebrity which he enjoyed. It is difficult, however, to conceive what motives could have induced him to place an arch, of so mixed a composition, and so heavy a form, so near to the simple and airy edifice of Trajan, unless it were to display their opposite qualities by the contrast, and of course to degrade and vilify his own workmanship. But all modern architects, not excepting the great names of *Michael Angelo*, *Bramante*, and *Palladio*, have had the fever of innovation; and more than ten centuries of unsuccessful experiments have not been sufficient to awaken a spirit of diffidence, and to induce them to suspect that, in deviating from the models of antiquity, they have abandoned the rules of symmetry; and, that in erecting edifices on their own peculiar plans, they have only transmitted their bad taste, in stone and marble monuments, to posterity.

The cathedral of Ancona is a very ancient, but a low, dark edifice. It contains nothing within, and exhibits nothing without, to fix attention. Its situation, however, compensates in a great degree, its architectural defects. Placed near the point of the Cumerian promontory,

elevated far above the town and the harbor, it commands a most magnificent view, extending along the sea coast to *Pesaro* and *Fano* on the north, bounded on the west by the snow-crowned Apennines, while on the east it wanders over the Adriatic, and, in clear weather, rests on the distant hills of Dalmatia. We lingered on this delightful spot with much satisfaction, and while our eyes feasted on the varied prospect expanded before us, we enjoyed, though it was only the second of April, the freshness of the gale that sprang occasionally from the sea, and fanned us as we ascended the summit of the promontory and the tops of the neighboring mountains.

There are, however, several churches that merit observation; particularly the *Agostiniani*, and the *Giesu* (of *Vanvitelli*) as also the *Palazzo della Communita*, or Town-hall, and the *Palazzodei Mercanti*, or Merchant's-hall. The Popes have not been wanting in their attention to the prosperity of Ancona. They have made it a free port, allowed liberty of conscience to persons of all religions, improved the harbor, and opened a new and very noble approach on the land side. However, in commerce, activity, and population, Ancona is still inferior to Leghorn, owing probably to the situation of the

latter on the western coast of Italy, in the heart of the Mediterranean, and open, of course to the commerce of France, Spain, Africa, and the Mediterranean islands; while the former, on the Adriatic, a sea comparatively unfrequented, faces Dalmatia, a country little known in the commercial world, and little given to mercantile speculation and activity.

The general appearance of Ancona, though beautiful at a distance, is, within, dark and gloomy, in consequence of the narrowness of the streets, and the want of squares and of great public buildings. Ancona and its neighboring towns and coasts, are celebrated in the following lines of Silius Italicus :

Hic & quos pascunt scopulosæ rura Numanæ,
 Et quæ litoreæ fumant altaria Cupræ,
 Quique Truentinas servant cum flumine turrets
 Cernere erat: clypeata procul sub sole corusco
 Agmina, sanguineâ vibrant in nubila luce.
 Stat Fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
 Murice nec Libyco. Statque humectata Vomano
 Adria, & inclemens hirsuti signifer Ascli.

Sil. Ital. viii. 430, 438.

Numana is now *Humana*; Cupra, *Le Grotte*. Truentium on the banks of the *Tronto*, unknown at present. The river still bears its ancient name *Vomano* and Ascli *Ascoli*.

The distance from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, is about fourteen miles; the road hilly, the country in the highest degree fertile, and the views on every side extremely beautiful. *Camurano*, the intermediate stage, stands on a high hill, and has a small but handsome church. *Loretto* also is situate on a very bold and commanding eminence. This town is modern, and owes its existence to the *Santissima Casa*, and its splendor to the zeal or to the policy of Sixtus Quintus. It is large, well built, populous, and notwithstanding its elevated site well supplied by an aqueduct with water. It is surrounded with a rampart, and from that rampart commands a varied and most delightful prospect on all sides. To the north rise *Osimo* the *Auximum* of the ancients, and *Camurano*, each on a lofty hill; also close to the sea, an abbey perched on the summit of *Monte Gomero* (*Cumerium promontorium*); on the south, *Monte Santo* anciently *Sacrata*, and *Macerata*; to the west, *Recanati*, and *Monte Fiore*; with the Apennines rising, broken, white and craggy, behind; while to the east, between two hills, the Adriatic spreads its blue expanse, and brightening as it retires from the shore, vanishes gradually in the white fleecy clouds that border the horizon.

Every reader is acquainted with the legendary

history of the *Santissima Casa*, or most holy house; that it was the very house which the Virgin Mother, with the infant Saviour and St. Joseph, inhabited at Nazareth; that it was transported by angels from Palestine, when that country was totally abandoned to the infidels, and was placed, first in Dalmatia, and afterwards on the opposite shore in Italy, close to the sea side, whence, in consequence of a quarrel between two brothers, the proprietors of the ground, it was removed, and finally fixed on its present site. This wonderful event *is said* to have taken place in the year 1294, and is attested by the *ocular* evidence of some Dalmatian peasants, the testimony of the two quarrelsome brothers, and, I believe, the declaration of a good old lady of the name of *Laureta*. Some had seen it in Dalmatia, others beheld it hovering in the air, and many had found it in the morning on a spot, which they knew to have been vacant the evening before. Such is, at least in general, the account given at Loretto, circulated all over Italy, piously admitted by many holy persons, and not a little encouraged by the Popes.

I need not say, however, that many men of reflection in Italy, and indeed within the precincts of Loretto itself, consider this wonderful

story as an idle tale, or at best a pious dream, conceived by a heated imagination, and circulated among an ignorant race of peasants and fishermen. They suppose the holy house to have been a cottage or building long buried in a pathless forest, and unnoticed in a country turned almost into a desert by a succession of civil wars, invasions, and revolutions, during the space of ten or twelve centuries. A dream, an accidental coincidence of circumstances might have led one or more persons to the discovery of this long forgotten edifice, and such an incident working on minds heated by solitude and enthusiasm, might easily have produced the conviction, and propagated the belief of the wonderful tale.

But be the origin of the holy house what it may, the effect of artifice or of credulity, it gradually attracted the attention first of the country round, then of Italy at large, and at length of the whole Christian world. The miracle was every where heard with joy and admiration, and every-where welcomed with implicit unsuspecting faith. Princes and prelates, rich and poor, hastened with pious alacrity to venerate the terrestrial abode of the incarnate Word, and to implore the present aid and influence of his Virgin Mother. Gifts and votive offerings accu-

mulated; a magnificent church was erected; gold silver and diamonds blazed round every altar, and heaps of treasures loaded the shelves of the sacristy; various edifices rose round the new temple, and Loretto became, as it still remains, a large and populous city.

The church was planned by *Bramante*, and is a very noble structure, in the form of a cross, with a dome over the point of intersection. Under this dome is the *Santa Casa*, a building about thirty feet long and fourteen high, vaulted, of stone rough and rather uneven. It is difficult to discover the original color of the stone, as it is blackened by the smoke of the numberless lamps continually burning, but it is said to be of a reddish grey; the interior is divided by a silver rail into two parts of unequal dimensions. In the largest is an altar; in the less, which is considered as peculiarly holy, is a cedar image of the blessed Virgin placed over the chimney-piece. The exterior is covered with a marble casing, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and sculptured pannels representing various incidents of Gospel History. The font, the Mosaics over several altars, the bronze gates both of the church and of the *Santa Casa*, and several paintings in the chapels are admired by connoisseurs, and deserve a minute examination.

The square before the church, formed principally of the apostolical palace the residence of the bishop, and of the canons and the penitentiaries, is in a very grand style of architecture.

The treasury was formerly a subject of admiration and astonishment to all travellers, who seemed to attempt but in vain to describe, not the gold and silver only, but the gems and the diamonds that glittered on every vase, and dazzled the eyes with their splendor. Long catalogues were produced of the names of Emperors, Kings, Potentates and Republics, who had contributed to augment this immense accumulation of wealth with additional offerings, and some surprise was expressed, that the Turk or some hardy pirate tempted by the greatness of the booty, and by the facility of the conquest, did not assault the town, and endeavor to enrich himself with the plunder. But such was the supposed sanctity of the place, such the religious awe that surrounded it, that even the Turks themselves beheld it with veneration, and the inhabitants reposed with confidence under the tutelar care of the Virgin Patroness. Once, indeed, the infidels made a bold attempt to assault the sanctuary of Loretto; but, like the Gauls under Brennus presuming to attack the temple of Delphi, they were repulsed by tremendous

storms, and struck with supernatural blindness. *Loretto*, indeed, in latter times, as *Delphi* in days of old, was surrounded with an invisible rampart, which no mortal arm could force, and no malignant *dæmon* even venture to assail repressed both by superior power,

—— motique verendâ,
Majestate loci ——

But *Loretto* has now shared the fate of *Delphi*; its sacred bounds have been violated, its sanctuary forced, and its stores of treasure seized, and dispersed by the daring hands of its late invaders. No vestige now remains of this celebrated collection of every thing that was valuable; rows of empty shelves, and numberless cases, only afford the treasurer an opportunity of enlarging on its immensity, and a tolerable pretext for cursing the *banditti* that plundered it. “*Galli*,” said he, “*semper rapaces, crudeles, barbarorum omnium Italis infestissimi* :” he added, in a style of compliment, “*Angli, justi, moderati, continentes*.” I hope our countrymen will endeavour to verify the compliment, by their conduct towards the degraded Greeks, and the oppressed Italians !

But though we condemned the sacrilegious rapine of the French, we could not share the

deep regret of the good father. Treasures buried in the sacristies of the churches, are as useless, as if still slumbering in their native mines; and though they may contribute to the splendor of an altar, or to the celebrity of a convent, they can be considered only as withheld from the purposes for which Providence designed them, and as drawbacks upon that industry which they are made to encourage. The altar ought certainly to be provided with a sufficient quantity of plate for the decency, and even for the splendor of divine service: such was the opinion of the Christian church even in the second century; but it is the duty of government not to allow it to accumulate: and it is much to be lamented, that the immense wealth deposited in the churches in Italy, had not been employed, as anciently was the custom in times of public distress, for public relief. “*Ad divos adeunto castè: pietatem adhibento: opes amovento.*”*

The church of Loretto is a magnificent establishment. It consists of twenty prebendaries or resident canons: twenty chaplains or minor canons; and twenty penitentiaries, to hear the confessions of the pilgrims, and to administer to them

* Cic. de Legibus, ii. 8.

advice and spiritual consolation. These penitentiaries are selected from various countries, that every pilgrim may find a director, who can discourse with him in his own language. The number of pilgrims seem at present to be very small; indeed they have long ceased to be of any advantage to the town, as they are generally of the lowest class, beg their bread on the road, and are supported at the expence of the church while at Loretto. We visited the fathers, and were treated by them with much kindness and cordiality.

The traveller would do well, while his headquarters are at Loretto, to visit *Osimo*, *Humana*, *Monte Santo*, and as much of the coast and country southward as possible. These places are all of ancient fame, and the whole region around is both beautiful and classical.

From Loretto the road turns directly to Rome, passes under a noble gateway, descends the hill of Loretto, with an aqueduct running on the left, and then rising traverses *Recanati* a neat but deserted episcopal town. Again descending it winds through a delicious plain watered by the *Potenza*, adorned with all the beauty of cultivation, and with all the exuberance of fertility, producing corn and beans, clover and flax, vines and mulberries, in profusion; and when we pass-

ed through it, all lighted up and exhilarated by the beams of a vernal evening sun.

A little beyond the post *Sambucheto*, and on the banks of the river lie the ruins of an amphitheatre, or rather of a town, supposed by some antiquaries, to have been *Recina*; though others conclude, from the distance of fourteen miles marked by the Itineraries, between *Auximum* and *Recina*, that the latter stood on or near the site of the modern *Macerata*, that is, about two miles and a half farther on.

Macerata is an episcopal see, a town of some population, activity, and even magnificence. It is situated on a high hill, and commands an extensive view of the lovely country which we had traversed terminating in the distant Adriatic. The gate is a sort of modern triumphal arch not remarkable either for materials or for proportion. The same beautiful scenery continues to delight the traveller till he reaches *Tollentino*.

Tollentino an episcopal see and very ancient, contains nothing remarkable. Its principal church is dedicated to St. Nicolas a native saint, and of course in high veneration. The bust of a celebrated philosopher of the fifteenth century, *Philolphus*, is placed over the entrance of the

Town-hall; a circumstance, which I mention merely as an instance of the respect which the Italians are wont to shew to the memory of their great men of every description. The gate towards Loretto is double, of Gothic architecture, and of a singular form.* The situation of the town is extremely pleasing, on a gentle eminence on the banks of the *Chienti*, in a fertile plain lined on either side with wooded hills.

A little beyond *Tollentino* we began to enter the defiles of the Appennines; the hills closing

* As we sat on a heap of stones contemplating the Gothic structure of the gate, and its antique accompaniments, a Pilgrim made his appearance under the archway. He was dressed in a russet cloak, his beads hung from his girdle, his hat was turned up with a scallop shell in front, his beard played on his breast, and he bore in his hand a staff with a gourd suspended. Never did Pilgrim appear in *costume* more accurate, or in more appropriate scenery. With the Gothic gate through which he was slowly moving, he formed a picture of the thirteenth century. We entered into conversation with him, and found that he was a German, and had been, as Kings and Princes were wont to go in ancient times, to the *Threshold of the Apostles* (*ad limina Apostolorum*) and had offered up his orisons at the shrine of St. Peter. He did not ask for alms, but accepted a trifle with gratitude, and with an humble bow promised to remember us in his prayers, and proceeded on his journey.

and swelling into mountains, the river roughening into a torrent, and the rocks breaking here and there into huge precipices. The road runs along the sides of the hills, with the *Chienti* rolling below on the left. A little beyond *Belforte*, a view opens over the precipice towards a bridge, and presents a landscape of very bold features. *Belforte* is an old fortress perched on the side of a rock in a very menacing situation, and well calculated to command the defile. A village on the opposite side of the river adds not a little to its picturesque appearance.

The grandeur of the scenery increased as we advanced; beyond the stage *Valcimara*, the mountains are naked rocky and wild for some miles; on a sudden they assume a milder aspect, sink in height, clothe their sides with sylvan scenery, and present on their wooded summits, churches castles and ruins, the usual ornaments of Italian mountains. The landscape continued to improve in softness and in milder beauty till we arrived at *Ponte de la Trave*, so called from a bridge over the *Chienti*. Here, though we had travelled two stages or eighteen miles only, and it was still early, we determined to remain during the night; partly from a just apprehension of danger in passing the steep and lonely fastnesses of *Seravalle* in the dark, and partly from

an unwillingness to traverse the majestic solitudes of the Appennines, when incapable of enjoying the prospect. The inn, it is true, was indifferent, but the surrounding scenery extremely pleasing. The river rolling rapidly along close to the road; a convent seated in the middle of a vineyard; groves waving on the sides of the hills; the fields painted with the lively green of vernal vegetation; fruit-trees in full blossom on all sides; farm-houses interspersed in the groves and meadows; and broken crags surmounted with churches and towers in distant perspective, formed on the whole a scene, rich, varied, tranquil and exhilarating. One would imagine that Addison, who travelled this road, had this delicious valley in view, when in imitation of Virgil, he exclaims,

Bear me, some God, to Baiæ's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms and fruits and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Letter from Italy.

CHAP. IX.

Passage of the Apennines—Foligno—Improvvisatore—The Clitumnus, its Temple and Vale—Spoleto—Monte Somma—Terni—Falls of the Velino, Addison's opinion refuted—The Nar, Narni—The Tiber—Otricoli—Civita Castellana—Montes Cimini—Nepi—Campagna—First View of Rome.

FROM *Ponte de Trave*, the road runs for some time over a country enclosed, cultivated, and wooded, with much variety; but the scenery gradually roughens as you ascend the Apennines; the mountains swell and close upon you, assume a savage aspect, and though on the banks of the river which still attends you and winds through the defile, yet the scenery is rocky, naked, and barren. *Sera Valle* is in a deep dell, where the river rolls tumbling along shaded by oaks, poplars, and vines. A rocky mountain rises immediately to the west of the town. From its foot close to the road, through various crevices gushes

a vast source of the purest water, which may justly be considered as one of the heads of the *Potentia*. On the steep side of the hill stands an old ruined Gothic castle, whose fortifications run in different compartments, down to the road side. In the nearest is an aperture in a vault formed over a large and deep spring. This rocky mountain appears to be a vast reservoir of waters, as a little higher up towards the summit, about one hundred yards from the first source of the river *Potentia*, another bursts out at the bottom of a cavern finely shaded with bushes, shrubs, and fruit trees.

A little farther on, you enter a plain spreading in the midst of the Apennines, whose summits rise in various shapes around, and form a majestic amphitheatre. It is not however to be understood, that the summits to which I allude, are the highest points of the whole ridge: this is not true, as the pinnacles of the Apennines are covered with snow almost all the year, while the mountains which we passed over, only exhibited a few detached sheets of snow, and were in general green. I mean therefore that above *Seravalle*, you reach the highest point of the mountains that intersect the *Via Flaminia*, and the road from *Ancona* to *Rome*. On the sides of the mountains you see villages and cottages, the

greatest part of which look bleak and miserable, and in the midst of the plain, graze numerous flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle. There is, however, an appearance of loneliness about the place, that excites in the traveller's mind, ideas of danger, which are considerably increased by accounts of murders and robberies said to have been committed in this remote region.

While we were gliding over this elevated plain, with silence and dreariness around us, I began to reflect on the descriptions which the ancient poets have left us of the Apennines, a ridge of mountains which the Romans beheld with fondness and veneration, as contributing so much both to the beauty and to the security of their country. In reality, they had reason to thank Providence for having placed such a tremendous barrier between them and their victorious enemy, after the disastrous engagement on the banks of the Trebia. The attempt of Annibal to pass the Apennines, is eloquently described by Titus Livius:* upon that occasion one would suppose that the Genius of Rome, enveloped in tempests, and armed with thunder, had stood on the summit to arrest the invader:—"Tum verò ingenti sono cœlum stre-

* Liv. xxi. 58.

pere et inter horrendos fragores micare ignes.” After repeated, but useless exertions, Annibal returned to the plain, and Rome had time to arm her youth and to call forth all her energies, to meet the approaching tempest.

Lucan, in his description of the Apennines, indulges as usual his vein of hyperbolical exaggeration; but as he is accurate in his representation of the bearing of this immense ridge, and of the rivers that roll from its sides, it may not be amiss to insert his lines,

Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni, superique maris : collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti.
In lævum cecidere latus veloxque Metaurus,
Crustumiumque rapax, et junctus Isapis Isauro,
Semnaque, et Adriacas qui verberat Aufidus undas :
Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem,
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora silvas
Dexteriora petens montis declivia Tybrim
Unda facit, Rutubamque cavum ; delabitur inde
Vulturnusque celer, nocturnæque editor auræ
Sarnus, et umbrosæ Liris per regna Maricæ
Vestinis impulsus aquis, radensque Salerni
Culta Siler, nullasque vado qui Macra moratus
Alnos, vicinæ procurrit in æquora Lunæ.
Longior educto qua surgit in aëra dorso,

Gallicâ rura videt, devexasque excipit Alpes
 Tunc Umbris Marsisque ferax, domitusque Sabello
 Vomere, piniferis amplexus rupibus omnes
 Indigenas Latii populos, non deserit ante
 Hesperiam, quam cum Scyllæis clauditur undis,
 Extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes.

Lib. ii.

This poet delighted in details, and loved to display his knowledge, whether connected with his subject or not. Others have been more correct, and have selected such particular features only as suited the circumstance. Thus Petronius Arbiter alludes merely to height, as an extensive view only was requisite for the Fury, whom he represents as perched upon its summit.

Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
 Alta petit gradiens iuga nobilis Apennini,
 Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora posset
 Adspicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas.

Silius Italicus enlarges upon the deep expanse of driven snow, and the vast sheets of solid ice, which when Annibal attempted the passage, buried the forests, and wrapped up the pinnacles of the Apennines in impenetrable winter.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica, summo
 Piniferum cœlo miscens caput Apenninus;
 Condiderat nix alta trabes et vertice celso
 Canus apex structâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ.

Sil. Ital. ix. 741.

In fine, Virgil, whose masterly hand generally gives a perfect picture in a single line, to close one of his noblest comparisons with the grandest image, presents the Apennine in all its glory, with its evergreen forests waving on its sides, and a veil of snow thrown over its majestic summit.

Quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse, coruscis
Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras.

Vir. xii. 701.

On quitting the plain you wind along the mountain with a lake on your right, and passing an eminence, begin to descend the declivity of *Colfiorito* represented more dangerous than it really is, because, though the precipice be steep and abrupt, the road is good, and winding along the side of the hill descends on an easy slope. Through the deep dell that borders the road, a streamlet murmurs along, and gradually increasing becomes a river, which, in the plain below, falls into the Clitumnus. The little post of *Case nuove* forms the first stage of the descent, which continues with little or no intermission to the neighborhood of *Foligno*. About three miles from this town, the mountains open and give the traveller a delightful view through the deep wooded defile into the adjoining vale, a view,

which, when we passed, was considerably improved by the splendid coloring of the evening sun.

At the village situate in the dell below amidst woods and rocks, the river pent up between the closing crag, works its way through several little chasms, and tumbles in seven or eight cascades down the steep through tufts of box and ilex, amidst houses and fragments of rocks intermingled, into the plain below, where turning two or three mills as it passes, it hurries along to join the neighboring Clitumnus.

I should advise the traveller to alight, order his carriage to wait for him at the foot of the hill, and going down to the village, visit a very curious grotto formed by the waters while confined within the caverns of the mountain. It is entirely underground, may be about five-and-twenty feet high, is hollowed into several little niches supported by stalactite pillars, and ornamented on all sides with natural fretwork. He may then pass through the rows of olive trees that cover the opposite rocks, observe the singular situation of the village between two mountains, one of naked rock, the other covered with brush-wood; examine as he descends, the picturesque effect of the several hills bursting through masses of wall and verdure,

and then he may follow the road that runs along the foot of the hill, and mount his carriage within a mile of *Foligno*.

While at supper, we were amused by the appearance of an *Improvvisatore*, who, after having sung an ode of his own composition in honor of England, poured forth his unpremeditated verse with great harmony of tones, strength of voice, and rapidity of utterance. He asked for a subject, and we gave the prosperity of Italy, which he enlarged upon with some enthusiasm, asking emphatically at the conclusion of each stanza, how Italy, open as it was to two *barbarous* nations, such as the French and the Germans, could ever expect prosperity? His extemporaneous effusions generally ended in the praises of England; and, after some bumpers and a suitable present, he retired with much apparent satisfaction. These characters, in their wandering habits, precarious mode of living, and interested exertions, so much like the bards of ancient days, have, it is said, decreased in number since the French invasion, owing partly to the depression of the national spirit, and partly to the poverty of their former patrons, and to the absence of wealthy foreigners. The exhibition was perfectly new to us, and while we enjoyed it, we could not but agree that such an ease and versatility of

talent, might if properly managed, be directed to very great and very useful purposes.

Foligno the ancient *Fulginia*, though a large, is yet a very indifferent town. Its cathedral unfinished without, is neat within, of handsome Ionic, and contains two pretty side altars. In reality, there are few Italian churches which do not present something interesting to an attentive traveller, so generally is taste diffused over this classic country. But the situation of *Foligno* compensates all its internal defects. At the foot of the Apennines, in a delightful plain that winds between the mountains, extending ten miles in breadth and about forty in length, adorned with rows of vines, corn fields, and villages, it enjoys the breezes and the wild scenery of the mountains with the luxuriance and the warmth of the valley. This its site, is alluded to by *Silius*.

———patuloque jacens sine moenibus arvo
Fulginia. *Sil. viii.*

About three miles distant rises *Bevagna*, the ancient *Mevania*; and through the same valley the *Clitumnus* rolls his “sacred streams,” and glories in the beauty and fertility of his banks. At *Foligno*, the traveller from *Loretto* again re-enters the *Via Flaminia*.

The first stage from Foligno terminates at a place called *Le Vene*. Almost close to the post-house on the northern side, rises on a steep bank an ancient temple; and a little to the south of it, from various narrow vents or *veins*, gushes out a most plentiful stream of clear limpid water, forming one of the sources of the Clitumnus. From these sources the place takes its name, and the temple on the bank was once sacred to the river-god, under the appellation of Jupiter Clitumnus. The younger Pliny has given a lively and accurate description of this fountain, which the reader will prefer, no doubt, to the best modern picture.

C. Plinius Romano Suo. S.

“Vidistine aliquando, Clitumnum fontem? Si nondum (et puto nondum alioqui narrasses mihi) vide: quem ego, pœnitet tarditatis, proxime vidi. Modicus collis assurgit, antiqua cupressu nemorosus et opacus: hunc subter fons exit, et exprimitur pluribus venis, sed imparibus, eluctatusque facit gurgitem, qui lato gremio patescit purus et vitreus, ut numerare jactas stipes et relucentes calculos possis. Inde, non loci devexitate, sed ipsâ sui copiâ et quasi pondere impellitur. Fons adhuc, et jam amplissimum flumen atque etiam navium patiens, quas obvias quoque et contrario nisu in diversa tendentes, transmittit et perfert: adeo validus ut illa qua properat, ipse tanquam per solum planum remis non adjuvetur: idem ægerrime remis contisque superetur adversus. Jucundum utrumque per jocum ludumque fluitantibus, ut flexerint cursum, laborem ocio, ocium labore variare. Ripæ

fraxino multa, multa populo vestiuntur: quas perspicuus amnis, velut mersas viridi imagine annumerat. Rigor aquæ certaverit nivibus, nec color cedit. Adjacet templum priscum et religiosum. Stat Clitumnus ipse amictus, ornatusque prætextâ. Præsens numen atque etiam fatidicum, indicant sortes. Sparsa sunt circa sacella complura, totidemque Dei simulacra: sua cuique veneratio, suum numen: quibusdam vero etiam fontes. Nam præter illum, quasi parentem cæterorum, sunt minores capite discreti; sed flumini miscentur, quod ponte transmittitur. Is terminus sacri profanique. In superiore parte navigare tantum, infra etiam natare concessum. Balineum Hispellates, quibus illum locum Divus Augustus dono dedit, publice præbent et hospitium. Nec desunt villæ, quæ secutæ fluminis amœnitatem, margini insistent. In summâ, nihil erit, ex quo non capias voluptatem. Nam studebis quoque, et leges multa multorum omnibus columnis, omnibus parietibus inscripta, quibus fons ille Deusque celebratur. Plura laudabis, nonnulla ridebis, quanquam tu vero, quæ tua humanitas, nulla ridebis. Vale."

C. Plin. Lib. viii. Epist. 8.

Some changes have however taken place, not indeed in the great features of nature, but in those ornamental parts which are under the influence of cultivation. The ancient cypresses that shaded the hill, the ash and the poplar that hung over the river, have fallen long since, and have been replaced by mulberries, vines, and olives, less beautiful but more productive. The sacred grove has not been spared; the little chapels have disappeared, and the statue of the god has yielded its place to the triumphant cross. This

circumstance is rather fortunate, as to it the temple owes its preservation.

This temple consists of the cella and a Corinthian portico, supported by four pillars and two pilasters; the pilasters are fluted; two of the pillars are indented with two spiral lines winding round, and two ornamented with a light sculpture representing the scales of fish. The inscription on the freize is singular, “*Deus angelorum, qui fecit resurrectionem.*” Underneath is a vault or crypta: the entrance is on the side as the portico hangs over the river; the walls are solid, the proportions beautiful, and the whole worthy of the Romans, to whom it is ascribed. I am however inclined to think, that the portico has been altered or repaired since the construction of the temple, as it is more ornamented than the general form of the edifice would induce us to expect. Besides, the capitals of the pilasters differ from those of the pillars, a circumstance very unusual in Roman architecture. It is not improbable, that this temple suffered considerably before it was converted into a Christian church, and that when repaired for that purpose, the ancient pillars, perhaps thrown into the river, might have been replaced by columns from the ruins of the various other fanes, which, as Pliny informs us, were interspersed up and down the sacred

grove, around the residence of the principal divinity.

The Clitumnus still retains its ancient name, and recalls to the traveller's recollection many a pleasing passage in the poets, connecting the beauty of the scenery about him with the pomps of a triumph, and transporting him from the tranquil banks of the rural stream to the crowds of the Forum, and to the majestic temples of the Capitol.

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.

Vir. Geo. ii. 146.

Propertius confines his softer muse to the beauty of the scenery, and seems to repose with complacency on the shaded bank,

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit et niveos abluit unda boves. *Lib. ii. 17.*

Though white herds are still seen wandering over the rich plain watered by this river, yet a very small portion of it is employed in pasturage. Its exuberant fertility is better calculated for tillage, and every year sees it successively covered with wheat, grapes, mulberries, and olives.

From *Le Vene* to *Spoletum* is about nine miles. The ancient town of *Spoletum* is situated on the side and summit of a hill. It is well known that *Annibal* attacked this town immediately after the defeat of the Romans at *Thrasimenus*, and the inhabitants still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general, flushed as he was with conquest, and confident of success. An inscription over the great arch of an ancient gate commemorates this event so honorable to the people of *Spoletum*.

I have observed, as I have already hinted, with great satisfaction, not only in *Spoletum*, but in many Italian towns, particularly such as were founded by Roman colonies, a vivid recollection of the glory of their ancestors. Notwithstanding the lapse of so many ages, notwithstanding so many cruel and destructive invasions, though insulted and plundered, and almost enslaved, the Italians remember with generous pride, that the Romans were their ancestors, and cherish the records of their glorious achievements as an inheritance of honor, a birth-right to fame. Unhappy race! it is the only possession which their invaders cannot wrest from them—"Maneant meliora nepotes!" Two other gates seem, by their form and materials, to have some claim to

antiquity. Some vast masses of stone, forming the piers of a bridge, the ruins of a theatre, and of a temple, said to be dedicated to Concord (though the latter scarce exhibit enough to constitute even a ruin) as being Roman, deserve a passing look.

The cathedral, in a commanding situation, presents a front of five Gothic arches, supported by Grecian pillars, and within, consists of a Latin cross, with a double range of pillars, of neat and pleasing architecture. The order is Corinthian. The two side altars are uncommonly beautiful. Two vast candelabra, near the high altar, deserve attention. The view from the terrace of the cathedral is very extensive and beautiful. Near it, a very fine fountain of an elegant form pours out, though near the summit of a high hill, a torrent of the purest water. The Roman pontiffs, it must be acknowledged, have, in this respect, retained the sound maxim of antiquity, and endeavored to unite the useful and the agreeable. Never have I seen water employed to more advantage, or poured forth in greater abundance, than in the Roman territories. It is sometimes drawn from distant sources, sometimes collected from various springs gathered into one channel, and always devoted to public purposes.

The castle is a monument of barbarous antiquity, built by Theodoric, destroyed during the Gothic war, and repaired by Narses, the rival and successor of Belisarius. It is a vast stone building, surrounded by a stone rampart, standing on a high hill that overlooks the town but as it is commanded by another hill still higher, it loses at present much of its utility in case of an attack. Behind the castle, a celebrated aqueduct, supported by arches of an astonishing elevation, runs across a deep dell, and unites the town by a bridge, to the noble hill that rises behind it, called *Monte Luco*. This hill is covered with evergreen oaks, and adorned by the white cells of a tribe of hermits established on its shaded sides. These hermits are of a very different description from most others who bear the name. They are not bound by vows, nor teased with little petty observances; and notwithstanding this kind of independence, they are said to lead very pure and exemplary lives. The aqueduct is Roman, but said to have been repaired by the Goths. The town of *Spoletto* is in general well-built, and though occasionally damaged by earthquakes, as we were informed by various inscriptions on the public buildings, yet it possesses many noble edifices and beautiful palaces.

The road from *Spoleto* is bordered by a stream on the left, and by wooded hills on the right. About two miles from the town we began to ascend the *Somma*. The road is excellent, and winds up the steep, without presenting any thing particularly interesting, till you reach the summit, whence you enjoy a delightful and extensive view over *Spoleto*, and the vale of *Clitumnus* on one side, and on the other towards *Terni*, and the plains of the *Nar*. *Monte Somma* is supposed to have taken its name from a temple of *Jupiter Summanus* placed on its summit, is near five thousand feet high, fertile, shaded with the olive, the *ilex*, and various forest trees, well cultivated, and enlivened with several little towns. The descent is long and rapid, and extends to the stage next to *Terni*.

This ancient town, the *Interamna* of the Romans, retains no traces of its former splendor, if it ever was splendid, though it may boast of some tolerable palaces, and, what is superior to all palaces, a charming situation. The ruins of the amphitheatre in the episcopal garden consist of one deep dark vault, and scarcely merit a visit. Over the gate is an inscription, informing the traveller that this colony gave birth to *Tacitus* the historian, and to the emperors *Ta-*

citius and Florian; few country towns can boast of three such natives.

The principal glory of *Terni*, and indeed one of the noblest objects of the kind in the world, is the celebrated cascade in its neighborhood, called the "*Caduta delle Marmore*." To enjoy all the beauties of this magnificent fall, it will be proper first to take a view of it from the side of the hill beyond the Nar. The way to it runs through the valley along the Nar, sometimes overshadowed by the superincumbent mountain with its groves of pine, ilex, and beech, rustling above, and at every turn exhibiting new scenery of rocks, woods, and waters. At length you climb the steep shaggy sides of the hill, and, from a natural platform, behold the cascade opposite. This point enables you to see, with much advantage, the second fall, when the river bursting from the basin into which it was first precipitated, tumbles over a ridge of broken rocks in various sheets half veiled in spray and foam. Hence are taken most of the views hitherto published, and when we visited it, we found two Roman artists employed on the spot. If the contemplation of this scene for ever shifting to the eye, should be found tiresome, the remainder of the day may be spent very agreeably in traversing the surrounding woods, and exploring

the vale of the Nar and its enclosing mountains. The second day must be devoted to the examination of the cascade from above, and the excursion commenced from the earliest dawn. Mules, or one horse chairs, are commonly hired, though, if the weather be cool, and the traveller a good walker, it may easily be performed on foot.

The upper road to the *Caduta* crosses a plain varied with olives, vines, and corn fields, and climbs the mountain through a defile, whose sides are clad with vines below, and with box and ilex above. Through the dell, the Nar, "sulfurea albus aquâ," of a wheyish color, tumbles foaming along his rocky channel. In the centre of the defile rises an insulated eminence, topped with the ruins of the village of *Papignia* destroyed by the French.

Ascending still higher, you come to an angle, where the road is worked through the rock, and forming a very elevated terrace, gives you a view of *Terni* and its plain; of the dell below with the Nar; of the mountains around with their woods; and of the *Velino* itself, at a considerable distance, just bursting from the shade, and throwing itself down the steep. The road still continues along the precipice, then crosses

a small plain bounded by high mountains, when you quit it, and follow a pathway that brings you to a shed, placed on the point of a hill just opposite to the cascade, and so near it, that you are occasionally covered with its spray.

Here we sat down, and observed the magnificent phenomenon at leisure. At a little distance beyond the cascade, rise two hills of a fine swelling form, covered with groves of ilex. The *Velino* passes near one of these hills, and suddenly tumbling over a ridge of broken rock, rushes headlong down in one vast sheet, and in three streamlets. The precipice is of brown rock; its sides are smooth and naked; it forms a semicircle, crowned with wood on the right, and on the left it rises steep, and feathered with evergreens. On the one side, it ascends in broken ridges, and on the other, sinks gradually away, and subsides in a narrow valley, through which the *Nar* glides gently along till its junction with the *Velino*, after which it rolls through the dell in boisterous agitation. The artificial bed of the *Velino* is straight, but before it reaches it, it wanders through a fertile plain spread between the mountains, and extending to the lake *Pie de Lugo*.

This beautiful expanse of water, about a mile

in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the fall, is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, of the bordering mountains, of the towns perched on their sides, the village *Pie de Lugo*, and rising behind it the old castle of *Labro*, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness. We sat for some time on the point of the promontory, partly to enjoy the view, and partly to listen to the strains of this invisible songstress, and then crossed the lake to the village now called *Pie di Luco*, or “ad Pedes Luci.” This name is probably derived from a grove which formerly covered the hill, and was sacred to Velinia, the goddess who presided over the “*Lacus Velinus*.” Around and above the lake are the “*Rosea rura Velini*,” so celebrated for their dews and fertility, and always so interesting for their variety and beauty.

We would willingly have followed the banks of the *Velino* up to its source, and visited Reate, now *Rieti*, with its vale of Tempe, alluded to by Cicero; but the day was on the decline, and it would have been imprudent to have allowed ourselves to be benighted, either amid the solitudes of the mountain, or on its declivity. We therefore returned, again visited the cascade, ranged through a variety of natural grottos and caverns, formed in its neighborhood by the water, before the present spacious bed was opened to receive it; and then descending the hill we hastened to *Terni*.*

After having minutely examined the scenery of this superb waterfall, I cannot but wonder that Addison should have selected it as a proper gulph to receive the Fury *Alecto*, and transmit her to the infernal regions. The wood-crowned

* The first artificial vent of the *Velinus* on record was made by the consul *Curius Dentatus*, but it did not fully answer the purpose. The *Velinus* still continued to inundate the vale of Reate, and occasioned, in Cicero's time, several legal contests between the inhabitants of that city and those of *Interamna*, who opposed its full discharge into the *Nar*. The present bed was opened, or at least enlarged, by the late Pope *Pius the Sixth*, and gives the river a free passage down the steep.

basin of rock that receives the Velinus; the silver sheet of water descending from above; the white spray that rises below, and conceals the secrets of the abyss; the Iris that plays over the watery cavern, and covers it with a party-coloured blaze, are all features of uncommon beauty, and better adapted to the watery palaces of the Naiads of the neighboring rivers,

Centum quæ sylvas, centum quæ flumina servant.

Vir. Geo. iv. 383.

Addison's conjecture is founded upon one particular expression, "Est locus Italiæ medio," and two verses in Virgil's description:

Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragorus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens.

Æn. Lib. vii. 566.

But the first expression may merely imply that Amsanctus was at a distance from the coasts, and extremities of Italy; and the description contained in the verses may be applied to any wood, and to the roar and agitation of any torrent; while, if intended to represent the thunder of the falling Velinus, they convey, what Virgil's descriptions are seldom supposed to do, a very faint idea of their object. Besides, in opposition to these critical conjectures, we have the positive authority of the ancients, and par-

ticularly of Cicero and Titus Livius, who inform us in plain terms, that the vale or lake of Am-sanctus was in the territories of the Hirpini, which lay on and along the Appennines, to the south of Beneventum, and about twenty-five or thirty miles east of Naples.* In that territory, not far from *Friento*, a lake even now bears the name of Ansanto, and emits a vapor, or rather throws up in the middle a torrent of sulphur, “*torto vertice*,” and if we may credit travellers, agrees in every respect with Virgil’s description.† However, I cannot close these remarks better, than by inserting the verses of Virgil, which actually allude to the river in question, and to the neighboring Nar, as they give the characteristic features in the usual grand manner of the poet. The Fury, says Virgil,

Tartaream intendit vocem : qua protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ.
Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfuræâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.

Æn. vii. 514.

The Nar now called the *Nera*, is the southern boundary of Umbria, and traverses, in its way to *Narni* about nine miles distant, a vale of

* Cic. De Div. i.

† See Swinburne.

most delightful appearance. The Apennine, in its mildest form, “*coruscis ilicibus fremens*,” bounds this plain; the *milky* Nar intersects it, and fertility equal to that of the neighboring vale of Clitumnus, compressed into a smaller space, and of course placed more immediately within the reach of observation, adorns it on all sides with vegetation and beauty; so that it resembles a noble and extensive park, the appendage of some princely palace, laid out and cultivated to please the eye, and to amuse the fancy.

The ancient Roman colony of *Narni* stands on the summit of a very high and steep hill, whose sides are clothed with olives, and whose base is washed by the *Nera*. At the foot of the hill we alighted, in order to visit the celebrated bridge of Augustus. This noble row of arches thrown over the stream and the defile in which it rolls, to open a communication between the two mountains, and to facilitate the approach to the town, was formed of vast blocks of white stone fitted together without cement. All the piers and one arch still remain; the other arches are fallen, and their fall seems to have been occasioned by the sinking of the middle pier: otherwise a fabric of so much solidity and strength must have been capable of resisting the

influence of time and of weather. The views towards the bridge on the high road and the plain on one side and on the other through the remaining arch along the river, are unusually picturesque and pleasing. We proceeded through this dell, along the Nar tumbling and murmuring over its rocky channel, and then, with some difficulty, worked our way through the olives and evergreens that line the steep, up to the town.

We were particularly struck with the romantic appearance of *Narni*. Its walls and towers spread along the uneven summit, sometimes concealed in groves of cypress, ilex, and laurel, and sometimes emerging from the shade, and rising above their waving tops; delightful views of the vales, towns, rivers, and mountains, opening here and there unexpectedly on the eye; a certain loneliness and silence, even in the streets; the consequence and sad memorial of ages of revolution, disaster, and suffering, are all features pleasing and impressive.

Few towns have suffered more than *Narni*, but its greatest wounds were inflicted by the hands, not of Goths or Vandals, of barbarians and foreigners, but of Italians, or at least of an army in the pay of an Italian government, of

Venice itself, which at that time gloried in the title of the *second* Rome, the bulwark and pillar of Italian liberty and security. It is probable that this army was composed of mercenaries, banditti, and foreigners, and, like that of Charles V. which they were hastening to join, fit solely for the purposes of plunder, sacrilege, and devastation. But, of whatever description of men these troops were composed, they acted under the authority of the Venetians, when they destroyed *Narni*, and butchered its defenceless inhabitants.

The site of this town, its extensive views, its dell, and the river, are happily described in the following lines of Claudian :

Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest urbi, qui nominis auctor,
Ilice sub densa sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum, tortis anfractibus albet.

De Sext. Cons. Hon.

From *Narni* the road runs through the defile along the middle of the declivity, till suddenly, the opposite mountain seems to burst asunder, and opens through its shaggy sides an extensive view over the plain of the Tiber, terminating in the mountains of *Viterbo*. Here we left the

defile and the Nar, but continued to enjoy mountain and forest scenery for some miles, till descending the last declivity, a few miles from *Otricoli*, for the first time in the midst of a spacious and verdant plain, we beheld clear and distinct, glittering in the beams of the sun, and winding along in silent dignity—the Tiber*.

Otricoli stands on the side of a hill, about two miles from the ancient Ocriculi, whence it takes its name. The remains of the latter lie spread in the plain below, along the banks of the Tiber, and present a considerable heap of fragments, in which the vestiges of a theatre perhaps, and a few porticos may be perceived, while the principal features of the town are lost, and buried in a confused mass of ruins. We had now not only traversed the Apennines, but extricated ourselves from the various labyrinths and defiles which border the immense base of these mountains.

* Θύμβρις ἐλισσόμενος καθαρὸν ῥόον εἰς ἄλλα βάλλει
 Θύμβρις εὐρρείτης ποταμῶν βασιλεύτατος ἄλλων,
 Θύμβρις ὃς ἱμερτὴν ἀποτέμνεται ἀνδιχα Ῥώμην
 Ῥώμην τιμήεσσαν, ἐμῶν μέγαν οἶκον ἀνάκτων
 Μητέρα πασάων πολίων, ἀφνειὸν ἔδεθλον.

Dionys. ΠΕΡΙΗΓΗΣΙΣ.

The windings of the Tiber below *Otricoli*, have been alluded to by Ariosto, who seems to have beheld one particular spot, a sort of peninsula formed by the meanderings of the stream, with partiality ; but either his muse has shed supernumerary beauties around it, or the shades that adorned the banks in his time have disappeared ; as it now presents a green but naked surface almost encircled by the waves.

Ecco vede un pratel d' ombre coperto
Che si d' un alto fiume si ghirlanda
Che lascia a pena un breve spazio aperto,
Dove l'acqua si torce ad altra banda,
Un simil luogo con girevol onda
Sott' Otricoli 'l Tevere circonda. *Canto xiv. 38.*

We crossed the Tiber by the *Ponte Felice*, changed horses at *Borghetto*, and arrived, when dark, at *Civita Castellana*.

From *Civita Castellana* we passed over a tract of forest country, enjoying beautiful views of the Montes Cimini, with their towns, villas, and villages to the right, and an occasional glimpse of Soracte to the left, and having passed the river *Falisco*, which anciently gave its name to the people and territory of the Falisci, came to *Nepi*, a small, but very ancient episcopal town, whose cathedral, built on the site of a temple, was consecrated, if we may believe an

inscription over one of the doors, by the blood of the townsmen, in the early period of the year 150. Another inscription may record, with more certainty, though perhaps posterity may be as little inclined to credit it, that the same pile was deluged with the blood of its clergy, and almost entirely destroyed by the French army in the year 1798.

From *Nepi* we proceeded to *Monte Rosi*. The inhabitants of all this territory, who derived their names from its towns, some of which still remain, are enumerated in the following lines of *Silius* :

His mixti Nepesina cohors, æquique Falisci,
 Quique tuos, Flavina, focos; Sabatia quique
 Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum; qui Sutria tecta
 Haud procul, & sacrum Phœbo Soracte frequentant.

Lib. viii.

Many authors suppose that the road hence, or rather from *Ponte Felice*, was lined by a succession of magnificent edifices, obelisks and palaces, adorned with statues, and conducted under triumphal arches, to the gates of the imperial city. Claudian indeed, seems to encourage this supposition, in the well-known lines,

Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
 Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita vastis
 Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur Urbi.

De Sext. Cons. Hon.

If this description be accurate, it is singular that no trace should now remain of all these splendid monuments. No mounds nor remnants of walls, no mouldering heaps of ruins, scarce even a solitary tomb, has survived the general wreck. On the contrary, beyond *Nepi*, or rather beyond *Monte Rosi* the next stage, the *Campagna di Roma* begins to expand its dreary solitudes; and naked hills, and swampy plains rise, and sink by turns, without presenting a single object worth attention. It must not, however, be supposed, that no vegetation decorates these dreary wilds. On the contrary, verdure but seldom interrupted, occasional corn fields, and numerous herds and flocks, communicate some degree of animation to these regions otherwise so desolate: but descending from mountains the natural seat of barrenness, where still we witnessed rural beauty and high cultivation, to a plain in the neighborhood of a populous city, where we might naturally expect the perfection of gardening and all the bustle of life, we were struck with the wide waste that spreads around, and wondered what might be the cause that deprived so extensive a tract of its inhabitants. But neatness and population announce the neighborhood of every common town; they are the usual accompaniments of Capitals, and excite no interest. The solitude that encircles

the fallen Metropolis of the world, is singular and grand ; it becomes its majesty ; it awakens a sentiment of awe and melancholy, and may perhaps after all, be more consonant both to the character of the City, and to the feelings of the traveller, than more lively and exhilarating scenery.

On the heights above Baccano the postillions stopped, and pointing to a pinnacle that appeared between two hills, exclaimed,—“ Roma!” —That pinnacle was the cross of St. Peter’s.—The “ **ETERNAL CITY**” rose before us!

CHAP. X.

Reflections—Rome—St. Peter's—The Capitol.

AS the traveller advances over the dreary wilds of the Campagna, where not one object occurs to awaken his attention, he has time to recover from the surprise and agitation, which the first view of Rome seldom fails to excite in liberal and ingenuous minds. He may naturally be supposed to inquire into the cause of these emotions, and at first he may be inclined to attribute them solely to the influence of early habits, and ascribe the feelings of the man, to the warm imagination of the school-boy. Without doubt the name of Rome echoes in our ears from our infancy ; our lisping tongues are tuned to her language ; and our first and most delightful years are passed among her orators, poets, and historians. We are taught betimes to take a deep interest in her fortunes, and to adopt her cause, as that of our own country, with spirit and with passion. Such impressions made at such an age, are indelible, and it must be ad-

mitted, are likely to influence our feelings and opinions during life.*

But the prejudices instilled into the mind of the boy, and strengthened by the studies of youth, are neither the sole nor even the principal causes of our veneration for Rome. The Mistress of the World claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the Christian and the philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgment. In addition to her ancient origin and venerable fame, to her mighty achievements and vast empire, to her heroes and her saints, to the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature; “habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura, quæ leges dederit.”† Rome has been in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe, and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings

* We may apply to every youth of liberal education, the beautiful lines addressed by Claudian to Honorius:

Hinc tibi concretâ radice tenacius hæsit,
Et penitus totis inolevit Roma medullis,
Dilectæque urbis tenero conceptus ab ungue
Tecum crevit amor. Cons. vi.

† Plin. Lib. viii. 24.

of which human nature is susceptible—Civilization, Science, and Religion.

The system of Roman government was peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire, seems to have been ordained by Heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the Eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the narrow policy of the Greek republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts: Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honors, and approached every day nearer to the manners and to the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome. With her laws and franchises she communicated to them her arts and sciences; wherever the Roman eagles penetrated schools were opened, and public teachers were pensioned. Aqueducts and bridges, temples and theatres were raised in almost every town; and all the powers of architecture, of sculpture, and of paint-

ing, were employed to decorate the capitals of the most distant provinces. Roads, the remains of which astonish us even at this day, were carried from the Roman Forum the centre of this vast empire, to its utmost extremities; and all the tribes and nations that composed it were linked together, not only by the same laws and by the same government, but by all the facilities of commodious intercourse, and of frequent communication.* Compare the state of Gaul, of Spain, and of Britain, when covered with numberless cities, and flourishing in all the arts of peace under the protection of Rome, with their forests, their swamps, and the sordid huts of half-naked savages scattered thinly over their wastes previous to their subjugation; and you will be enabled to appreciate the blessings which they owed to Rome.

Hæc est, in gremium victos quæ sola recepit,
Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit,
Matris non dominæ ritu; civesque vocavit
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit....
(Armorum legumque parens, quæ fundit in omnes.
Imperium primique dedit incunabula juris)....

* "Liceat dicere," says Lipsius, with great truth, "divino munere Romanos datos ad quidquid rude expoliendum, ad quidquid infectum faciendum, et loca hominesque elegantia et artibus passim exornandos."

Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes
 Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes
 Quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thulen
 Lusus, et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus....
 Quod cuncti gens una sumus.

Claudian De Cons: Stilick: lib. iii.

Rome in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when influenced by her instructions and example Europe embraced Christianity. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed, in a most august sense, the appellation of the "Holy City," the "Light of Nations," the "Parent of Mankind." * When in the course of the two succeeding ages, she was stript of her imperial honors; when her provinces were invaded, and all the glorious scene of cultivation,

* A classical bishop of the fifth century, who endeavoured to communicate the charms of poetry to the metaphysical discussions of a refined theology, saw this new empire then gradually rising on the increasing ruins of the old, and expressed its extent and greatness in language not inelegant.

Sedes Roma Petri, quæ Pastoralis honoris
 Facta caput Mundo, quicquid non possidet armis,
 Religione tenet. *St. Prosper.*

peace, and improvement, was ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians; she again renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim, the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry; and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, the wisdom, the perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and of barbarism again diffused the blessings of Christianity over the Western world.

Nor is it to be objected, that the religion of Rome was erroneous, or that she blinded and enslaved her converts. The religion which Rome taught was Christianity. With it the convert re-

Leo the Great, standing over the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul, on their festival, addresses the Roman people in language equally elevated :

“ Isti sunt viri per quos tibi evangelium Christi, Roma !
resplenduit!.....

Isti sunt qui te ad hanc gloriam provexerunt ut gens sancta populus electus, civitas sacerdotalis ac regia per sacram beati Petri sedem caput orbis effecta, latius presideres religione divina, quam dominatione terrena.”

Serm. in Nat. App. Petri et Pauli.

ceived in the Scriptures, the records of truth; and in the sacraments, the means of sanctification; in the creeds, the rule of faith; and in the commandments, the code of morality. In these are comprised all the belief and all the practices of a Christian, and to communicate these to a nation is to open to it the sources of life and happiness. But whatever may be the opinions of my reader in this respect, he must admit, that the Latin muses, which had followed the Roman eagles in their victorious flight, now accompanied her humble missionaries in their expeditions of charity; and with them penetrated the swamps of Batavia, the forests of Germany, and the mountains of Caledonia. Schools, that vied in learning and celebrity with the seminaries of the south, rose in these benighted regions, and diffused the beams of science over the vast tracts of the north, even to the polar circles. Thus the predictions of the Roman poets were fulfilled, though in a manner very different from their conceptions; and their immortal compositions were rehearsed in the remote islands of the Hebrides, and in the once impenetrable forests of Scandinavia. *

* “ Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
“ Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum,
“ Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
“ Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.” *Hor. Lib. iii. 4.*

At the same time, the arts followed the traces of the muse, and the untutored savages saw with surprize temples of stone rise in their sacred groves, and arches of rock spread into a roof over their heads. The figure of the Redeemer till then unknown, seemed to breathe on canvas to their eyes ; the venerable forms of the apostles in Parian marble replaced the grim uncouth statues of their idols ; and music surpassing in sweetness the strains of their bards, announced to them the mercies of that God whom they were summoned to adore. It was not wonderful that they should eagerly embrace a religion adorned with so many graces, and accompanied by so many blessings ; and Europe finally settled in the profession of Christianity, and once more enlightened by the beams of science, was indebted to the exertions of Rome for both these blessings.

But the obligation did not end here, as the work of civilization was not yet finished. The northern tribes long established in the invaded provinces had indeed become Christians, but they still remained in many respects barbarians. Hasty and intemperate they indulged the caprice or the vengeance of the moment ; they knew no law but that of the sword, and would submit to no decision but to that of arms. Here again we behold the genius of Rome interposing her autho-

city as a shield between ferocity and weakness, appealing from the sword to reason, from private combat to public justice, from the will of the judge and the uncertain rules of custom, to the clear prescriptions of her own written code.* This grand plan of civilization, though impeded, and delayed by the brutality, and the obstinacy of the barbarous ages, was at length carried into effect, and the Roman law was adopted by consenting nations as the general code of the civilized world.

Rome therefore may still be said to rule nations, not indeed with the rod of power, but with the sceptre of justice, and may still be supposed to exercise the high commission of presiding over the world, and of regulating the destinies of mankind.† Thus too she has retained by her wisdom and benevolence, that ascendancy which she first

* On the effects produced by the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian, at *Amalfi*, in the twelfth century, see *Hume's Theory of England*, chapter xxiii.

On the general effects of Roman domination on the provincials, see *Cowper's Expostulation*.

† Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento
Hæ tibi erunt artes! pacis imponere morem
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Virgil Æn. 6.

acquired by her valor and magnanimity: and by the pre-eminence which she has enjoyed in every period of her history, she seems to have realized the fictitious declaration of her founder, "*Ita nuncia Romanis, Cœlestes ita velle, ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit.*"* "*Urbs urbium—templum æquitatis—portus omnium gentium,*" are titles fondly bestowed upon her in the days of her imperial glory; and she may assume them without arrogance even in her decline. Her matchless magnificence, so far superior to that of every other capital; the laws which have emanated from her as from their source; and the encouragement which she has at all times given to men of talents and of virtue from every country, still give her an unquestionable right to these lofty appellations.†

* Tit. Liv. i. 16.

† "*Nulli sit ingrata Roma,*" says Cassiodorus, in the sixth century, "*illa eloquentiæ facunda mater, illud virtutum omnium latissimum templum.*"

"*Aliis alia patria est; Roma communis omnium literatorum et patria, et altrix, et evectrix,*" says the Cardinal of St. George to Erasmus, in the sixteenth century. "*Quid loquor,*" says the latter, "*de Româ, communi omnium gentium parente.*"

To conclude, in the whole Universe, there are only two cities interesting alike to every member of the great Christian commonwealth, to every citizen of the civilized world, whatever may be his tribe or nation—Rome and Jerusalem. The former calls up every classic recollection, the latter awakens every sentiment of devotion; the one brings before our eyes all the splendors of the present world; the other, all the glories of the world to come. By a singular dispensation of Providence, the names and influence of these

The benefits derived from the Roman government are tolerably well expressed in the following lines of Rutilius :

Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam
 Profuit injustis te dominante capi ;
 Dumque offers victis proprii consortia juris
 Urbem fecisti quod prius Orbis erat. *Lib. ii.*

“ Numine Deum electa,” says Pliny, “ quæ cælum ipsum clarius faceret, sparsa congregaret imperia, ritusque molliret, et tot populorum discordes ferasque linguas, sermonis commercio contraheret ad colloquia, et humanitatem homini daret ; breviterque una cunctarum gentium in toto orbe, patria fieret.” III. cap. v.

At te, quæ domitis leges, ac jura dedisti
 Gentibus, instituens magnus qua tenditur orbis
 Armorum, morumque feros mansuescere ritus.

Prudent: contra Sym:

two illustrious Capitals are combined in the same grand dispensation; and as Jerusalem was ordained to receive, Rome was destined to propagate “the light that leads to heaven.” The cross which Jerusalem erected on Mount Calvary, Rome fixed on the diadem of emperors; and the prophetic songs of Mount Sion, have resounded from the seven hills, to the *extremities of the earth*. —How natural then is the emotion of the traveller, when he first beholds the distant domes of a city of such figure in the History of the Universe, of such weight in the destinies of mankind, so familiar to the imagination of the boy, so interesting to the feelings of the man!

While occupied in these reflections, we passed *Monte Mario*, and beheld the city gradually opening to our view: turrets and cupolas succeeded each other, with long lines of palaces between, till the dome of the Vatican lifting its majestic form far above the rest, fixed the eye, and closed the scene with becoming grandeur. We crossed the Tiber by the *Ponte Molle* (Pons Milvius) and proceeding on the Via Flaminia through the suburb, entered the *Porta del Popolo*, admired the beautiful square that receives the traveller on his entrance, and drove to the *Piazza d'Espagna*. Alighting, we instantly hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence

its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnade, walked up its lengthening nave, and before its altar, offered up our grateful acknowledgments in “the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honor of the Creator.”

Next morning we renewed our visit to St. Peter's, and examined it more in detail: the preceding day it had been somewhat veiled by the dimness of the evening; it was now lighted up by the splendors of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vault, the mosaics that rise one above the other in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colors. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wherever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects, and beautiful arrangement; in short, the whole of this most majestic fabric opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.

From St. Peter's we hastened to the capital, and ascending the tower, seated ourselves under the shade of its pinnacle, and fixed our eyes

on the view beneath and around us. That view was no other than ancient and modern Rome. Behind us, the modern town lay extended over the Campus Martius, and spreading along the banks of the Tiber formed a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before us, scattered in vast black shapeless masses over the seven hills, and through the intervening vallies, arose the ruins of the ancient city. They stood desolate, amidst solitude and silence, with groves of funereal cypress waving over them; the awful monuments, not of individuals, but of generations; not of men, but of empires.

A distant view of Ægina and of Megara, of the Piræus and of Corinth then in ruins, melted the soul of an ancient Roman, for a while suspended his private sorrows, and absorbed his sense of personal affliction, in a more expansive and generous compassion for the fate of cities and of states.* What then must be the emo-

* “ Ex Asiâ rediens, cum ab Æginâ Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Ægina, ante Megara, dextrâ Piræus, sinistrâ Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata ac diruta, antè oculos jacent. Cœpi egomet mecum sic cogitare. Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nos-

tions of the man who beholds extended in disordered heaps before him, the disjointed "carcase of fallen Rome," once the abode of the gods, the grand receptacle of nations, "the common asylum of mankind."

Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum lined with solitary columns, and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount encumbered with the substructions of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo; and farther on, ascended the Celian Mount with the Temple of Faunus on its summit. On the right was the Aventine spotted with heaps of stone swelling amidst its lonely vineyards. To the left the Esquiline with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts; and in the same line, the Viminal, and the Quirinal supporting the once magnificent Baths of Diocletian. The Baths of Antoninus, the Temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric bearing on its shattered form the traces of destruction, as well as the furrows of age, lay scattered up and down the vast field; while the

trûm interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidûm cadavera projecta jaceant?"—Cic. *ad Fam. Lib. iv. Ep. 5.*

superb temples of St. John Lateran, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and *Santa Croce*, arose with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments, amidst the extensive waste of time and of desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, formed a frame of venerable aspect, well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, “*Romani bustum populi.*”

Beyond the walls the eye ranged over the storied plain of Latium now the deserted *Campagna*, and rested on the Alban Mount, which rose before us to the south shelving downwards on the west towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards the Latin vale. Here, it presents Tusculum in white lines on its declivity; there, it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake once the site of Alba Longa, and towering boldly in the centre with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward we beheld the Tiburtine hills, with Tibur reclining on their side; and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines, which at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles swept round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The Montes Cimini and several

lesser hills, diverging from the great parent ridge the Pater Apenninus, continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea and forms a perfect theatre. Mount Soracte thirty miles to the north, lifts his head, an insulated and striking feature. While the Tiber enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain; and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls like the Po a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer.

The tract now expanded before us was the country of the Etrurians, Veientes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Æqui, and Hernici, and of course the scene of the wars and the exertions, of the victories and triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly four hundred years of her history; an interesting period, when she possessed and exercised every generous virtue, and established on the basis of justice, wisdom, and fortitude, the foundations of her future empire. As the traveller looks towards the regions once inhabited by these well-known tribes, many an illustrious name, and many a noble achievement, must rise in his memory, reviving at the same time the recollection of early studies and of boyish amusements, and blending the friendships of youth with the memorials of ancient greatness.

The day was cloudless, the beams of the sun played over the landscape; hues of light-blue intermingled with dark shades deepening as they retired, chequered the mountains. A line of shining snow marked the distant Apennines, and a vault of the purest and brightest azure covered the glorious scene! We passed a long and delightful morning in its contemplation.

The following day was employed in wandering over the city at large, and taking a cursory view of some of its principal streets, squares, buildings and monuments. This we did to satisfy the first cravings of curiosity, intending to proceed at our leisure to the examination of each object in detail*

* I think it necessary to repeat here, what I declared in the preliminary discourse, that it is not my intention to give a particular account of ruins, churches, buildings, statues, or pictures, &c. This belongs rather to guides and *Ciceroni*, and may be found in numberless works written professedly for the information of travellers on such heads. My wish is to lay before the reader an account of the observations which we made, and of the classical recollections which occurred to us, while we traced the remains of ancient grandeur. We began this examination by visiting in order the seven hills. We then proceeded to the Vatican and Pincian mounts, ranged over the Campus Martius, and along the banks of the Tiber; then wandered through the villas,

ANCIENT ROME.

THE CAPITOL.

After having thus gratified ourselves with a general and some select views, and formed a tolerably accurate idea of the most striking features of Rome, we proceeded on the fourth day, through the Via Lata, now *Il Corso*, through “streets of palaces and walks of state,” to the Capitoline Hill. Every school-boy has read with delight Virgil’s short, but splendid description of this hill, then a silvan scene of dark forest and craggy rock, though destined one day to become the seat of regal opulence and of universal empire,

both within and without the city; and finally explored the churches, monuments, tombs, hills, and fields, in its immediate neighborhood. This method I recommend as being more easy and more natural than the usual mode of visiting the city, according to its “*Rioni*” (regiones) or allotting a certain portion of it to each day; by which mode the traveller is obliged to pass rapidly from ancient monuments to modern edifices; from palaces to churches; from galleries to gardens; and thus to load his mind with a heap of unconnected ideas and crude observations. By the former process we keep each object distinct, and take it in a separate view; we first contemplate ancient then visit modern Rome, and pass from the palaces of the profane, to the temples of the sacred city.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem, et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum Relligio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci: Jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
(Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem: cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret.

Æneid. viii.

Every circumstance that could dignify and consecrate the spot, and prepare it for its grand destiny, is here collected and gradually expanded; while a certain awful obscurity hangs over the whole, and augments the magnitude of the object thus dimly presented to the fancy. The traveller however sensible he may suppose himself to have been of the beauties of this description before, imagines that he feels its full force for the first time as he ascends the acclivity of the Capitoline Mount.

The Capitol was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary. A fortress surrounded with precipices, bidding defiance to all the means of attack employed in ancient times; a sanctuary, crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the *fatal* oracles, the seat of the tutelar deities of the empire. Romulus began the grand

work, by erecting the temple of Jupiter Feretrius; Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus continued, and the Consul Horatius Pulvillus, a few years after the expulsion of the kings, completed it, with a solidity and magnificence, says Tacitus, which the riches of succeeding ages might adorn, but could not increase. It was burnt during the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, and rebuilt shortly after; but again destroyed by fire in the dreadful contest that took place in the very Forum itself, and on the sides of the Capitoline Mount, between the partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian*. This event Tacitus laments, with the spirit and indignation of a Roman, as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen the city.† And, indeed, if we consider the public archives, and of course the most valuable records of its history were deposited there, we must allow that the catastrophe was peculiarly unfortunate, not to Rome only, but to the world at large.

* A. D. 69.

† Id facinus post conditam Urbem luctuosissimum foedissimumque populo Romano accidit: nullo externo hoste, propitiis, si per mores nostros liceret, diis, sedem Jovis Jovis optimi maximi, auspicato a majoribus pignus imperii, conditam, quam non Porsena deditâ Urbe, neque Galli captâ, temerare potuissent, furore Principum exscindi !

However, the Capitol rose once more from its ashes, with redoubled splendor, and received from the munificence of Vespasian, and of Domitian his son, its last and most glorious embellishments. The edifices were probably in site and destination nearly the same as before the conflagration; but more attention was paid to symmetry, to costliness, and above all, to grandeur and magnificence. The northern entrance led under a triumphal arch to the centre of the hill, and to the sacred grove the asylum opened by Romulus, and almost the cradle of Roman power. On the right on the eastern summit stood the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. On the left on the western summit, was that of Jupiter Custos : near each of these temples were the fanes of inferior Divinities, that of Fortune, and that of Fides alluded to by Cicero. In the midst, to crown the pyramid formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, rose the residence of the guardian of the empire the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left, and Minerva on his right side, the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightening in one hand, and in the other wielding the sceptre of the universe.

Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and to implore the favor of the gods before they marched to battle. Hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph, in order to suspend the spoils of conquered nations, to present captive monarchs, and to offer up hecatombs to Tarpeian Jove. Here, in cases of danger and distress, the senate was assembled, and the magistrates convened to deliberate in the presence, and under the immediate influence, of the tutelar gods of Rome. Here the laws were exhibited to public inspection, as if under the sanction of the Divinity; and here also they were deposited, as if intrusted to his guardian care. Hither Cicero turned his hands and eyes, when he closed his first oration against Catiline, with that noble address to Jupiter, presiding in the Capitol over the destinies of the empire, and dooming its enemies to destruction.

In the midst of these magnificent structures, of this wonderful display of art and opulence, stood for ages the humble straw-roofed palace of Romulus, a monument of primitive simplicity dear and venerable in the eyes of the Romans.*

* Mars speaks in Ovid, as follows:

Quæ fuerit nostri si quæris regia nati;
Adspice de cannâ straminibusque domum.

This cottage, it may easily be supposed, vanished in the first conflagration. But not the cottage only, the temples, the towers, the palaces also that once surrounded it, have disappeared. Of all the ancient glory of the Capitol, nothing now remains but the solid foundation, and* vast substructions raised on the rock,

Capitoli immobile saxum.

In stipulâ placidi carpebat munera somni:

Et tamen ex illo venit in astra toro.

Ovid Fast. Lib. iii. v. 183.

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Vir. Æn. Lib. viii. v. 654.

Vitruvius speaks of the cottage of Romulus as existing in his time, that is, in the reign of Augustus. In Capitolio commune facere potest et significare mores vetustatis Romuli casi in arce sacrorum.—*Lib. ii.*

* These walls on one side form the stables of the Senator, and on the other a dark gloomy chapel, said to have been originally the Tullianum, in which Catiline's associates were put to death. The criminal was let down into this dungeon by a hole in the vault, as there was anciently no other entrance; the modern door was opened through the side wall, when the place was converted into a chapel, in honor of St. Peter, who is supposed to have been confined in it. Notwithstanding the change, it has still a most appalling appearance.

Not only is the Capitol fallen, but its very name, expressive of dominion, and once fondly considered as an omen of empire, is now almost lost in the semi-barbarous appellation of Campidoglio.

At present the Capitoline Mount is covered with buildings, far inferior without doubt, to the imperial edifices above described, but yet grand both in their proportions and in their magnitude. The northern, still the principal entrance, is an easy ascent adorned with a marble balustrade, which commences below with two colossal lionesses of Egyptian porphyry, pouring a torrent of water into spacious basins of marble, and is terminated above by statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding his horse. Here you enter the square, in the centre of which stands the well-known equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. In front, and on each side, are three palaces erected by Michael Angelo. The edifice before you, of bold elevation, adorned with Corinthian pilasters and with a lofty tower, is the residence of the senator. A double flight of marble steps leads to its portal. In the centre of this staircase stands the genius of Rome, like Minerva armed with the Ægis, and leaning on her spear. A fountain bursts forth at her feet. On her right the Tiber, on her left the Nile lay

reclined, each on its urn. The French have carried off the two latter statues, with some other ornaments of the Capitoline square. In the palace of the Senator, and in that of the *Conservatori*, are several halls and apartments, magnificent in their size and decorations.

The Capitol is the palace of the Roman people, the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates. The statues and other antiques placed here by the Popes, are dedicated in the names of the donors to the Roman people, and the inscriptions in general run in the ancient style. One in the palace of the *Conservatori* pleased me much: "S. P. Q. R. majorum suorum præstantiam ut animo sic re quantum licuit, imitatus, deformatum injuriâ temporum capitolum restituit; anno post urbem conditam 2320." Nor is it unworthy of its destination; as the beauty of its architecture, the magnitude of its apartments, the excellence of its paintings, and the prodigious number of statues and antiques with which it is decorated, give it a splendor unequalled in any other city, and only eclipsed even in Rome itself by the recollection of its former greatness.

The Museum Capitolinum contains in several large rooms a most splendid collection of busts,

statues, sarcophagi, &c. bestowed by different Popes and illustrious personages on this magnificent cabinet devoted to the use of the Roman people, or rather of the literary and curious of all nations. One of the most interesting objects in this collection is an ancient plan of Rome cut in marble, once the pavement of a temple in the Forum, and thence transferred to the Capitol, where it lines the walls of one of the grand staircases of the Museum. But unfortunately it is not entire; if it were, we should have had a most perfect plan of ancient Rome, the streets, forums, temples, &c. being marked out in the most distinct manner. There are, moreover, in the palace of the *Conservatori*, galleries of paintings, and halls appropriated to the use of young artists, where lectures are given, and drawings taken from life; premiums are also bestowed publicly in the grand hall in the Senator's palace. In short, the Capitol is now consecrated, not to the tutelar gods of Rome, but to her arts, to the remains of her grandeur, to the monuments of her genius, and, I may add, to her titles, now the mere semblance of her ancient liberty.

It is to be regretted that the highest and most conspicuous part of the Capitoline Mount should be occupied by a building so tasteless and de-

formed as the church and convent of *Ara Cœli*. The ascent from the plain below, by an hundred and twenty-four marble steps, deserves a better termination than its miserable portal; and the various ancient pillars of Egyptian granite, that adorn the nave of the church and the portico of the cloisters, furnish a sufficient quantity of the best materials for the erection and decoration of a very noble edifice.

Anciently there were two ways from the Capitol to the Forum; both parted from the neighborhood of the Tabularium, and diverging as they descended, terminated each in a triumphal arch; that of Tiberius to the west, that of Severus to the east. Of these arches, the latter only remains. The descent at present is a steep and irregular path, winding down the declivity from the senator's stables, without any regular termination. The traveller as he descends, stops to contemplate the three Corinthian pillars, with their frieze and cornice that rise above the ruins, and preserve the memory of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus, as a monument of his preservation from a thunderbolt that fell near him. A little lower down on the right, stands the portico of the temple of Concord, built by Camillus, consisting of eight granite pillars, with capitals and entablature of irregular

Ionic. To account for this irregularity, it is to be remembered, that the edifices on the sides of the hill shared the fate of the Capitol, in the contest which took place between the parties of Vespasian and Vitellius, and were rebuilt shortly after by Titus and Domitian, and afterwards by Constantine. Hence the word “restitutum” in the inscription, and hence the want of regularity in some parts of such buildings, as were monuments of republican Rome, and did not, perhaps, enjoy the favor of the emperors. The triumphal arch of Septimus Severus is nearly half buried in the ground.

CHAP. XI.

*The Roman Forum—Coliseum—Palatine Mount
—Aventine—Tomb of C. Cestius—Cælian—
Saburra—Esquiline—Baths of Titus—Mi-
nerva Medica—Palace of Mæcenæ—Viminal
—Quirinal—Baths of Dioclesian.*

THE Roman Forum now lay extended before us, a scene in the ages of Roman greatness of unparalleled splendor and magnificence. It was bordered on both sides with temples, and lined with statues. It terminated in triumphal arches, and was bounded here by the Palatine hill, with the Imperial residence glittering on its summit, and there by the Capitol, with its ascending ranges of porticos and of temples. Thus it presented one of the richest exhibitions that eyes could behold, or human ingenuity invent. In the midst of these superb monuments, the memorials of their greatness, and the trophies of their fathers, the Roman people assembled to exercise their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, of kings, and of nations.

Nor did the contemplation of such glorious objects fail to produce a corresponding effect. Manlius, as long as he could extend his arm, and fix the attention of the people on the Capitol which he had saved, suspended his fatal sentence.* Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience, when in the moment of distress he pointed to the Capitol, and asked with all the emphasis of despair, whether he could expect to find an asylum in that sanctuary whose pavement still streamed with the blood of his brother.† Scipio Africanus, when accused by an envious faction, and obliged to appear before the people as a criminal, instead of answering the charge, turned to the Capitol, and invited the assembly to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and give thanks to the gods for the defeat of Annibal and the Carthaginians.‡ Such, in fact, was the influence of locality, and such the awe, interest, and even emotion, inspired by the surrounding edifices. Hence the frequent references that we find in the Roman historians and orators to the Capitol, the Forum, the temples of the gods; and hence those noble addresses to the deities themselves, as present in

* Liv. vi. 20.

† Cic. De Orat. Lib. iii. Cap. 56.

‡ Liv. xxxviii. 51.

their respective sanctuaries, and watching over the interests of their favored city, “*Ita præsentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pene oculis videre possimus.*”*

But the glories of the Forum are now fled for ever; its temples are fallen; its sanctuaries have crumbled into dust; its colonnades encumber its pavements now buried under their remains. The walls of the Rostra stripped of their ornaments and doomed to eternal silence, a few shattered porticos, and here and there an insulated column standing in the midst of broken shafts, vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices heaped together in masses, remind the traveller, that the field which he now traverses, was once the Roman Forum.

A fountain fills a marble basin in the middle, the same possibly to which Propertius alludes when speaking of the Forum in the time of Tatius he says,

Murus erant montes, ubi nunc est Curia septa,
Bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.† *Lib. iv. 4.*

* Cat. iii. 8.

† As this fountain is near the three pillars, which have occasioned so much discussion, we may draw a presumptive ar-

A little farther on commences a double range of trees that leads along the Via Sacra by the temples of Antoninus, and of Peace to the arch of Titus. A herdsman seated on a pedestal while his oxen were drinking at the fountain, and a few passengers moving at a distance in different directions, were the only living beings that disturbed the silence and solitude which reigned around. Thus the place seemed restored to its original wildness described by Virgil,* and abandoned once more to flocks and herds of cattle. So far have the modern Romans forgotten the theatre of the glory and of the imperial power of their ancestors, as to degrade it into a common market for cattle, and sink its name illustrated by every page of Roman history into the contemptible appellation of *Campo Vaccino*.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra and passing under the arch of Titus, on turning a little to the left, we beheld the amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus, now called the Coliseum. Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprize and de-

gument from these verses, that they formed part of the Curia.

* ————passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire carinis. *Æn.* viii.

light. Let the spectator first place himself to the north and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold with admiration its wonderful extent, well proportioned stories and flying lines, that retire and vanish without break or interruption. Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, range through the lofty arcades, and ascending the vaulted seats, consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him; insulated walls, immense stones suspended in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs, vaults opening upon other ruins; in short, above, below, and around, one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and of decay.*

* Martial prefers, perhaps with justice, this amphitheatre to all the prodigies of architecture known in his time.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis:

Assiduus jactet nec Babylona labor;.....

Nec Triviæ templo molles laudentur Iones;

Dissimuletque deum cornibus ara frequens

Aere nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea

Laudibus immodicis Cares in astra ferant.

Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor amphitheatro

Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus. *De Spect.*

Need I inform the reader that this stupendous fabric,

“ Which on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
“ And held uncrowded nations in its womb,”

was erected by the abovementioned emperors, out of part only of the materials, and on a portion of the site of Nero's golden house, which had been demolished by order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor.

The Coliseum owing to the solidity of its materials, survived the era of barbarism, and was so perfect in the thirteenth century, that games were exhibited in it, not for the amusement of the Romans only, but of all the nobility of Italy. The destruction of this wonderful fabric is to be ascribed to causes more active in general in the erection than in the demolition of magnificent buildings—to Taste and Vanity,

When Rome began to revive, and architecture arose from its ruins, every rich and powerful citizen wished to have, not a commodious dwelling merely, but a palace. The Coliseum was an immense quarry at hand; the common people stole, the grandees obtained permission to carry off its materials, till the interior was dismantled,

and the exterior half stripped of its ornaments. It is difficult to say where this system of depredation so sacrilegious in the opinion of the antiquary, would have stopped, had not Benedict XIV. a pontiff of great judgment, erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We next returned to the Meta Sudans and passed under the arch of Constantine. I need not give a description of this species of edifice so well known to the reader; it will suffice to say, that the arch of Constantine is the only one that remains entire, with its pillars, statues, and basso relievos, all of the most beautiful marble, and some of exquisite workmanship. They were taken from the arch of Trajan, which, it seems, was stripped, or probably demolished, by order of the senate, for that purpose. It did not occur to them, it seems, that the achievements of Trajan and his conquests in Dacia, could have no connexion with the exertions of Constantine in Britain, or with his victory over the tyrant Maxentius.

But taste was then on the decline, and propriety of ornament not always consulted.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked round its base in order to examine its bearings. This hill the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace, which looked to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verde antico* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish; and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and

furnish their galleries. This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions a fox started from an aperture, once a window at one end, and crossing the open space scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description, "the thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the gale; the fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass waved round his head," and almost seemed the accomplishment of that awful prediction "There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; and wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions." *

The classic traveller as he ranges through the groves, which now shade the Palatine Mount, †

* Lowthe's Isaiah, xiii. v. 21, 22.

† Let the reader now contrast this mass of ruin, with the splendors of the Palatine in Claudian's time,

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti.....

Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis

will recollect the various passages in which Virgil alludes to this hill, a scene of so much splendor in his days, but now nearly reduced to its original simplicity and loneliness. Like Æneas, he will contemplate the interesting spot with delight, and review like him, though with very different feelings, the vestiges of heroes of old, “*virûm monumenta priorum.*”

Cum muros arcemque procul, ac rara domorum
Tecta vident, quæ nunc Romana potentia cœlo
Æquavit: tum res inopes Evandrus habebat.

Æn. viii. 98.

Miratur, facilesque oculos fert omnia circum
Æneas, capiturque locis, et singula lætus

Esse larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat, & summi sentit fastigia juris.
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris,
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis. Juvat infra tecta Tonantis
Cernere Tarpeiâ pendentes rupe Gigantes,
Cælatasque fores, mediisque volantia signa
Nubibus, & densum stipantibus æthera templis,
Æraque vestitis numerosâ puppe columnis
Consita, subnixasque jugis immanibus ædes,
Naturam cumulante manu; spoliisque micantes
Innumeros arcus. Acies stupet igne metalli,
Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro.

De Cons. Honor. vi.

Exquiritque auditque virum monumenta priorum.
Tum Rex Evandrus, Romanæ conditor arcis
Hæc nemora indigenæ Fauni nymphæque tenebant.

310.

From the Palatine we passed to the Aventine Mount well known for the unpropitious augury of Remus, and at an earlier period for the residence of Cacus, and the victory of Hercules, both so well described by Virgil,

————— Ter totum fervidus irâ
Lustrat Aventini montem ; ter saxea tentat
Limina nequicquam ; ter fessus valle resedit.
Stabat acuta silix, præcisis undique saxis,
Speluncæ dorso insurgens, altissima visu,
Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.

Æn. viii. 230.

Here also stood the temple of Diana, erected in the joint names of all the Latin tribes, in imitation of the celebrated temple of that goddess at Ephesus built at the common expense of the cities of Asia. The erection of the temple of Diana at Rome by the Latins in the reign of Servius Tullius, that is, at a time when the Latins were independent and had frequently disputed with the Romans for pre-eminence, was considered as a tacit renunciation of their pretensions, and an acknowledgment that Rome was the centre and the capital of the Latin nation at large. The sacrifice of a celebrated

ox in this temple by a Roman instead of a Sabine, was supposed to have decided the destiny of Rome, and to have fixed the seat of universal empire on its hills.* Of this temple, once so magnificent and so celebrated, no traces remain, not even a base, a fallen pillar, a shattered wall, to ascertain its situation, or furnish the antiquary with grounds for probable conjecture. The same may be said of the temple of Juno, of that of the Dea Bona, and of the numberless other stately edifices that rose on this hill. Some parts indeed are so deserted and so encumbered with ruins, as to answer the description Virgil gives of it when pointed out by Evander to his Trojan guest.

Jam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem :

Disjectæ procul ut moles, desertaque montis

Stat domus, et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.

Æn. viii. 190.

The west side of the Aventine looks down on the Tiber and on the fields called *Prati del Popolo Romano*. These meadows are planted with mulberry-trees, and adorned by the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. This ancient monument remains entire, an advantage which it owes partly to its form well calculated to

* Tit. Liv. i. 45. Valerius Maximus, vii. 3.

resist the influence of weather, and partly to its situation, as it is joined to the walls of the city, and forms part of the fortification. It stands on a basis about ninety feet square, and rises about a hundred and twenty in height. It is formed, at least externally, of large blocks of white marble: a door in the basis opens into a gallery terminating in a small room ornamented with paintings on the stucco, in regular compartments. In this chamber of the dead once stood a sarcophagus, that contained the remains of Cestius. At each corner on the outside there was a pillar once surmounted with a statue: two of these remain, or rather were restored, but without the ornament that crowned them anciently. It is probable that this edifice stands on an elevation of some steps, but the earth is too much raised to allow us to discover them at present. Its form is graceful, and its appearance very picturesque: supported on either side by the ancient walls of Rome with their towers and galleries venerable in decay, half shaded by a few scattered trees, and looking down upon a hundred humbler tombs interspersed in the neighboring grove, it rises in lonely pomp, and seems to preside over these fields of silence and of mortality.

When we first visited this solitary spot a flock

of sheep was dispersed through the grove, nibbling the grass over the graves; the tombs rose around in various forms of sepulchral stones, urns, and sarcophagi, some standing in good repair, others fallen and mouldering half buried in the high grass that waved over them; the monument of Cestius stood on the back ground in perspective, and formed the principal feature of the picture; and a painter seated on a tombstone, was employed in taking a view of the scene. None but foreigners excluded by their religion from the cemeteries of the country, are deposited here, and of these foreigners several were English. The far greater part had been cut off in their prime, by unexpected disease or by fatal accident. What a scene for a traveller far remote from home and liable to similar disasters!

Turning from these fields of death, these “*lugentes campi*,” and repassing the Aventine hill, we came to the baths of Antoninus Caracalla, that occupy part of its declivity and a considerable portion of the plain between it, Mons Cœliolus and Mons Cœlius. No monument of ancient architecture is calculated to inspire such an exalted idea of Roman magnificence, as the ruins of their thermæ or baths. Many remain in a greater or less degree of

preservation ; such as those of Titus, Diocletian, and Caracalla. To give the untravelled reader some notion of these prodigious piles, I will confine my observations to the latter, as the greatest in extent, and as the best preserved ; for though it be entirely stript of its pillars, statues, and ornaments, both internal and external, yet its walls still stand, and its constituent parts and principal apartments are evidently distinguishable.

The length of the Thermæ of Caracalla was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo, and another to Æsculapius, as the “ Genii tutelares” of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and to the care of the body. The two other temples were dedicated to the two protecting divinities of the Antonine family, Hercules and Bacchus. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths ; in the centre was an immense square, for exercise when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air ; beyond it a great hall, where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the con-

venience of the bathers ; at each end of this hall were libraries. This building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for music, and in the middle a capacious basin for swimming. Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of trees, particularly the plane ; and in its front extended a gymnasium for running, wrestling, &c. in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a vast portico opening into *exedræ* or spacious halls, where poets declaimed and philosophers gave lectures.

This immense fabric was adorned within and without with pillars, stucco-work, paintings, and statues. The stucco and painting, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins ; while the Farnesian bull, and the famous Hercules found in one of these halls, announce the multiplicity and beauty of the statues which once adorned the *Thermæ* of Caracalla. The flues and reservoirs for water still remain. The height of the pile was proportioned to its extent, and still appears very considerable, even though the ground be raised at least twelve feet above its ancient level. It is now changed into gardens and vineyards: its

high massive walls form separations, and its limy ruins spread over the surface, burn the soil, and check its natural fertility.

From these Thermæ we crossed the Vallis Cœlimontana and ascended the Cœlian Mount. Many shapeless ruins that bewilder antiquaries in a maze of conjectures, are strewn over the surface of this hill. One object only merits particular attention, and that is the church of *S. Stephano in rotondo*, so called from its circular form, admitted by all to be an ancient temple, though there is much doubt as to the name of its tutelar god. Some suppose it to have been dedicated to the Emperor Claudius, a leaden divinity not likely either to awe or to delight his votaries; while others conceive it to have been the sanctuary of the most sportive of the rural powers, of Faunus, "*Nympharum fugientum amator.*" On this conjecture the imagination reposes with complacency. Its circular walls are supported by a double range of Ionic pillars of granite, to the number of sixty, and it derives from such an assemblage of columns, a certain air of grandeur, though in other respects it is much disfigured, and at present much neglected. This latter circumstance seems extraordinary, as it is one of the most ancient churches in Rome, having been conse-

crated as such by Pope Simplicius in the year 468; as it gives title to a Cardinal deacon, a privilege which generally secures to a church endowed with it, the attention and munificent partiality of the titular prelate.

Descending the Cœlian hill, we crossed the *Saburra* once the abode of the great and opulent Romans, now two long streets lined with dead walls, and covered with a few straggling houses and solitary convents. Proceeding over the Esquiline Mount we stopped at the baths of Titus, an edifice once of unusual extent and magnificence, though on a smaller scale than the *Thermæ* of Caracalla. Part of the theatre of one of the temples and of one of the great halls still remains above, and many vaults, long galleries, and spacious ruins under ground. Some of these subterraneous apartments were curiously painted, and such is the firmness and consistency of the colors that notwithstanding the dampness of the place, the lapse of so many ages, and the earth which has filled the vaults for so long a time, they still retain much of their original freshness. Many of the figures are scratched on the plaster, and supposed to have been so originally to imitate *basso rilievo*; but upon a close examination the little nails which fastened the gold, silver, or bronze, that covered these figures

are perceptible, and seem to prove that they were all originally coated over in a similar manner. Many of the paintings are arabesques; a fanciful style of ornament observed and reprobated as unnatural and ill-proportioned by Vitruvius,* but revived and imitated by Raffael.

Titus's baths are, as I have observed before, inferior in extent to those of Caracalla and of Diocletian; but erected at a period when the arts still preserved their primeval perfection, they must have surpassed all later edifices of the kind in symmetry, decoration, and furniture. Every person of taste must therefore lament that they are not cleared and opened; the famous groupe of Laocoon was found in an excavation made there not many years ago, and several pillars of granite, alabaster, and porphyry have since been discovered in various partial researches. What precious remnants of ancient art and magnificence might we find, if all the streets of this *subterraneous city* (for so these *thermæ* may be called) were opened, and its recesses explored! At present the curious visitor walks over heaps of rubbish so high as almost to touch the vault, so uneven as to require all

* Lib. vii. cap. 5.

his attention at every step; and whilst he examines the painted walls by the faint glare of a taper, he is soon obliged by the closeness of the air to retire contented with a few cursory observations. To these baths belong the *Sette Sale*, seven halls, or vast vaulted rooms of one hundred feet in length by fifteen in breadth and twenty in depth, intended originally as reservoirs to supply the baths, and occasionally the Coliseum with water when naval engagements were represented.

Besides the baths of Titus several other vaulted subterraneous apartments, halls, and galleries, ornamented in the same style and with the same magnificence, have been discovered at different times on the same hill. They are supposed to have been parts of the same *Thermæ*, or perhaps belonging to some of the many palaces that were once crowded together in this neighborhood.

Towards the extremity of the Esquiline and not far from the *Porta Maggiore*, in a vineyard, stands a ruined edifice called the Temple of Minerva Medica, though it is supposed by some to have been a bath. Its form circular without, is a polygon within; its arched roof swells into a bold dome; in its sides are nine niches for so

many statues; the entrance occupies the place of the tenth. Many beautiful statues were found in the grounds that border it, among others that of Minerva with a serpent an emblem of *Æsculapius*, twined round her legs, a circumstance which occasioned the conjecture that this structure was a temple of that goddess. It seems to have been surrounded with a portico, cased with marble, and highly decorated. Nothing now remains but the walls, the vaulted roof in some places shattered, and on the whole a mass that daily threatens ruin.

In the same vineyard are various subterranean vaulted apartments, some more some less ornamented, the receptacles of the dead of various families, whose ashes consigned to little earthenware urns remain in their places, inscribed with a name and exclamation of sorrow. Anciently indeed, a considerable part of the *Esquiline* was devoted to the plebeian dead whose bodies were sometimes burnt here, and sometimes I believe thrown into ditches or graves uncovered: a circumstance to which *Horace* seems to allude when he represents it as the resort of beasts and birds of prey.

*Insepulta membra differant lupi
Et Esquilinæ alites.*

To remove such funereal objects, and to purify the air, Augustus made a present of the ground so employed to Mæcenas, who covered it with gardens and groves and erected on its summit a palace. The elevation of this edifice and its extensive views are alluded to by the same poet, when pressing his friend to descend from his pompous residence and visit his humble roof, he says,

————— Eripe te moræ ;
Ne semper udum Tibur et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis :
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Carm. iii. 29.

From the top of this palace, or from a tower in a garden, Nero contemplated and enjoyed the dreadful spectacle of Rome in flames.* The precise site of this palace and its towers, and of the gardens surrounding, has never been ascertained in a satisfactory manner; statues and paintings have been discovered in profusion in various parts of this hill; but numberless were

* Suetonis, Nero, 38.

the temples and palaces that rose on all sides, and to which such ornaments belonged, it would be difficult to determine. Near the palace of his patron Mæcenas, Virgil is said to have had a house; but the retired temper of this poet, and his fondness for a country life, seem to render extremely improbable a report, which I believe rests solely on the authority of Donatus.

From the Esquiline hill we passed to that elevated site which as it advances westward branches into the Viminal and Quirinal hills. On it stands one of the grandest remains of ancient splendor, a considerable portion of the baths of Diocletian, now converted into a convent of Carthusians. The principal hall is the church, and though four of the side recesses are filled up, and the two middle ones somewhat altered; though its pavement has been raised about six feet to remove the dampness, and of course its proportions have been changed, yet it retains its length, its pillars, its cross-ribbed vault, and much of its original grandeur. It was paved and incrusted with the finest marble by Benedict XIV. who carried into execution the plan drawn up originally by Michael Angelo, when it was first changed into a church. It is supported by

eight pillars forty feet in height and five in diameter, each of one vast piece of granite. The raising of the pavement, by taking six feet from the height of these pillars, has destroyed their proportion, and given them a very massive appearance. The length of the hall is three hundred and fifty feet, its breadth eighty, and its height ninety-six. Notwithstanding its magnificence, the mixture of Corinthian and composite capital shews how much the genuine taste of architecture was on the decline in the time of Diocletian. The vestibulum or entrance into this church, is a beautiful rotunda, consecrated by the monuments of *Carlo Maratti* and *Salvator Rosa*. The cloister deserves attention: it forms a large square supported by a hundred pillars. In the centre, four towering cypresses shade a fountain that pours a perpetual supply of the purest waters into an immense marble basin, and forms a scene of delicious freshness and antique rural luxury.

The Viminal hill has no remnant of ancient magnificence to arrest the traveller in his progress to the Quirinal once adorned with the temple of Quirinus, whence it derived its name. Titus Livius and Ovid both relate the Apotheosis of Romulus; the historian in his sublime man-

ner—the poet in his usual easy graceful style. “Romulus,” says Proculus in the former, “parens urbis hujus, prima hodierna luce cœlo repente delapsus, se mihi obvium dedit. Quum perfusus horrore venerabundusque astitissem petens precibus ut contra intueri fas esset. Abi, inquit, nuncia Romanis, cœlestes ita velle ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit; proinde rem militarem colant, sciantque, et ita posteris tradant, nullas opes humanas armis Romanis resistere posse. Hæc, inquit, locutus, sublimis abiit.”*

Pulcher et humano major, trabeâque decorus

Romulus in mediâ visus adesse viâ

Thura ferant, placentque novum pia turba Quirinum

Et patrias artes, militiamque colant

Templa Deo fiunt. Collis quoque dictus ab illo:

Et referunt certi sacra paterna dies.

Ovid. Fast. lib. ii. 507.

We may easily suppose that a temple dedicated to the founder and tutelar divinity of Rome, must have been a structure of unusual magnificence, and we find accordingly that a noble flight of marble steps conducted to its portal, and that it was supported by seventy-

* Liv. i. 16.

six lofty columns. It stood on the brow of the hill that looks towards the Viminal, and in such a site, and with such a colonnade, it must have made a most majestic and splendid appearance. On the opposite side and commanding the Campus Martius, rose the temple of the Sun erected by Aurelian, and almost equal in grandeur and decorations to the palace of this deity described by Ovid, "sublimibus alta columnis." In fact the pillars that supported its portal must have been, if we may judge by a fragment remaining in the *Colonna* garden, near seventy feet in height; and as they were with the whole of their entablature of the whitest marble and of the richest order (the Corinthian) they must have exhibited a most dazzling spectacle worthy of the glory of "the far beaming god of day." But not a trace of either of these edifices remains; their massive pillars have long since fallen, and the only remnant of the latter is a block of white marble, and a part of the entablature; and of the former, the flight of marble steps that now leads to the church of *Ara Caeli* in the Capitol.

From the Quirinal we passed to the *Monte Pincio* anciently without the city, and called, "Collis hortulorum;" because covered then as

now, with villas and suburban gardens. Pompey, Sallust, and at the latter period the Emperors, delighted in the rural airy retreat of this hill, high and commanding extensive views on all sides.

CHAP. XII.

Campus Martius, its Edifices--Mausoleum of Augustus — Pantheon — Columna Trajana — Bridges—Circus—Causes of the Destruction of Ancient Edifices.

FROM the hills we descended to the Campus Martius, in the early ages of the Republic an open field devoted to military exercises, and well calculated for that purpose by its level grassy surface, and the neighborhood of the river winding along its border. In process of time some edifices of public utility were erected upon it; but their number was small during the Republic; while under the Emperors they were increased to such a degree, that the Campus Martius became another city composed of theatres, porticos, baths, and temples. These edifices were not only magnificent in themselves, but surrounded with groves and walks, and arranged with a due regard to perspective beauty. Such is the idea which we must naturally form of buildings erected by Consuls and Emperors, each endeavoring to rival or surpass his prede-

cessor in magnificence ; and such is the description which Strabo gives of the Campus in his time, that is, nearly in the time of its greatest glory. This superb theatre of glorious edifices, when beheld from the Janiculum, bordered in front by the Tiber, and closed behind by the Capitol, the Viminal, the Quirinal, and the Pin-cian hills, with temples, palaces, and gardens lining their sides ; and swelling from their sum-mits, must have formed a picture of astonishing beauty, splendor and variety, and have justified the proud appellation so often bestowed on Rome “ of the temple and abode of the gods.” But of all the pompous fabrics that formed this as-semblage of wonders how few remain ! and of the remaining few how small the numbers of those which retain any features of their ancient majesty ! Among these latter can hardly be reckoned Augustus’s tomb, the vast vaults and substructions of which indeed exist, but its pyra-midal form and pillars are no more ; or Mar-cellus’s theatre half buried under the super-structure raised upon its vaulted galleries ; or the portico of Octavia lost with its surviving arch and a few shattered pillars in the *Pescheria*. Of such surviving edifices the principal indeed is the Pantheon itself.

The Pantheon, it is true, retains its majestic

portico, and presents its graceful dome uninjured : the pavement laid by Agrippa, and trodden by Augustus, still forms its floor ; the compartments and fluted pillars of the richest marble that originally lined its walls, still adorn its inward circumference ; the deep tints that age has thrown over it only contribute to raise its dignity, and augment our veneration ; and the traveller enters its portal, through which twice twenty generations have flowed in succession, with a mixture of awe and religious veneration. Yet the Pantheon itself has been “ shorn of its beams,” and looks eclipsed through the “ disastrous twilight” of eighteen centuries. Where is now its proud elevation, and the flight of steps that conducted to its threshold ? Where the marbles that clothed, or the handmaid edifices that concealed its brick exterior ? Where the statues that graced its cornice ? The bronze that blazed on its dome, that vaulted its portico, and formed its sculptured doors ; and where the silver that lined the compartments of its roof within, and dazzled the spectator with its brightness ? The rapacity of Gen-
seric began, the avarice of succeeding barbarians continued, to strip it of these splendid decorations ; and time, by levelling many a noble structure in its neighborhood, has raised the pavement, and deprived it of all the advantages of situation.

The two celebrated pillars of Antoninus and Trajan stand each in its square; but they also have lost several feet of their original elevation; and the colonnade or portico that enclosed the latter, supposed to be the noblest structure of the kind ever erected, has long since sunk in the dust, and its ruins probably lie buried under the foundations of the neighboring houses.

Seven bridges formerly conducted over the Tiber to the Janiculum and the Vatican Mount: of these the most remarkable were the first, the Pons Elius; and the last, the Pons Sublicius: the former erected by Adrian, opened a grand communication from the Campus Martius to his mausoleum. It remains under the appellation of *Ponte S. Angelo*; the statues that adorned its balustrade, dissappeared at an early period, and have since been replaced by statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of several angels executed by eminent masters, and considered beautiful. The ancient statues were probably thrown into the Tiber, and may at some future period emerge from its channel. The Pons Sublicius lay much lower, and formed a passage from the Aventine Mount to the Janiculum. Though consecrated by its antiquity, for it was the first bridge built at Rome, and still more by the heroic exertions of

Horatius Cocles, it has long since fallen, and only some slight traces of foundations or abutments remain on the *Ripa Grande*, to mark the spot where it once stood. Two others, the Pons Triumphalis and Pons Senatorius, have shared the same fate.

The reader will probably expect an account of the various theatres and circusses that rose in every quarter of the city, and furnished perpetual occupation to the degenerate Romans of later times, who confined their ambition to the pittance of bread and the public amusement of the day; and he will feel some disappointment when he learns, that scarce a trace remains of such immense structures, that in general their very foundations have vanished, and that the Circus Maximus itself, though capable of containing half the population of Rome within its vast embrace, is erased from the surface of the earth, and has left no vestige of its existence, excepting the hollow scooped out in the Aventine valley for its foundations.

It may be asked how the edifices just alluded to, and a thousand others equally calculated to resist the depredations of time and the usual means of artificial destruction, should have thus

sunk into utter annihilation? May we not adopt the language of poetry?

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Pope's Epistle to Addison.

These verses contain a very comprehensive scale of destruction; five causes sufficient to compass and explain the widest range of devastation, and annihilate the most solid fabrics that human skill can erect, even the pyramids themselves. Yet upon impartial examination, we shall find that the *fury* of enemies, and the *zeal* of Christians, the *piety* of Popes, and the *fires* kindled by the Goths, have not been the sole or even the principal agents in the work of devastation; and that other causes less observable because slower, but equally effectual in their operations, have produced the wide extended scene of ruin which we have just traversed.

To begin therefore with the first cause, hostile fury: it is to be recollected that the barbarians who took and sacked Rome, such as Alaric and Genseric, had plunder and profit, not destruction, in view; and that they warred with the power and the opulence, not with the taste and the edi-

fices of the Romans. Gold and silver, brass and precious stones, cloth and articles of apparel, with furniture of every sort, were the objects of their rapacity: the persons also of the unfortunate Romans, whom they could either sell or employ as slaves, were considered a valuable part of their booty; in collecting the former, and securing the latter, their attention was fully occupied, nor had they leisure, supposing that they had the inclination, during the short space of time they occupied the city (confined to six days the first, and fourteen the second time the city was taken) to demolish, or even very materially to disfigure the solidity of the public edifices. The massive roof of the Capitol formed of brass, and it seems lined with gold, and the bronze covering and sculptured portals of the Pantheon, were torn from their respective temples by Genseric; but the edifices themselves were spared, and the latter still remains to shew how little damage its essential form suffered in the disaster.

As for the destructive effects of Gothic fire, they seem to have been confined to a few palaces and private houses; and so partial was the mischief, that only one edifice of any note, the palace of Sallust, is mentioned as having been consumed on this occasion.

Religious rage, or Christian zeal, two expressions meaning the same thing, are frequently introduced by authors of a certain mode of thinking, as agents unusually active in the work of destruction; while Papal piety is represented as the presiding demon who directed their operations, and quickened their natural activity. The fact, however, is otherwise; we do not find that any one temple in Rome was destroyed by the Christians, either tumultuously, or legally, that is, by imperial orders; on the contrary, such was the respect which the Christian Emperors paid even to the prejudices of the Romans, that idols proscribed in the provinces, were still tolerated in the capital, and allowed to occupy their rich shrines, and sit enthroned in their deserted temples. In the pillage of Rome by the Goths and Vandals, these statues, when of precious materials, such as gold, silver, or brass, were not spared; but the shrine only, or perhaps the furniture and decorations of the temple of similar materials, and of course equally calculated to attract the hand of rapacity, were violated; while the edifices themselves, without, I believe, one exception, were respected. The influence of Papal piety was employed to preserve these buildings, and if possible, to consecrate them to the pure mysteries of Christian adoration; and to it we owe the few temples

that have survived the general ruin such as the temple of Vesta, that of Faunus, that of Fortuna Virilis, and last, though first in estimation and grandeur, the Pantheon itself.

Having thus rejected as fabulous or inefficient the causes produced by the poet, and admitted by ignorance and prejudice with little or no examination; it is necessary, and not difficult to substitute in their place, the real agents that effected the degradation, and finally, the destruction of the noblest city that the world had ever beheld.

Under the auspicious government of Trajan, the empire of Rome had reached the utmost extent of its destined limits; and Rome herself had attained the full perfection of her beauty, and the highest degree of her magnificence. During the virtuous administration of the Antonines, that is, during the space of nearly a century, this state of prosperity and glory continued unaltered till the tyranny of Commodus revived the memory and the disasters of the reigns of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, and ended, like them, in assassination, civil war, and revolution. From the portentous æra of the death of Pertinax, Rome ceased to be the fixed and habitual residence of her Emperors, who were generally

employed in the field, either in repressing rebellious usurpers, or in repelling foreign enemies. Still they occasionally returned to celebrate festive games, to receive the homage of the Senate and Roman people, or perhaps to ascend in triumph to the Capitol, and to worship the tutelar deities of the empire. From the accession of Diocletian, these visits became less frequent, and while the Mistress of the world was neglected by her half-barbarian Emperors, the handmaid cities of the provinces, Thessalonica, Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, and Ravenna, enjoyed the honor and the advantages of their residence.

Though Rome was still the acknowledged capital of the world, and though her population and her riches were unbounded, yet the arts, no longer encouraged or employed by the sovereign, languished. Taste was on the decline, and the great masterpieces (edifices, statues, paintings) that adorned the city, monuments of the genius and magnificence of happier periods, were passed by unnoticed, and gradually neglected. We cannot suppose that a people who had lost their taste and spirit, or that Emperors occupied in remote provinces with the intrigues of competition, or with the dangers of war, were disposed to furnish the sums requisite to repair and to maintain buildings, which they scarcely

knew, or probably beheld with indifference. We may therefore fairly conclude, that, at the beginning of the reign of Constantine, some, perhaps several, public edifices must have suffered from neglect; and when we behold the triumphal arch of Trajan destroyed by order of the senate, to furnish materials for the erection of a similar trophy in honor of the former Emperor, we may fairly infer that such edifices were considered as scarcely worth preservation, and that they were indebted for their duration to their own solidity.

Among the causes of ruin we may therefore safely rank the indifference and the neglect of government; nay, we have even some reason to suspect that the Emperors not only neglected the reparation, but sometimes hastened the fall of public structures. Each sovereign was ambitious of distinguishing his reign by some magnificent fabric, by erecting baths or a circus, a portico or a forum; but it is to be feared that they were not always delicate as to the places whence the materials were taken, and sometimes stripped the monuments of their predecessors of their ornaments, in order to employ them in the decoration of their new edifices. Certain it is that some Emperors, while they were adding to the splendor of the city on one side, made no

difficulty of plundering it on the other. Moreover, as the number of Christians increased, the temples became deserted; and Christian princes, though not obliged by their religion to destroy, did not, perhaps, consider themselves as authorized in conscience to repair the sanctuaries of idolatrous worship.*

When Rome ceased to be free, and lost even the forms of republican liberty, the forum (the seat of popular deliberations) became useless, and the five or six superb squares that bore that appellation, were turned into so many lonely walks. The various *curiæ* (the superb palaces of the senate) so necessary in the days of Roman freedom, when almost the whole of the civilized world was governed by the wisdom of that venerable body, stood silent and unfrequented under the later Emperors, when public deliberation was a mere form, and the senate itself an empty

* We may conjecture from an ancient inscription, how much Rome was encumbered with ruins even in the age of Honorius. S. P. Q. R. IMPP. CAESS. DD. NN. INVICTISSIMIS. PRINCIPIBUS. ARCADIO. ET. HONORIO. VICTORIBUS. AC. TRIUMPHATORIBUS. SEMPER. AUGG. OB. INSTAURATOS. URBI. AETERNÆ. MUROS. PORTAS. AC. TURRES EGESTIS. IMMENSIS. RUDERIBUS. &c. &c.—*Apud. Grut.*

shadow. The *basilicæ*, indeed (the halls where the magistrates sat to administer justice) might still collect a crowd, and challenge attention; but as the population of the city decreased, their numbers appeared too great, and the Emperors seemed to embrace with readiness every opportunity of turning them to other purposes. These three sorts of edifices may be supposed, therefore, to have fallen into decay at an early period, and to have mouldered imperceptibly into dust, even though no active power was employed to hasten their dissolution. Of the several *curiæ*, not one has escaped destruction, and the reader will learn with regret, that time has swept away the very vestiges of these celebrated seats of liberty, of wisdom, and of public dignity.

Some few temples remain which, after they had long been abandoned both by their deities and their votaries, are indebted for their existence to "Christian zeal and Papal piety," which saved them from complete ruin by turning them into churches. We may lament that more of these beautiful edifices were not destined to partake of this advantage; and particularly that the magnificent temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was not of the number; especially as it survived the taking of the city, and stood, as to its walls, unimpaired in the time of Theodoric.

But in the first place, the Christians do not seem to have taken possession of any temple, at least in Rome, where the Emperors treated the ancient religion of the empire with peculiar delicacy, till the total downfall of idolatry, and the complete change of public opinion; that is, till many of these fabrics had fallen into irreparable decay, and become incapable of restoration.*

In the next place, the forms of pagan temples in general, and particularly of such as were built (and these formed the far greater number) on a smaller scale, were extremely ill adapted to the

* The opinion of the Christians relative to the idols themselves, appears from the following lines, which prove satisfactorily, I conceive, that they had no desire to destroy them. The Poet addresses himself to Rome.

Deponas jam festa velim puerilia, ritus
Ridiculos, tantoque indigna sacraria regno.
Marmora tabenti respergine tincta lavate,
O proceres, liceat statuas consistere puras,
Artificum magnorum opera, hæc pulcherrima nostro
Ornamenta cluant patriæ, nec decolor usus
In vitium versæ monumenta coinquinet artis.

Prudent.

If they spared even the idols, it is difficult to conceive why they should destroy the temples.

purposes of Christian worship. Narrow oblong edifices, frequently dark and lighted only from the entrance, they seem to have been constructed merely as sanctuaries to receive the statues of their respective gods, while the multitude of adorers filled the porticos, or crowded the colonnades without, and waited till the trumpets announced the moment of sacrifice, or the priest proclaimed the oracles of the god. The external ornaments, and the vast extent of porticos and galleries that surrounded the principal temples, and not the capacity of the interior, constituted their magnificence. The *Adyta* or *Penetralia*, seem mostly to have been on a contracted scale, and though well calculated for a chapel or oratory for a small assembly, are too confined for a parish church, and for the accommodation of a large congregation.

The *Basilicæ*, on the contrary, presented every convenience and seemed as if expressly erected for the purpose of a Christian assembly. The aisles on either side seemed formed to receive and screen the women; the vast area in the middle furnished a spacious range for the men; the apsis or semicircular retreat raised on a flight of steps at the end, gave the bishop and his presbyters an elevated and honorable station; while the sacred table surrounded with youth and innocence, stood

between the clergy and the people, a splendid and conspicuous object. Hence several of these edifices, which depended entirely on the will of the sovereign, and might without offence or injustice be devoted to such purposes as he judged most expedient, were at an early period opened for the reception of the Christians, and consecrated to the celebration of the holy mysteries. Thus in the time of Constantine, the Basilica Lateranensis was converted into a church and dedicated to the Saviour; while the Basilica Vaticana became another Christian temple under the well-known appellation of St. Peter's. It follows of course, that the temples would in general be permitted to crumble away insensibly into ruin, as useless and unappropriated edifices, while many of the Basilicæ would be repaired with diligence, and not unfrequently enriched with the pillars and marbles of the fallen fanes in their neighborhood.

The neglect of the Emperors was followed by indifference in the city magistrates, and contempt among the people, who made no difficulty of stealing from the public edifices the materials requisite for the erection, or ornament of their private houses; a disorder which rose to such a pitch as to require the interference of public authority more than once, in order to prevent the total dilapidation of some of the finest monuments of

Roman greatness. This interference however, only took place during the short reign of one Emperor, whose virtues struggled in vain against the misfortunes of the time and the destinies of the falling empire. I allude to Majorian, whose patriotic edict on this subject is cited with becoming applause by Gibbon, and proves that the magistrates themselves connived at the abuse, and were perhaps too frequently the transgressors. To the neglect of the sovereign therefore we may add the indifference of the magistrates, and the interested pilferings of the people, a second and powerful agent of destruction.

However, notwithstanding these disadvantages Rome retained much of her imperial grandeur, after the nominal fall of her empire, and still challenged the respect and admiration of nations, even when subjected to the sway of barbarian princes. Odoacer for instance and his victorious rival Theodoric, during a long and prosperous reign watched with jealous care over the beauty of the city, and not only endeavored to preserve what it retained, but to restore what it had lost of its ancient splendor. Their attempts merited praise and acknowledgment, but the effect was temporary, and withheld but could not avert the stroke which fate already levelled at the monuments of Rome.

When the evil genius of Italy prompted Justinian to re-annex it as a province to the empire, of which it had formerly been the head; and when Belisarius took possession of the capital with a force sufficient to garrison, but not to protect it fully against the enemy, Rome was turned into a fortress, her amphitheatres, mausoleums, and surviving temples were converted into strong holds, and their splendid furniture and costly decorations were employed as they presented themselves, for means of defence or of annoyance. In the course of this most destructive war, Rome was five times taken; many of her edifices were demolished not by the hostile rage of the Goths, but by the military prudence of Belisarius; her streets were unpeopled by the sword and by pestilence; the titles of her magistrates were suppressed; her senate was dispersed; and her honors were finally levelled with the dust. The Exarchs who succeeded Narses in the government of Italy, were more attentive to their own interests than to the prosperity of the country; and residing at Ravenna then an almost impregnable fortress, abandoned Rome to her own resources, and her edifices to the care of the citizens, or rather to their own solidity. The misery and humiliation of Rome lasted near three hundred years; that is, from the invasion of Italy, or rather from the taking of Rome by Belisarius in the year 536, to the coronation of *Charlemagne* in 800.

During the disastrous interval which elapsed between these eras, Rome was oppressed by the Exarchs, threatened by the Lombards, wasted by pestilence, and visited at once by all the plagues employed to chastise guilty nations. The few surviving Romans who remained to lament the ruin of their country, and to glide like spectres about its abandoned streets now turned into the sepulchres of the inhabitants, had too much employment in supporting their miserable existence to think of repairing or maintaining the vast edifices raised in prosperous times. During so many ages of war and despair, of public and private dejection, how extensive must have been the ravages of desolation! how many pillars must have fallen from their bases! how many temples sunk under their own weight! how many lofty fabrics subsided in the dust! Even after these ages of war, when Rome became the head of a new empire, and the kings and princes of the western world listened with respect to the oracles of her Pontiff; when some share of opulence probably accompanied her reviving dignity, and emperors and sovereigns hastened to enrich her sanctuaries with their gifts—yet no re-animating ray visited the pompous ruins spread over her hills, where the taste and spirit of her ancestors still slumbered undisturbed, and temples, curiæ, and forums, whose names and destination had

long been forgotten, were left tottering in decay, or extended in heaps on the earth.

A transient gleam of prosperity is not sufficient; a long season of tranquillity and encouragement is requisite to call forth and mature the varied powers of the mind that produce taste and enterprise. But Rome was far from enjoying this tranquillity; threatened sometimes by the Greeks, and sometimes by the Saracens; alternately oppressed by her barbarian Emperors, and disturbed by her factious nobles; and at last convulsed by the unnatural contests between her Emperors and her Pontiffs, she assumed by turns the appearance of a fortress besieged or taken; her edifices, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, were demolished without distinction, and her streets and churches were strewed with the bodies of her inhabitants.

To these bloody divisions succeeded the absence of the Popes, and their very impolitic residence at Avignon, at a distance from the seat of their spiritual authority and of their temporal dominion, which in the mean time was abandoned to the intrigues of a domineering nobility, and to the insurrections of a factious populace. During this period, the reign of anarchy, the few monuments of antiquity that remained were turned

into forts and castles, and disfigured with towers and Gothic battlements; the country was overrun with banditti, and the city itself convulsed and defiled with perpetual scenes of violence and bloodshed.

At length the Pontiff returned to his See; and after some struggles a regular government was established: Julius the Second, a stern and arbitrary prince suppressed anarchy: the arts began to revive, architecture was restored, a Leo rose, and Rome, even ancient Rome, might have expected the return of her Augustan glory. But such an expectation would have been ill-founded; the very restoration of the arts, while it contributed to the splendor of modern Rome, was the last blow that fate gave to the magnificence of the ancient city. While new temples and new palaces arose, the remains of ancient edifices disappeared; and posterity still laments that the Perizonium was demolished, the Coliseum deformed, and the Pantheon plundered, to supply materials or ornaments for the Farnesian and Barbarini palaces, and for the new Basilica of St. Peter. With regard to the latter, the man of taste and the lover of antiquity, as Gibbon justly observes, will perhaps pardon the theft; as it contributed to the triumph of modern genius, and to the decoration of the noblest edifice that hu-

man art has ever erected. But to plunder the venerable monuments of imperial greatness, in order to deck the mansions of two upstart families, was a sacrilege justly reprobated by the satirical lampoons of the indignant Romans.

We have now, I think, enumerated the principal causes of the destruction of Rome, very different from those assigned by the poet; and if to the neglect of Emperors, the indifference of magistrates, the rapacity of individuals, the rage of contesting factions, and the impoverishment of the city, we add, *the silent stroke of mouldering Time*, we shall have the list of destruction complete. The few edifices that still survive, owe their existence either to the protecting hand of religion that warded, or to their own solidity which defied, the blow levelled at their majestic forms by age or by malevolence. Some instances of the former have already been given; of the latter, besides the tombs of Cestius and Metella, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus stand most magnificent examples. These superb columns are of the same materials the finest white marble, of nearly the same height about one hundred and twenty feet; and of the same decorations, as a series of sculpture winds in a spiral line from the base to the capital of each, representing the wars and triumphs of the respective Empe-

rors.* They formerly supported each a colossal statue of Trajan and Antoninus; these have long

* The Columna Trajana is formed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, eight of which are employed in the pedestal one in the base (or *torus*) twenty-three in the shaft, one in the capital, and one in the summit that supports the statue. This celebrated column yields to the monument of London in elevation, but it surpasses that and all similar pillars in the admirable sculptures that adorn all its members. There are two thousand five hundred human figures, of two feet average height; besides the scenes in which they are engaged, and the horses, standards, machinery, &c. with which they are accompanied. It is a complete representation of Roman military dresses, evolutions, standards, and edifices, and it has supplied all the most eminent artists, whether painters or sculptors, with most of their attitudes and graces. This column, one of the most ancient and most perfect monuments of Roman art and power united, has been exposed twice to the probable danger of destruction; once when a Dutch artist proposed to the Roman government at an expence not exceeding fifteen hundred pounds, to take it down in order to raise its pedestal, which is now near twenty feet under the modern level of the city, and again re-erect it in a more conspicuous situation. Even though such precautions were to be taken, as to preclude the possibility of accident, yet the very removal of such masses of marble could not be effected without detriment to the sculpture. The second danger was of a far more alarming nature, and occurred while the French were masters of Rome during the late invasion. The Directory, it seems, had conceived the project of transporting both the Columna Trajana and Antonina to Paris, and measures were taken to ascertain the possibility of

since disappeared, while St. Peter and St. Paul have been substituted in their stead, though very improperly, as the bloody scenes and profane sacrifices pourtrayed on the shafts beneath, are ill adapted to the character and pacific virtues of Apostles. However, notwithstanding the impropriety of the situation, the picturesque effect is the same, especially as the modern statues are probably of the same size, and if we may judge by medals, placed in the same attitude as the ancient.

To the question which I have here attempted to answer, one more may be added. It may be asked, what is now become of the rich materials,

realizing this project of robbery and devastation. Fortunately their expulsion from Rome prevented the execution of this and some other enterprizes *equally just and honorable*. Francis the First, in the happier days of France, conceived the nobler and more honorable design of adorning the French capital with a copy of this noble monument in bronze, and the present Ruler of France, has, it is said, raised in the *Place Vendome*, at Paris, a *rival* column, representing his German victories in brass. This latter design is neither unjust nor *unimperial*.

The Columna Antonini is inferior in the beauty and perfection of sculpture to that of Trajan: it is also formed of blocks of marble, twenty-eight in number, and in every respect an imitation of the latter.

the bronze, the marbles employed in the statues, pillars, and decorations of this vast scene of grandeur? The bronze has always been an object of plunder or of theft, and of course equally coveted by the rapacious barbarians and the impoverished Romans. It was therefore diligently sought for, and consequently soon disappeared. Besides, though employed with profusion, and even with prodigality, yet its sum total was definite, and easily exhaustible, particularly when every research was made to discover, and every method used to obtain it. The quantity of granite and marble that decorated ancient Rome is almost incalculable. If we may be allowed to judge by the marble plan which I have alluded to more than once, we should be inclined to imagine that its streets were lined with porticos, and formed an endless succession of colonnades. The shafts of the pillars were generally formed of one single piece or block, whatsoever their height might have been, an advantage equally calculated to secure them against the influence of time, and the attacks of wanton destruction.

Of statues, if we may believe the elder Pliny, the number was equal to that of inhabitants, and seems in fact to have been sufficient not only to fill the temples, basilicæ, and curiæ, but to crowd the streets, and almost people the porticos and

public walks. These statues when of marble, fortunately for their duration, were beheld by all parties with indifference ; and when not immediately within the verge of warlike operations, allowed to stand undisturbed on their pedestals, or fall unsupported and forgotten into the mass of rubbish around them. That this was the case we may conclude, from the places where several beautiful statues were found, such as the baths of Titus and Caracalla, where they stood for ages exposed to depredation, and were only concealed in latter times by the fall of the buildings around them. The pillars met with a different fate ; some were conveyed by the Exarchs to Ravenna, others transported by Charlemagne beyond the Alps, and thousands have been employed in the churches and palaces of the modern city. In reality, ancient Rome has been for twelve centuries a quarry ever open and never exhausted ; and the stranger, as he wanders through the streets of the modern city, is astonished to see, sometimes thrown neglected into corners, and often collected round the shops, or in the yards of stone-cutters, shafts, capitals, parts of broken cornices, and in short, blocks of the finest marbles, all dug out of the ruins in the neighborhood.

Yet, notwithstanding the waste and havoc of

these materials, made in the manner I have described, and by the causes I have enumerated, I am inclined to think that the far greater portion still remains buried amidst the ruins, or entombed under the edifices of the modern city. The columns carried away to ornament other cities, bear a small proportion to the numbers left behind, and of these latter, the number employed in the decorations of buildings now existing, will appear a very slight deduction from the remains of ancient magnificence, when we consider that the great churches at Rome,* that is all the buildings where there is any display of pillars or marbles, were erected in the days of Roman glory, before the invasion of Italy and the wars of the Goths. Their ornaments therefore with a few exceptions, were not drawn from the ruins of ancient Rome: they are monuments of its glory, but have not shared its plunder.

The elevation of the ground over the whole extent of the city, amounting in general, to the height of from fourteen to twenty feet, and the many little hills which have risen in various

* St. Peter's excepted.

parts of the Campus Martius, especially on the sites of theatres and baths, and other extensive buildings, sufficiently shew what a mass of ruin lies extended below. Few excavations have been made in this artificial soil, without terminating in some interesting discovery ; and it has frequently happened that in sinking a well, or in opening the foundations of a private house, the masons have been stopped by the interposing bulk of a pillar or an obelisk. One of the latter was discovered thrice, and as often buried again in rubbish, before it was raised by Benedict XIV. The pavement of the Forum is well known to exist about fourteen feet under the present level, and several of the thermæ remain still unopened. The portico of Trajan lies near twenty feet under the foundations of churches and convents. What treasures of art may not be contained in these mines, hitherto unexplored ! What beautiful forms of sculpture and architecture may still slumber in this immense cemetery of ancient magnificence !

Should the Roman government, when the present convulsions shall have subsided into tranquillity, acquire energy and means adequate to such an undertaking, it may perhaps turn its attention to an object so worthy of it, and the

classic traveller may entertain the fond hope, that the veil which has so long concealed the beauties of the ancient city, may be in part removed, and some grand features of Roman magnificence once more exposed to view. At least the materials of many a noble structure may reappear, many a long *fallen column be taught again to seek the skies*, and many a god, and many a hero, emerge from darkness, once more ascend their lofty pedestals, and challenge the admiration of future generations. But when these pleasing hopes may be realized it is difficult to determine. Rome and all Italy crouch under the iron sway of the First Consul; how he intends to model her various governments, and on whom he may hereafter bestow her coronets, crowns, and tiaras, is a secret confined to his own bosom: in the mean time, public confidence languishes, every grand undertaking is suspended, and it would be absurd to squander away expense and labor in recovering statues and marbles, which may be instantly ordered to Paris, to grace the palace of the Tuilleries, or to enrich the galleries of the Louvre. The genius of the ancient city must still brood in darkness over her ruins, and wait the happy day, if such a day be ever destined to shine on Italy, when the invaders may be once more

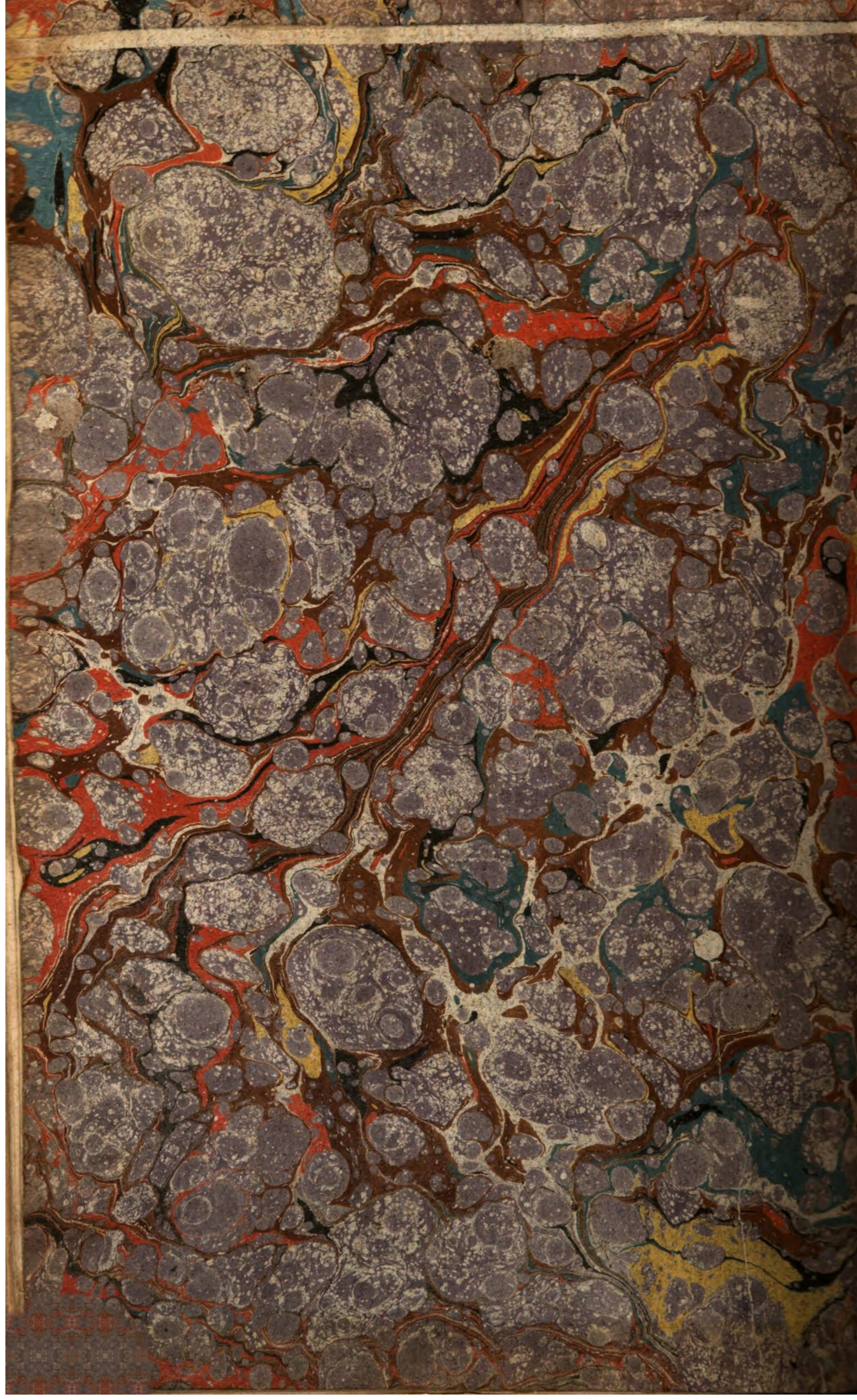
driven beyond the Alps, all barbarian influence be removed, and the talents and abilities of the country left to act with all their native energy.*

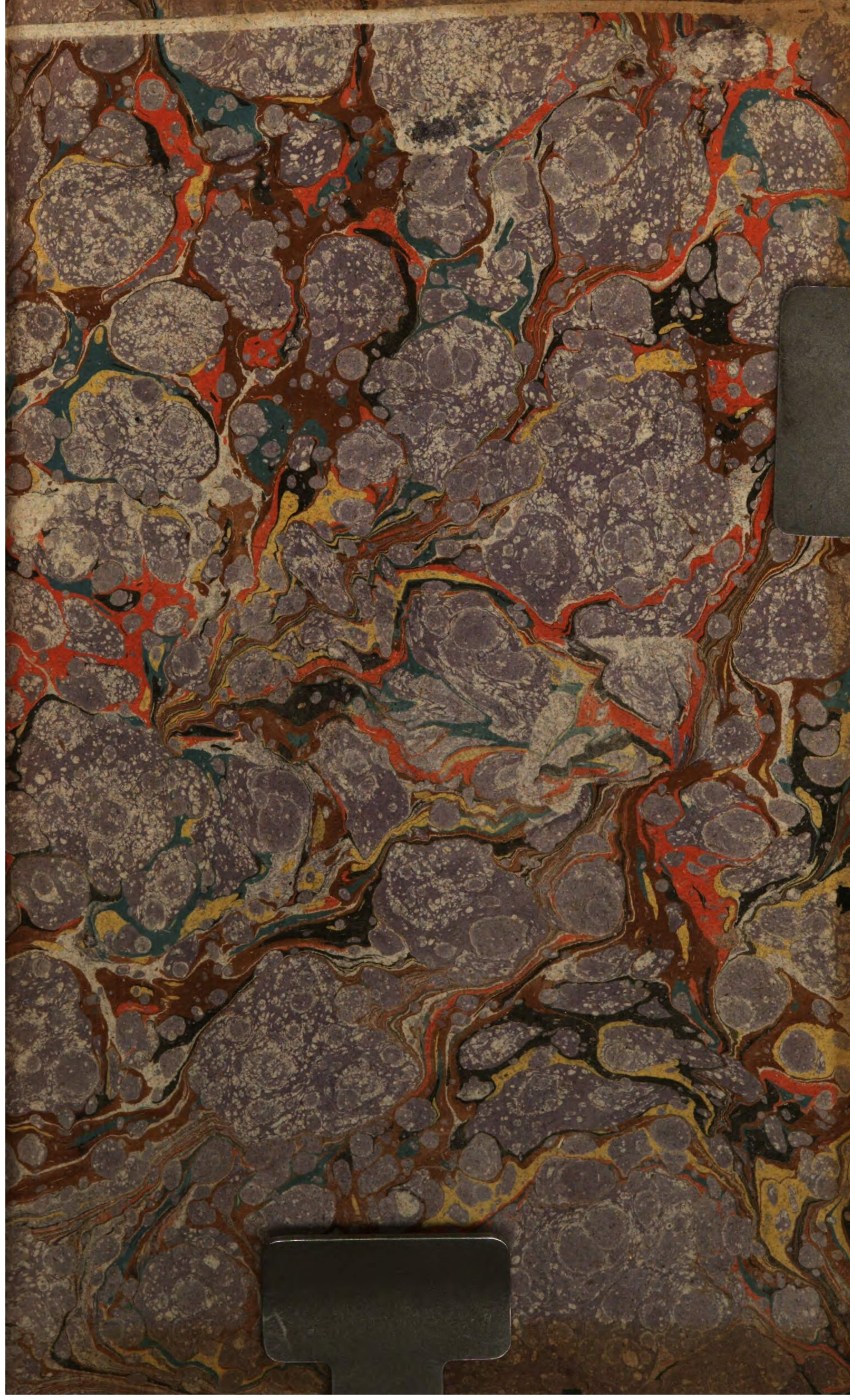
* A medal was found not long ago, I think near the Capitol, with the form of a hero crowned with laurel, extending a sword, with the inscription, "Adsertori Libertatis," on one side, and Rome seated, with the inscription, "Roma resurges," on the reverse. May Italy ere long have cause to strike a similar medal.

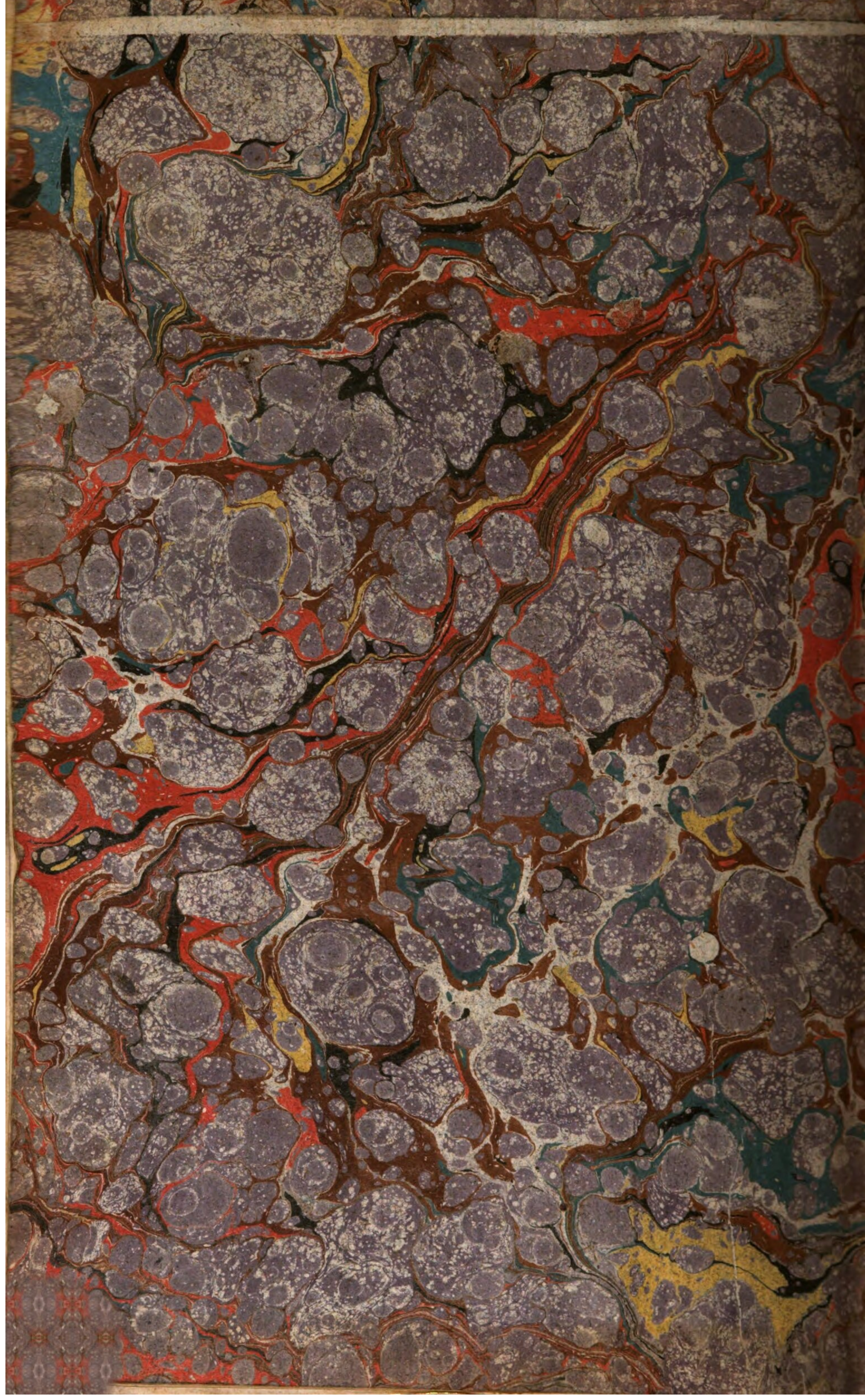
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Eustace, John C.

A classical tour through Italy an. MDCCCII

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